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A Dinner Party in Jail—"The Rising of the Nation."

July 29, 89

LIFE OF
DANIEL O'CONNELL,
THE LIBERATOR.
*HIS TIMES—POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND
RELIGIOUS.*

BY
SISTER M. F. CUSACK.

AUTHOR OF ILLUSTRATED "HISTORY OF IRELAND," "LIFE OF ST. PATRICK," "HORNEHURST
RECTORY," "DAILY STEPS TO HEAVEN," AND NEW LIFE OF "FATHER MATHEW."

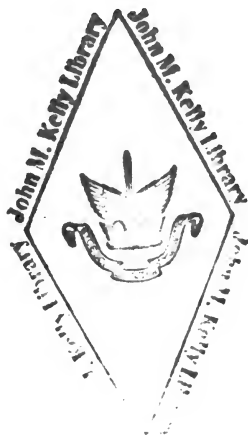
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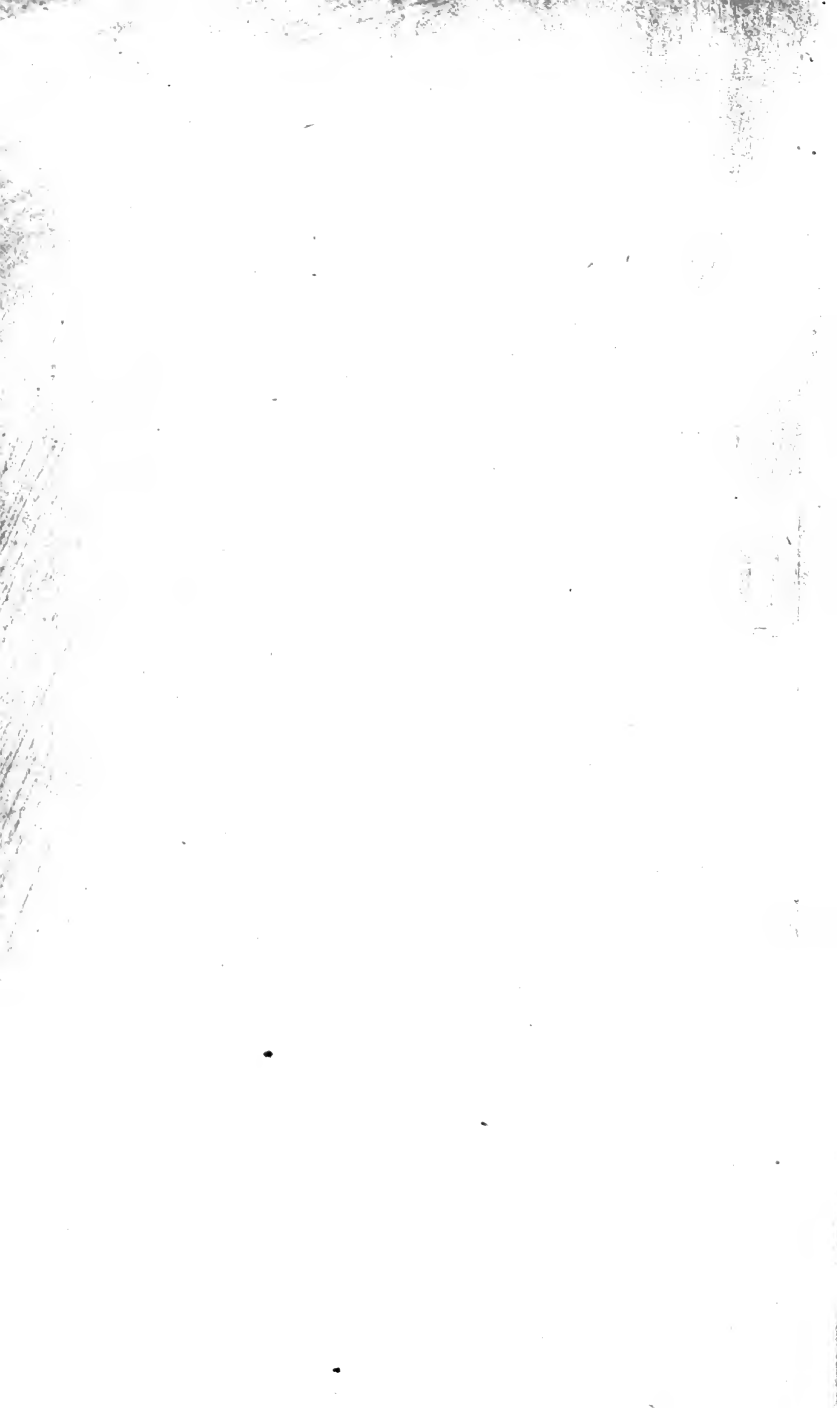
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TO THE
CATHOLIC PRIESTS
AND TO
THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF AMERICA,
This Life
OF
THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMAN
OF ANCIENT OR MODERN TIMES
IS
DEDICATED.

WITH DEEP REVERENCE FOR THE CLERGY WHO,
FOLLOWING THEIR DIVINE MASTER,
HAVE FORSAKEN ALL TEMPORAL PLEASURES AND INTERESTS FOR
THE SAKE OF THEIR PEOPLE.
WITH TENDER AFFECTION FOR THE PEOPLE WHO,
WHILE FAITHFUL TO THE LAND OF THEIR NATIVITY, OR OF THEIR
PARENTS, ARE NOT LESS MINDFUL OF THE FAITH FOR
WHICH THEIR FATHERS SUFFERED AND BLED
IN OLD IRELAND.



PREFACE.

IT is strange, but none the less true, that the majority of Englishmen know far less about the real state of Ireland than they do about the state of continental countries. The result of this ignorance is an intellectual disability to appreciate a character like O'Connell's. We believe this ignorance arises from one cause, and from one cause only: it is impossible to form a correct judgment on any subject when the will is biassed by prejudice, and the incorrectness of the judgment will be proportioned to the extent of the prejudice.

It has been our one special object throughout the present work to quote from English authorities for proof of all assertions made regarding English misgovernment of Ireland. Irishmen do not need such corroborative evidence; but as we believe that this work will circulate as largely as other historical works by the present writer amongst Englishmen of the upper classes, we offer them, in

proof of our assertions, such evidence as they can scarcely set aside.

We are very far from wishing to add strife to strife; but the elements of discord, which have stirred the waves of popular opinion for some eight hundred years and more, are slowly abating. It is true, indeed, that the gibbet and the triangle are no longer used to silence the cries of an oppressed nation, but Ireland is not spared the lash of the tongue, even by those whose position, as rulers of a kingdom which is said to be "united," should suggest a wiser, if not a more paternal course.

The prejudice which prevents the calm and dispassionate consideration of Irish affairs and Irish character is the result, in some cases at least, of culpable ignorance. And yet, unfortunately for the national credit, and still more unfortunately for the national peace, those who are most ignorant are not unfrequently the most confident of the correctness of their conclusions. As an evidence of this prejudice, warping the opinions of a highly intellectual mind, I quote the following extract from the conclusion of Mr Lecky's essay on O'Connell, in his work on "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland":—

"When to the great services he rendered to his country we oppose the sectarian and class warfare that resulted from his policy, the fearful elements of discord he evoked, and which he alone could in some degree control, it may be questioned whether his life was a blessing or a curse to Ireland."

The most cursory acquaintance with the history of Ire-

and during O'Connell's long and chequered career would surely prove the incorrectness of such a conclusion. No man was ever more opposed to "sectarian" warfare than O'Connell; and, indeed, Mr Lecky admits this himself in the earlier part of his essay, where he says—

"With the exception of his advocacy of Repeal, no part of his Irish policy injured him so much in the eyes of the English people as the opinions he hazarded about the Church; but judged by the light of the events of our own day, they will be pronounced very reasonable and very moderate."

How entirely true this statement is with regard to O'Connell's public career is well known, and the present work affords evidence. His moderation was the result of principle, since in his private correspondence he expresses himself as he did in public. When his religion was attacked he defended it with the vigour of a man who had a definite creed to uphold, but certainly no "sectarian warfare" resulted from his policy. Class warfare had existed in Ireland too long, and that which pre-existed certainly could not "result" from a future cause. That he "evoked discord" can only be said of him in the sense in which it may be said that a man provokes a quarrel when he is obliged to fight for his rights. It would be quite as correct to assert that Tell evoked discord in Switzerland when he roused up the Switzers to resist a tyrannical oppressor.

Mr Lecky concludes by doubting whether O'Connell's life was a blessing or a curse to Ireland, and yet we think

Mr Lecky would scarcely deny that O'Connell obtained emancipation for Ireland, and that emancipation was an act of justice. It is thus that prejudice leads Englishmen of the highest intellectual calibre to write, to think, and to speak of Ireland.

There are two evils caused and fostered by this prejudice. Conclusions are drawn on false premises, and, of necessity, acts follow which are more than injudicious. The Irish are admitted to be an intelligent race, even by their worst enemies; they cannot fail to see the injustice which is done to them day after day by educated Englishmen; and they cannot fail to feel, and to feel keenly, that their misfortunes, to use a mild expression, which are not their own fault, are made a subject of ridicule by those whose first object, whose first duty, should have been to alleviate them.

In the limits of a preface it is impossible to do more than to indicate subjects for consideration in connection with the work to which the preface is prefixed. We can, therefore, only give Mr Lecky's incorrect estimate of O'Connell's character as a sample of the opinion of educated Englishmen. Having done so, we descend a little lower in the intellectual scale, and quote Mr Lowe's recent observations on Irish fisheries, as an example, and a most painful one, of the flippancy with which Irish grievances are treated, not only by some educated Englishmen, but by men who, in virtue of their office, should be anxious to promote

kindly feelings between Great Britain and Ireland, even should they not be bound by their position as members of Government to do acts of justice.

One of the great outcries of the day is, that politics and religion should be treated as separate questions. We shall have a few words to say on this subject presently; but we presume no Christian man will deny the duty of practising Christian charity in public life, or will deny that the circumstances of our birth were not under our own control. Mr Lowe might have been born a poor Claddagh fisherman; instead of holding the reins of government and receiving the freedom of boroughs, he might have been toiling along the wild Atlantic coast for a bare subsistence for wife and child. He might have been the victim of a God-sent famine, which left hearth and home utterly desolate; he might have lost his little all in that year of misery and anguish, which is perhaps the only Irish calamity which no man has ever dared to charge on the Irish themselves. He might have been unwilling to beg; he might have had an honest pride, which kept him from the workhouse; he might have loved his home, wretched as it was, and his sea-girt island, poor as she is, too well to emigrate to the great Irish empire in the West, where an honest day's wage can be had for an honest day's labour. In his trouble he might have gone to his parish priest—the poor man's only friend—and prayed him, for God's great love, to help him to the means of getting an honest living, how-

ever humble. The priest would have replied, "I cannot help you; the gentlemen who govern the country will not help you. The troubles of poor fellows like yourself used to be called sentimental grievances, there is another name for them now—they are called 'amusing grievances.' The Scotch fisheries are well protected by English gun-boats, and well assisted by the English Government; but you are only a poor Irish fisherman. You have at least a choice: emigrate, if you can get the money; if you cannot, go to the workhouse."

The Claddagh fisherman would have asked the reason of this strange inhumanity; and it would not have added to his affection for English government to be told that the gentleman who found Irish misery so amusing admitted that he did not exactly understand what had caused it; that he believed the bad harvests had ruined the Irish fisheries; though, indeed, he did not think that could have been the reason; that, in fact, he knew very little about it, though it certainly was his business to know; and that all he seemed quite sure of was, that it was "amusing."

The Claddagh fisherman, some few weeks after, might have seen—for Irishmen are all great readers—an old newspaper, in which he would have found the following extract, taken from a speech made by a Cabinet Minister at Glasgow, when he received the freedom of the city; a cursory perusal of it would at once explain the priest's meaning:—

"I will now enter on my last topic. I have made it last, because it is a little more amusing than those that preceded it. It is that Ireland has another grievance. (Laughter.) That grievance is this—the fisheries of Ireland have very much declined. I cannot say exactly why, but it is perhaps the reason given in a committee of the House of Commons, that they had given up the fisheries because they were so much discouraged by bad harvests. (Great laughter.) I don't think that could have been the reason, but, whatever is the reason, they come and ask me to lend them money on personal security—(renewed laughter)—the security of the fishermen and that of the priests, to lend money for nets and boats to resume these fisheries. Well, I said to them I was not in the habit of lending money in that way, and so the matter came to an end, and they assured me that if they had home rule it would be done at once. (Applause.)"

He would have observed that the gentleman concluded his speech with this quotation :—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

And it might have occurred to him that a quotation from an older writer than Shakespeare would have suited his side of the question better. Has it not been written—

"The just showeth mercy, and shall give."

This habit of meeting Irish complaints with contempt, was reprobated again and again by O'Connell, and yet it still continues. Even if the Irishmen was still an "enemy," it would be unmanly to ridicule his misfortunes, when those misfortunes are, at least to a considerable

degree, the fault of his rulers. Such ridicule reflects most on him who uses it.

It is indeed scarcely possible to take up any work, whether of fact or of fiction, in which Ireland is mentioned, without finding this spirit of ridicule; and sometimes its bitterness is more than a joke. At the present time an autobiography is dragging out its slow length in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, the sole object of which appears to be to throw contempt on Ireland and the Irish; and the suggestion is made for the hundredth time, to try depopulation, and rather to "populate the land with Chinese and reaping-machines, with monkeys, or any other animal but the Celt." The plan of populating Ireland with beasts has been partly tried, and does not seem to have given as much satisfaction to the proposers as they expected. How a country could be populated with "reaping-machines," is an enigma we do not pretend to solve. The plan of extermination was tried on a very large scale, and with very great success, in the year of grace 1654; but the results were contrary to expectation. A work has been written by an Irish gentleman, in which he gives statistics of the grand transplantation scheme which was then tried. The accounts are taken from no doubtful source, they are compiled from State-papers. But the result was, that when English soldiers were transplanted to Ireland, they were not at all more disposed to submit quietly to injustice, than the "Irish enemy" whom they had displaced.

A plantation of Chinese and reaping-machines would probably prove a failure also.

But there is a yet deeper depth to which some Englishmen descend when they write or speak of Ireland. The pages of *Fraser's Magazine* are defiled by the suggestion to "abolish juries, burn the *Habeas Corpus*, and erect a factory in the Lower Castle Yard for spinning halters and cat-o'-nine-tails." The suggestion may be intended as a joke; we suspect it is so couched to hide an earnestness of which the writer has the grace, as yet, to be a little ashamed. But if gentlemen write such jokes, they must recollect that those to whom they would not give that name will write such things in earnest, and probably support their degradation of our common humanity by quoting higher authority. It is not long since a letter went the round of the provincial papers in England and Scotland, in which it was suggested, not that a cat-o'-nine-tails should be made, but that it should be used wherever an outrage was committed in Ireland, the parish priest to be the victim, because he was supposed to be cognisant of the offender through the confessional, and unwilling to give him up to justice. Are we returning to the dark ages? The suggestion of deeds of blood and brutality is the first step towards their accomplishment when opportunity offers.

But there is yet another class in England who do not suggest such measures for the pacification of Ireland

either in joke or in fact, but who seem, nevertheless, to consider that good advice is the one thing which Ireland requires. And this advice sometimes emanates precisely from those very persons who, for various reasons, are the very last individuals who should offer it.

We take the opinions expressed by a recent article in the *Contemporary Review* as a sample. It may be said that opinions expressed in reviews, magazines, and newspapers are but the expression of an individual mind; but this is very far from being the case. Those who write are persons who, either from circumstances or capability, express the opinions which others entertain. The greater number of people, both educated and uneducated, confine their reading to such books or serials as express their own sentiments on religion or politics. Publishers and editors cater for the taste of their public. No doubt in many instances opinion is influenced by writers, but it is rarely formed by them.

It might be supposed that Irish gentlemen were capable of taking care of their educational interests, and that if they required advice, they would scarcely seek it from a gentleman, however accomplished, who has changed his religion more than once. But as the advice has been given, we may consider it briefly as an expression of English opinion on an important subject.

From the day on which O'Connell obtained freedom of education for Irish gentlemen to the present hour, a certain

party, and a large party, of English gentlemen have tried to fetter that freedom as far as it was possible for them to do so. In O'Connell's private correspondence with Dr MacHale, he reiterates his opinion that the education of Irish gentlemen should be confided to the clergy of their Church. If Irish gentlemen wish for such education, is it not a grave interference with the liberty of the subject to forbid it to them.

In Mr Capes' article also, it may be remarked, in passing, that, while it is entirely free from the sarcastic spirit which disgraces so many English comments on Irish affairs, there is nevertheless a *de haut en bas* tone—a quiet conscious superiority. It is taken for granted that the Irish gentleman belongs to an inferior race, and that “we,” the people of England, are free to deny or grant, as in our wisdom we think fit, with but scant reference to the wishes of the inferior being.

The Irish gentlemen is treated throughout as a person who should submit with thankfulness to the regulations made by the superior wisdom of his English master. The Irish peasant is treated as part knave and part fool, and as altogether incapable of the exercise of even ordinary reason.

Of the hundreds who have read Mr Capes' article in the *Contemporary Review*, few indeed will have read his long and scholarly Preface to the “Life of St Frances of Rome,” published in the year 1855. In the Preface he wrote thus

of the Catholic clergy, at the conclusion of an exhaustive defence of miracles :—

“Whether the Catholic religion is true or false, it is beyond the limits of credibility that its ruling principle can be one of intentional deception. . . . The Catholic system must have fallen to pieces a hundred times over, if its chief ruler and his subordinates were mere tricksters, playing upon the credulity of a fanatical and besotted world.”

On the subject of miracles he argues forcibly; first, against the Protestant opinion that Catholics are fools, and then, against the Protestant opinion that Catholics are all knaves. “If,” he says, “we are sincere in our faith, it is impossible to suppose us willing to be imposed on.” Writing of the lives of Saints, he says :—

“Thus, too, I am myself engaged in a similar work, either laughing in my sleeve at the credulity on which I practise, or submitting from sheer intellectual incompetence to be the tool of some wily Jesuit, who enjoins the unhallowed task.”

We leave Mr Capes to select either horn of the dilemma. Perhaps, he may appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober; but under any circumstances he should refrain, in common consistency, from offering his advice to Irish gentlemen.

When English gentlemen have quite decided what religious belief they really consider true—when they have decided whether they will believe in one creed, in three creeds, or in none—then, but not until then, should they offer any suggestion, or interfere with Irish gentlemen in the choice of a religion, or of educational guides.

The struggle is a hopeless one. It will be better to abandon it, and to have peace. Irishmen only ask for justice. They do not want more; they will not be satisfied with less. All through his long and stormy life O'Connell was breasting the waves of English injustice. The truth may be evaded, it may be denied; but it is still truth. Day after day, week after week, year after year, he asked only for justice. It was granted, at least in a measure; yet, for all that, much more remains to be granted. If Englishmen would take pains to study Irish history, if they would make themselves acquainted with a life like O'Connell's, if they would calmly consider why he agitated, and for what he agitated, the future both of England and Ireland would be happier.

But, in order to effect this desirable end, two things are necessary: first, that the student should divest himself, as far as possible, of insular prejudice; and, secondly, that he should make himself acquainted with the facts of Irish history, not from the narratives of those who have distorted it to suit their own ends, but by weighing the statements of the oppressed as well as those of the oppressor.

This view of the subject was ably treated in the *North British Review* for October 1869. It is well remarked that—

“Those who are not resolved to be misled by a fragmentary literature, should diverge from the beaten path to seek its complement, so that whatever judgment they may form at last may be formed after they have heard both sides.”

The habit of forming conclusions from the evidence of one party only, above all when that party is the one complained of, is neither wise or philosophical. It has done more to deepen and widen the gulf of bitterness between England and Ireland, than all the suspensions of the *Habeas Corpus*, or all the promulgations of Insurrection Acts.

The Irish naturally suppose that educated Englishmen have been at some pains to understand their real condition, and when they find the facts of that state denied or ridiculed, they can only conclude that the denial or the ridicule has been the result of bitter prejudice, and an irradicable hatred. The lower class of Irish do not know, they would, perhaps, scarcely believe, that so many English gentlemen are so ignorant of the country to which they give so much good advice.

We doubt if even English premiers take pains to know the condition of Ireland as it is. Mr Gladstone may read the *Times* for information; but the *Times* will not tell of landlord oppression or tenant wrong, unless some flagrant case comes before the public, which is forgotten almost as soon as it is read. He may read the *Telegraph* for sympathy; but a ministerial organ is not likely to trouble the ministerial conscience with reproof. He may read the *Standard* to learn Conservative opinion; he will find his Irish policy roughly handled, but he will know well that this is done chiefly from political motives.

What statesman ever troubles himself to read the *Freeman's Journal*, or the *Telegraph*, or the *Irishman*, or the *Cork Examiner* or *Herald*, or the *Northern Star*, or the people's papers in Derry and Galway and Waterford and Clonmel? And descending lower in the social scale, the ignorance increases; the mass of middle class Englishmen know nothing of the state of Ireland, except through the grossest misrepresentation. What wonder, then, that the countries are "united" only in name, and that the severance of this union is demanded by those who are hopeless of being understood!

We can here but draw attention to this subject, earnestly hoping that our efforts may not be in vain. There are thousands of honest, earnest, true-hearted English gentlemen, tradesmen, and mechanics, who would be as indignant as the Irish themselves if they could really understand the causes of Irish poverty, and consequently of Irish discontent. We have not space here to enter into details on this subject; but, as we have throughout this work given English opinion on Irish affairs, well knowing that Irish opinion would not be credited by some of our readers, we give briefly now some English statements on the causes of Irish discontent.

The Irish are taunted and reproached, I must say cruelly, with their poverty; yet, until the passing of the recent Land Bill, they were not allowed even a chance of bettering their condition. They were to make bricks, they

were cried out against as idle, yet never a straw were they allowed; nay, if they even attempted to find straw it was taken from them.

Enough of Irish history is known in England to prove that the unhappy Irish peasant was not allowed to till the soil for himself, or even to practise any trade until the close of the last century. Every industrial resource was sternly forbidden; how then could capital accumulate in the country? Sir John Davis said the state of the bond slave was better than the state of the Irish peasant, "for the bond slave was fed by his lord, but here the lord was fed by his bond slave."

But it may be said, all this has passed away. We must not lay this flattering unction to our souls—no mistake could be more fatal—and yet no mistake is more frequent. English gentlemen, with the best intentions, will express themselves utterly disgusted with Ireland, and will fling aside all thought of doing her justice, because, as they say, they have done so much, and she still complains. They have disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland, but they cannot pardon us for saying that this disestablishment has not bettered the condition of the poor or middle classes one iota. Irishmen, too, cannot but know that that justice was done rather as a peace-offering at the shrine of public opinion than as special kindness to them. We are far from wishing to hear of the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in England; but if it does not dis-

integrate itself from utter inability to cohere in almost every point of doctrine, those who note the signs of the times on the political horizon, are freely predicting its speedy dissolution by Act of Parliament.

The recent Land Bill has done a certain, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, an uncertain amount of good in Ireland. But how much more needs to be done, is best known to those who have personal acquaintance with the miserable state of the Irish peasantry. There are absentee landlords, who own thousands of acres of Irish land, whose one sole object seems to be to get the most rent they can from their half-starving tenantry. They may speak well, they may write well, they may enter cordially into every philanthropic scheme, except such as touch their own interests. Yet these men are pointed out as model landlords, because they visit their estates once, perhaps, in two or three years, for two or three weeks, because, at the order of an agent, whom the unhappy tenant dare not disobey, costly rejoicings are made for the visit; but the landlord does not hear, and the agent does not care for, the "curses, not loud but deep," which precede and accompany the demonstration.

Even if no other evil were done thereby, the withdrawal of thousands a year from the country, which is spent in a distant land, is in itself a most grievous injustice. It is a natural law, that if you take crops from land you must pay nature back with interest. This

natural law holds good in political economy as much as in physical science. Men may not defy the divinely-imposed conditions of nature, or if they do, they know the penalty; but they do defy it when the penalty does not fall upon themselves. Again, the tiller of the land is the only trader who does not receive consideration in case of loss or failure. In some rare instances—and how rare they are Irish tenants best can tell—some consideration is made for bad weather and cattle plague, or other providential calamities; but, for the most part, there is no such consideration. The rent is demanded equally, be the crop more or less, and the unhappy tiller of the soil, who has already lived on almost famine fare, must only live on less.

No country can prosper unless those who till the soil are permitted a sufficient remuneration for their labour, to enable them, in their turn, to encourage manufacturers. Chinese and reaping-machines might support absentee landlords in affluence, but they could not raise any country in the social scale.

If English gentlemen can forget their manhood, and degrade their nationality, by attempting anything like a wholesale depopulation of Ireland, they would hear, not “Whisper in your ear, John Bull,” but a thunder of indignation, which would soon break out into thunder of another kind. It is too late in the nineteenth century for such folly; and as the folly is impractical, it would be

better for the self-respect of those who utter it if they would keep silence for the future.

Taunts like Mr Lowe's, and insults such as have disgraced the pages of more than one English magazine, do more to widen the breach between England and Ireland, do more to increase expressions of Irish discontent, do more to make rebels, than the speeches of the wildest Fenian, or the leaders of the *Irishman* or *Nation*.

To honest Englishmen who wish to know the true state of Ireland, we say, Read the Irish local papers. You will find that even at the present day the most cruel and capricious evictions are taking place; and you will find that whole tracts of land are reclaimed by honest and industrious peasants, only to have their rents raised as a reward for their labour. You will find, as the able writer of the article on the Literature of the Land Question in Ireland has said, "Opinions may vary as to points of policy suggested by the popular writers, and as to the gravity and bearing of particular statements; but it is clear that a thorough understanding of the Irish question cannot be obtained without a knowledge of the existence of this literature, and a careful study of it." In this article also the writer fully exposes the dealings of two agents, both magistrates.

If Irish evidence will be accepted, we would refer to the statements of the "Meath Tenant Defence Association," as published in the Drogheda *Argus*, and signed by the Very

Rev. John Nicolls, P.P.V.G., and his curate, the Rev. P. Kenny, C.C., published in the month of February 1872.

By law, the Irish are free to choose and practise their own religion, yet there is an increasing attempt, on the part of English writers at least, to deprive them of that liberty. If it were possible to find any individual who could look at the whole question, and consider both sides, his judgment would surely be that, until English gentlemen claimed personal or Divine infallibility of belief, they should not interfere with the belief of others. If the Catholic is aggressive in his religion, he is at least consistent. He believes in the Divine origin of his Church, and therefore he obeys her commands, and does his best to induce those who are without the fold to enter into it. The Divine origin of the Catholic Church may be denied; but granted a man believes in it, there is no inconsistency, logical or otherwise, in his acting on his belief. With the Protestant, whether he protests for a State Church or no Church, for three creeds or for none, the case is entirely different. Believing that all men are left to choose their religion, and not being able to deny that such choice leads to the selection of the most opposite forms of belief, he should, in common consistency, leave the Catholic to follow the dictates of his conscience, without even so much as verbal molestation.

The strife between the world and the Church has never raged so fiercely as at the present day. It is the practice

to speak as if politics and religion were two separate subjects, which should be kept carefully apart; and yet the two subjects always have been, and always will be, inseparably united while time shall last. Where there is simple misapprehension on the subject, it arises from not clearly understanding what politics really are. Where there is a particular bias, as in the case of those who are constantly declaiming against the interference of priests in politics, the case is different.

Politics are taken simply to mean the rivalries of certain opposite parties for power. Even taking this lowest view, religion must enter into the question. In England we find Mr Gladstone taunted again and again with subservience to the Irish hierarchy on the Education question, for the purpose of keeping himself in power. The entire politics of the day in Germany turn on religious questions, and Bismarck, after expelling the Jesuits, is occupying himself with an attempt to get rid of the Catholic hierarchy. "We may wonder at the authority the Pope exercises, and we may regret it; but there it is, a patent and incontestable fact."¹ So patent and incontestable is this fact, indeed, that one might have supposed the world would have learned to submit quietly to it, if we did not know that an eternal enmity between the world and the Church has been predicted by the Eternal Truth.

¹ *Standard*, Oct. 1, 1872.

If we take the word "politics" in the largest sense, we shall see at once that we cannot separate politics from religion. Politics are part of the ethics of government; to govern implies not merely to make war or peace, but to rule and regulate all the internal constitution of a kingdom. How can such ruling be separated from religion? Statesmen must either govern the state under some kind of submission to a Supreme Power, or they must govern it as infidels. Human beings, considered in the aggregate, are the subject-matter of political science; when amongst, say, four millions of human beings, there are two or three different forms of religious belief, and when this religious belief is of a practical character, the politician cannot govern without special reference to it.

If this subject were more carefully considered, more than half the matter which has appeared in print on the subject of the interference of the Catholic clergy in politics, would be treated as simply useless. If Englishmen do not know, they ought to know, that Catholics cannot separate politics from religion. There is a moral aspect in every political question: the Catholic receives his moral teaching from his Church; it is then absurd to ask him to consider such questions apart from such teaching; it is childish to bandy such names as "priest-ridden" and "Ultramontane."

Protestants choose to call the Irish peasant priest-ridden, simply because they cannot understand the principle upon

which the Irish peasant acts. Because he is consistent; because, believing a certain faith, he acts on his belief, he is made an object of scorn, or at best, is looked upon as an incomprehensible being. So it is with those of the higher classes who are spoken of as being Ultramontane: they certainly do believe in the authority of the successor of Peter "over the mountains;" it is a fact, there is no use in quarrelling with it; nor is there any wisdom in alleging any reason for it except the true one.

It is useless to devote pages of a serial to combative articles on the Irish Roman Catholic laity, to talk of their being under the rule of an "arrogant and domineering priesthood" in one breath, and, in the next, to say that they "detest and dread" the priest, because he "flatters the prejudice of the peasantry."² All such writing is simply the result of ignorance.

There are indeed, unhappily, some few Irish Catholics who have lost the freshness of their faith, who are half ashamed of the religion which they are still afraid to forsake. Perhaps fifty such gentlemen might be found in all Ireland—we doubt if there are ten—but they generally come prominently forward; they are complimented largely on their liberality and their spirit by their Protestant friends; and they are gratified by the compliment. They may proclaim their own opinions, but they have no right

² "The Irish Roman Catholic Laity."—*Fraser's Magazine* for October.

to speak for others, or to give a false impression of their religion.

The subject of Education is not unlikely to be a ministerial crisis in the next session. If the Catholic nobility and gentry, the barristers and magistrates, of Ireland, were as anxious to have their children educated by Protestants as some persons suppose, they have every facility for obtaining such education for them. It is, therefore, idle to taunt them with moral cowardice because they follow their ecclesiastical superiors in obedience to their conscience; rather should the taunt be levelled against those who, while still claiming the name of Catholic, have ceased to be Catholics in unity or in practice. It is worse than an insult to assert that the Catholic gentlemen of Ireland admire the "manly courage" and "fervid eloquence" of Mr Justice Keogh at Galway, and that they agree with him in denouncing "the tyranny of the bishops, the violence, dishonesty, and equivocation of the priests." We have yet to learn that it is "manly" to attack those who could not defend themselves, or that rant is "fervid eloquence." It might be supposed that those who write for the public would take at least some little pains to make themselves acquainted with public opinion, would be at some pains to make themselves acquainted with the previous history of those whom they commend, and with the sentiments of those whose true opinions they profess to know by some mysterious species of intuition.

With regard to Mr Justice Keogh, he had undoubtedly a right to change his mind both on political and religious questions, but his English admirers have no ground for honouring him as a consistent defamer of the priesthood or eulogist of a certain class of landlords. The truth is, that the great majority of English writers are entirely ignorant of what is well known to every man, woman, and child in Ireland; or possibly, in some cases, they find it convenient to ignore what it does not suit their purpose to remember. We would ask the thousands of honest-hearted Englishmen who have taken the judicial harangue of Mr Justice Keogh for gospel to read a history of his career, published and circulated from one end of Ireland to the other.

In the year 1851 this gentleman published a pamphlet, in which he revised a speech of his own, made at the Athlone Banquet, and from this speech, as published by himself, we give the following extract:—

“I see here the venerated prelates of my Church—first among them, ‘the observed of all observers,’ the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, who, like that lofty tower which rises upon the banks of the yellow Tiber, the pride and protection of the city, is at once the glory and the guardian, the *decus et tutamen* of the Catholic religion, joining with the tried and faithful representatives of the people, who, after each in his own locality receiving the approbation of his constituents, have done me the great honour of attending this banquet, to testify that I too was one, even though the humblest of that number, who, in a time of great trial, were found true to their country, their honour, and their God.”

In the same speech he denounced the landlords of Ireland as a "heartless aristocracy," as "the most heartless, the most thriftless, the most indefensible landocracy on the face of the earth," and as men who have made Ireland "a howling wilderness."

It is conveniently forgotten, too, that Mr Justice Keogh made a famous declaration—in which he invoked the name of God in the most solemn manner again and again—to convince the Irish people of his sincerity to the national cause, a sincerity of which some keen-sighted gentlemen had their doubts. It is forgotten also, that on the 2d of April 1853, he spoke of the Catholic bishops and clergy as his "revered friends."

But there is a yet more startling phase in the career of this gentleman whom so many English writers are delighted to honour. If they praise his Galway utterances as "manly" and "fervid," they must surely give the same praise to his speech at Athlone, where, according to the statement of the Lord-Lieutenant of the day, he distinctly recommended assassination. The subject was brought before the House of Lords on the 10th of June 1853, by Lord Westmeath. He said:—

"Mr Keogh, standing on the right hand of that candidate (Captain Magan), spoke to the audience, the mob, in broad day, in the streets, the words which he should presently read for their lordships—words which had been heard by three magistrates of the county, and which they were ready to corroborate on oath. At a place called Moate, from Magan's committee-room, Mr Keogh said:—

'Boys, the days are now long and the nights are short. In autumn the days will be getting shorter and the nights longer. In winter (or November) the nights will be very long, and then let every one remember who voted for Sir R. Levinge.' It was rumoured that vacancies were about to occur on the Irish Bench, and that Mr Keogh was not unlikely to succeed to one. Though it might be alleged that Mr Keogh was not Solicitor-General when he made the speech to which he (the Marquis of Westmeath) referred, *he wished to know whether any person who would attempt to advance any purpose, whether political or social, by such means, was fit to be placed on the Irish Bench ?*"

Lord Derby said :—

"The noble Earl (Aberdeen) says he knows nothing about that election speech, and, of course, I am bound to believe him; but it appears to me to show a great ignorance—I do not mean the word offensively—but, at any rate, a great absence of knowledge in the noble Earl not to have known that, at the time when Mr Keogh was made Solicitor-General, he was accused of having made that speech. The county of Westmeath is one in which Mr Keogh has not a foot of land. He was acting there as a leader or partisan of what is called the Liberal interest in Ireland—liberal enough in some respects, but illiberal in others—and in that capacity, having been a member of the former parliament and a candidate for a seat in the next, and intending to make his support valuable to the Government, he is reported to have warned the people *that the nights were then short and the days long, that the time was coming when the nights would be long and the days short, and that that would be the time at which any person who might vote for Sir R. Levinge for Westmeath ought to look out for what might follow.* And, if I am not much mistaken, there was a recommendation that the people of that county should collect together and go into the town of Athlone, for which he was himself a candidate, armed with shillelaghs, and take care to use them when they got there. This may have been totally incorrect; but if this, or anything like it, was said by Mr Keogh so openly and

publicly that it was a matter of general notoriety, *I say it disqualified that honourable and learned gentleman from being put into any situation in any government in which, in the slightest degree, he might be called on to support, or nominally to support, the administration of the law.*"

Mr Keogh denied the charge, but the Protestant rector of Moate, the Rev. Mr Hopkins, wrote to Lord Westmeath to maintain that he had used the words, and his testimony was supported by the solemn assurance of several magistrates, and of two members of the Society of Friends. How Mr Justice Keogh would have dealt with such testimony—had it been offered in the Galway trial, we all know; with what withering scorn, with what scathing denunciation, with what "fervid eloquence," would he not have borne down upon the unhappy priest who might have allowed such words to escape his lips? His fine sense of justice would have been horrified, his power of denunciation would have been exhausted; with that exceptional refinement and delicacy which characterises his judicial utterances, he would have imitated the tone and the manner of clerk or laic who had dared to commit such an outrage on the honoured aristocracy of the land. He would have forgotten in his just indignation to criticise the grammar of his victim, to give historical lectures, or to comment on his rhetoric. His grand thirst for justice would have controlled all the petty pride which might tempt him to the little vanity of a display of superior education and knowledge; the victim would have been held up to the scorn of the

United Kingdom, would have been indicted without a day's delay for seditious utterances.

Mr Keogh's apology for his observations at Moate were conveyed in the form of a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, in which he said—

“It did not occupy five minutes, and I was not reported so as to enable me to refer to it. I have no recollection whatever of using any language even similar to that attributed to me; but my memory may fail me as to the precise words used in the heat and excitement of election occurrences, and I trust, therefore, rather to the evidence of friends who were present, and the inherent improbability of my expressing sentiments which I never entertained rather than to my own recollection.”

The *Dublin Evening Mail*, 2d June 1853, an Orange organ, observed that “the seditious speech was no longer denied, but it was only a little one.” Lord Eglinton read for the House a letter from Arthur Brown, Esq., J.P., in which he said—

“I wish (as the magistrate who took the declaration of James Burke), to satisfy you that every word in that declaration is true, and that at least twenty gentlemen of independence and station (among them the rector of Moate, the Rev. Mr Hopkins), are ready and willing to support the truth of that deposition by their evidence *on oath*. The gentlemen in question were present on the occasion, heard the words so delivered, and there can be no more doubt of their utterance than of any other truth which cannot be disputed.”

We do not desire to pursue the unwelcome theme further. Our one object is gained if we can induce those English gentlemen who shall read this work to ask them-

selves why Irish Catholics of all classes, not only in Ireland, but throughout the world, are justly indignant at the Galway judgment, and, what is, if possible, of far greater importance, why Ireland is not prosperous with English rule. It is frequently believed that "things have changed since O'Connell's time," that "the Irish are a discontented race whom nothing can satisfy," that "their grievances are sentimental." Certainly during O'Connell's long and noble career he obtained much justice for Ireland, certainly much has been done lately; but while much yet remains to be done, it is neither right for English honour, nor safe for English prosperity, to refuse all that Ireland needs in order to be prosperous and content.

The Irish peasantry are not in a prosperous condition; and while the Irish hear their clergy ridiculed, and their conduct basely maligned and misrepresented, with the full approbation of the great majority of English writers, there can scarcely be peace between the two countries.

At a meeting of the clergy of the diocese of Galway, the following solemn protest was put on record:—

"We deem it our duty to record our solemn protest, not only against the judgment itself, but, for the information of the public and the Imperial Parliament, who had no opportunity of witnessing the strange scene, against the gross impropriety of manner attending its delivery, which we have no hesitation in describing as a desecration of the sanctuary of justice, shocking to the feelings of every impartial listener. We leave the public to judge of this, whom, from personal observation, we assure, that the delivery of

the judgment, which occupied nearly eight hours, was but a continued paroxysm of rage, seemingly ungovernable—one uninterrupted scene of roaring, screaming, foaming, violent striking of the desk with clenched fist, occasional walking backward and forward, with wig flung aside, mimicry of adverse witnesses, fulsome adulation of landlords and gentry, of which no printed report could give any idea whatever.”

So long as there shall be any distinction between the administration of justice in England and in Ireland, so long will the two countries remain disunited. So long as English public opinion of Ireland is governed by prejudice, there can be little confidence. Let Englishmen show themselves ready not only to do justice, but to speak justice.

We cannot conclude this preface without acknowledging our obligations to those gentlemen who have placed valuable documents, private papers, and letters at our disposal for the present work. To his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam we are especially indebted for the use of his long private correspondence with the Liberator, and for the copies of the few of his own letters to O’Connell which he has preserved. His Grace had intended to publish this correspondence himself; but, with his usual disinterested generosity, he transferred it to the present writer on hearing that she was about to publish this work. We are indebted also to the Most Rev. Dr Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati, for some documents on the subject of slavery, which, with some other papers, are reserved for another work. We owe him thanks, too, for his words

of encouragement and for help, which has not limited itself to words.³

We have to thank P. J. Fitzpatrick, Esq., J.P., for the use of a valuable collection of old newspapers, and for advanced sheets of his forthcoming work, "The Life of Dr Lanigan," the well-known Irish ecclesiastical historian, and the consistent and ardent opposer of the Veto.

To Maurice Lenihan, Esq., J.P., Limerick, we are obliged for a very valuable collection of private papers, of which we hope to make more use in another work, and for the original of the King of Bavaria's letter to O'Connell. To Isaac Butt, Esq., M.P., we are indebted for the appendix to Chapter XV., and for his interest in our work. To Sir John Gray, M.P., we are obliged for the narratives of his

³ A sample of the contradictory charges made against Catholics occurred lately in America. The Catholic clergy had been again and again taunted with indifference to literature; nuns had been represented again and again as either half imbecile, or wasting their lives in useless and frivolous employments, unless they happen to make their work public as Sisters of Mercy. Yet there are few Orders in the Church in which the religious are not engaged actively and unceasingly in the great and noble work of education; and even the most highly educated of these religious must continue to study both history and science, in order to impart the knowledge of both, as well as the lighter accomplishments which her pupils require, to fit them for their places in society. The charge of intellectual inactivity is about the most groundless which ignorance has made, and which prejudice persists in keeping up.

Every nun who teaches the higher classes must teach history, and must write notes for her classes on history, if she wishes to teach it thoroughly. Nor can she teach logic without explaining politics; and though the angry discussions of the politics of the day cannot be heard in the

prison life, and to Lady Gray for assisting in procuring them. To P. J. O'Carroll, Esq., we are indebted for newspapers relating to O'Connell's trial; and we are especially indebted to J. Leyne, Esq., of the Registration Office, Dublin, for the O'Connell pedigree at the end of the work, and for the notes appended thereto.

Our special thanks are also due to Mitchell Henry, Esq., M.P., for a copy of his speech in the House of Commons on the 25th of July 1872. Each part of the judicial harangue is carefully examined therein, and triumphantly refuted. This speech is all the more remarkable, as it comes to us from a Protestant gentleman. Those who strive to persuade themselves and others that Catholic

conventual class-room, the whole subject of politics, in their highest and truest sense, must be explained.

Even at the risk of making this note very much longer than it was intended to be when commenced, we would call attention to the discussion going on at present in the English school boards, where it is found that history cannot be taught apart from religion. Not long since Mr Arnold said he would not send Protestant children to a Catholic school. The school-board solicitor replied that the religious instruction ceased at half-past nine in the morning; but Mr Arnold answered that the elements of religious education were sometimes taught in other forms. The reports of the English Poor School Committee speak expressly on the matter; and Canon Oakley, in his discussions on this subject in the Catholic papers, states that a "distinguished Protestant Government inspector" says that it may be necessary hereafter to proscribe history during the period of secular instruction. A little common sense, indeed, would show that it is almost impossible to teach any subject except pure mathematics, without giving at least a bias to the pupil's mind on religious questions.

gentlemen secretly admire the denouncer of their religion, and the reviler of their clergy, would do well to recollect that there are many Protestant gentlemen who have had the courage and justice to express their disgust for such a degradation of the bench in Ireland. Mr Henry, being a large landed proprietor, was selected for special compliments, an honour which he scorned as it deserved. But Mr Henry's relatives, though they had no connection whatever with Galway, or the Galway judgment, were selected for comment; and as his brother happened to be a priest and a convert, the judge, to enhance his rhetoric, and we must suppose to pander to the class in England to whom he knew the judgment would be acceptable, gave him the title of Jesuit.

As we fear that many, to whom it would be of most service, may not see Mr Henry's able pamphlet, we give the following extracts, as an evidence of Protestant opinion on the subject, from an able and educated man:—

“Yes, Mr Speaker, I charge Judge Keogh with deliberately outraging the religious feelings of a religious people; and there is no one passage in his harangue which has given so much offence, and occasioned so much consternation, as his sneers at the efficacy of prayer.

“Go among the peasantry of Ireland, and your greeting, from the bottom of their hearts, is ‘God save you;’ visit them in their sickness and sorrow, when their crops have failed and hard hunger knocks at their door, and their commentary is, ‘God is good.’ Do them a service, and the highest reward they can promise you—not in meaningless words, but out of the sincerity of their religious

nature—as I have heard a thousand times, is, ‘We will pray for you ;’ for this people of the West pray not with their lips only—they believe in prayer; they believe that they have a Friend in Heaven, who will at last redress their wrongs and vindicate Himself to them. And yet, sir, before such a people, Judge Keogh, from the judgment-seat, and clothed in the official ermine, retails a stale and ribald jest, and fathers it withal on a priest, to show that it is no use their praying for rain unless the wind changes.

“It is almost incredible. When he calls a Galway priest ‘this insane disgrace to the Roman Catholic religion,’ I cannot help asking what religion he owns himself, and whether he disgraces it or not, and whether he is sane?”

We have mentioned elsewhere the obligations to the Rev. John O’Hanlon, C.C., for the record of O’Connell’s last days, which will be found at page 756, and to the Rev. M. Close for a verbatim copy of this interesting document. To Mr Close I am indebted for much help in my literary labours, given with so prompt courtesy, which enhances their value.

We may also observe, for the national credit, that we have found the proprietors of Webb’s Library, in Dublin, most obliging in supplying works of reference. We can confidently recommend this library to students. It was first brought to our notice by several Catholic clergymen. The proprietors are, we believe, Protestants—another evidence, were it needed, that the Catholic clergy are readers of a high class of literature, and that party prejudice is confined now, as it was in the time of O’Connell, to a class whom nothing will satisfy except Orange ascendancy, and

liberty to tyrannise over all who differ from them in politics or religion.



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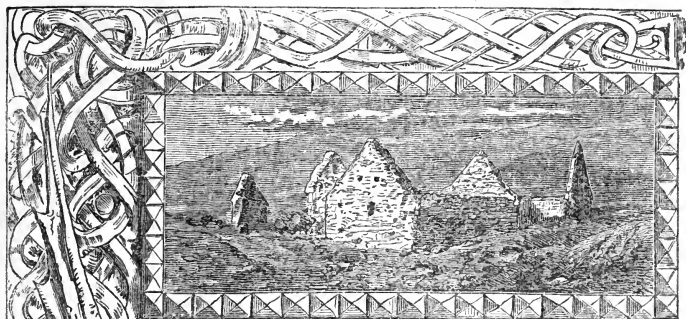
Chapter First.

FAMILY—BIRTH—BOYHOOD.

1774-1790.

**POLITICAL SITUATION AT THE TIME OF O'CONNELL'S BIRTH—HIS PEDIGREE—
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TERROR—LOUIS XVIII. AND THE OLD IRISH BRIGADE—GENERAL DANIEL
COUNT O'CONNELL.**





DARRYNANE ABBEY

Fullarton's

CHAP. I.

THE events which made the close of the eighteenth century renowned, cannot be thoroughly understood without something more than a glance at what was then the past, as well as what is to us also the past. Europe and America, the New World and the Old, were both convulsed and revolutionised. One part, at least, of the British Empire was also convulsed, and it was also revolutionised. The convulsion was indeed caused by that revolt against injustice, which must come sooner or later both to the peoples and the individuals

who are guilty of injustice. This revolution was termed a rebellion, because the cries of those who initiated it were stifled in blood and death.

History repeats itself. It may be useful to remember this at a time when there is a probability of another revolution, none the less dangerous to public safety, because it has its inception in a demand for personal liberty,—not indeed the personal liberty of individual freedom to do justice, but the personal liberty to prevent the doing of justice by others.

The American revolution was settled by law; the French revolution was quelled by the power of one man. America obtained the freedom which every state must have if it is to bear its part creditably in the political world. France was delivered from the despotism of many by the power of one; hence when the personal influence of the individual ceased, the multitude were left to seek other guides, with what result we all know. It might be king, or it might be kaiser, who influenced the impetuous Gaul; as long as the influence lasted all was well, or appeared well; the influence once withdrawn, and the hero dethroned, for any reason, or for none, the country is again a prey to anarchy.

In Great Britain there was sufficient law to steer the bark of government over the torrents of revolution, but, unfortunately, there was not always sufficient justice. The law may be good, but if it is not administered justly, the

results are scarcely less fatal than if there had been no law to administer.

In England, law required justice to be done to the poor, speaking broadly; but practically the law was not always administered justly, and had not private individuals been far more generous in practice than in theory, the peasants of Great Britain would have given trouble to their masters, and something more than trouble.

In Ireland, the laws, as made by Great Britain, and enforced by Great Britain, were not just; and in Ireland there was more than trouble.

From time to time the people rose up as they could against public injustice, against public oppression, but might was for the time stronger than right, and the Irish Celt was too often a victim at the shrine of an unmanly revenge. Still something was gained even by these disastrous attempts.¹ There were men in Ireland, and there are men in Ireland, who think little of the personal sacrifice of liberty or life, if they may but gain some increase of liberty, some happier condition of life for those who shall come after them.

It remained for O'Connell to show that attention could

¹ I have confined myself almost exclusively to English authorities for proof of every statement made in this work with regard to the condition of Ireland. In a letter from Edward Forbes, Esq., to William Wickham, Esq., dated Dublin Castle, July 28, 1798, he says, "The universality of conspiracy, the frequent debates and the consequent trials keep up irritation. Our military is also disorderly, and our yeomen resentful.

be attracted to Irish affairs by public agitation, and that, when attention was once given to them, some at least would see the necessity for a government of that country which should not excite rebellion by the enforcement of unjust laws, or perpetuate it by cruelty in the punishment of revolts excited by those laws.

O'Connell was born at Carhen, near Cahirciveen, on the 6th of August 1775.

The O'Conails, or O'Connells, were formerly possessed of the lordship of Magh-O-Goinin, now Magonihy, in Kerry. The chiefs of the sept were transported to Clare during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

Hugh O'Connell, of the race of Fiacha-Finghine, son of Darie-Cearb, married Margaret, the daughter of Moenmoy O'Brien, prince of Thomond. His son—

Geoffry O'Connell married Catherine, daughter of O'Connor Kerry. His sons—

Donal, who married Honoria, the daughter of O'Sullivan Bere;

Hugh, who was knighted by Sir Richard Nugent, lord-

. . . . We get rid of seventy prisoners, many of the most important of whom we could not try, and who could not be disposed of without doing such a violence to the principles of law and evidence as could not be well justified. Our zealots and yeomen do not relish this compromise, and there has been a fine buzz on the subject, but it being known the Chancellor most highly approves of it, the tone softens."—*Cornwallis' Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 378.

deputy of Ireland, with whom he was a great favourite. This chieftain married Mary, base-daughter of Donal MacCarthy Mor, whose son—

Maurice declared for Perkin Warbeck, but obtained the pardon of Henry VII., through the influence of MacCarthy Mor, on the 24th of August 1496. He married Juliana, the daughter of Rory O'Sullivan Mor. His son—

Morgan married Elizabeth, the daughter of O'Donovan, the chief of Clan-Cathail, in Carbery. His son—

Aodh or Hugh married Mora, the daughter of Sir Tadg O'Brien, of Baille-na-Carriga, in the county of Clare. His son—

Morgan, called of Ballycarbery, high-sheriff of the county of Kerry, married Helena, daughter of Donal MacCarthy. His son—

Richard assisted the Elizabethan generals against the great Geraldine, surrendered his estates, and obtained a re-grant thereof through the influence of the lord-deputy. He married Johanna, the daughter of Ceallaghan MacCarthy, proprietor of Carrignamult, in the county of Cork. His son—

Maurice was high sheriff of Kerry, and married Margaret, the daughter of Conchobhar, or Connor, O'Callaghan. His son—

Bartholomew married Honoria MacCrohan's daughter. His son—

Geoffrey married Miss Barret, of county Cork. His son—

Daniel, of Aghagabhar, married Alice, the daughter of Christopher Segrave, Esq., of Cabra, in the county of Dublin. His son—

John, called of Aghagower and Darrynane, married Elizabeth, the daughter of Christopher Conway, Esq., of Clachane, or Cloghane, in the county of Kerry. His son—

Daniel married Mary, the daughter of Dubh O'Donoghue, of Anwyss, in the county of Kerry. His son—

Morgan, of Cahirciveen, in the barony of Iveragh, married Catherine, the daughter of John O'Mullane, Esq., of Whitechurch, by whom he had ten children, who lived to the age of maturity; *viz.*, four sons and six daughters. The sons were: first, Daniel, the subject of this sketch; second, Maurice, an officer in the British service, who died at St Domingo, in 1796; third, John O'Connell; and fourth, James O'Connell, now Sir James, Bart., of Lakeview. The daughters were: first, Mary, who married Jeremiah M'Carthy, Esq. of Woodview, County Cork; second, Honora, the wife of Daniel O'Sullivan, Esq., of Reendonegan, in that county; third, Ellen, who married Daniel O'Connell, Esq., solicitor-at-law; fourth, Bridget, who married Myles M'Sweeny, Esq., late of Drounquinney; fifth, Catherine, who married Humphry Moynihan, Esq., of Freemount, both in the county Kerry; and sixth,

Alice, who married William Francis Finn, Esq., of Tullyroan, in the county Kilkenny, for many years M.P. for that county.

“Daniel O’Connell, who married Morna Duiv,² and died in the year 1774, left his estate of Darrynane to his eldest son, Maurice O’Connell, and he having no family, adopted Daniel O’Connell [the Liberator] and his brother Maurice. John O’Connell, the Liberator’s son, in a sketch

² Morna Duiv, or Black Mary, was a remarkable character. The Kerry people are, or perhaps we should say were, noted for the facility and appropriateness with which they gave nicknames. These names were, and still are in common use. In fact, they are almost necessary to distinguish the members of different families where a number of people all bear the same surname. This lady belonged to the old sept of the O’Donoghues of the Lakes, and was not a little proud of her descent. Her violence of denunciation, and her remarkable powers of invective are still remembered in Kerry. It would appear that she kept the purse, for when paying the labourers their weekly wages she would thunder forth to each in her native language, ‘May God prosper, or make away your wages as you earned them.’ Morna was also a poetess, and her daughter, Mrs O’Leary, wrote a poem of fierce invective on the death of her husband, Arthur O’Leary, who was shot by a common soldier for refusing to sell his horse to a Protestant for five pounds. “Thank God,” adds my informant, “those days are past.” Morna Duiv’s eldest son Maurice, who adopted the Liberator, was known by the *sobriquet* of “Old Hunting-cap.” He died at the advanced age of ninety-five. I am told he was a splendid old man, and though he became blind as years advanced, preserved his other faculties to the last. He always wore his hunting-cap. An old Irish bardic topographer writes thus of the O’Connells—

“O’Connell of the slender sword,
Is over the bushy-footed hosts
A hazel-tree of branching palms
For the Munster plain of horse hosts.”

of his father's life, writes thus of another Daniel O'Connell (see note at the end of this chapter) :—

“Respecting him there existed many peculiar circumstances. First, he was the two-and-twentieth child of his father and mother. Secondly, he entered the French service as a sub-lieutenant of Clare's regiment, at the age of fourteen, in the year 1759. Thirdly, unaided by anything but his merit, he rose to the rank of major-general. He became colonel-commandant of the German regiment, in the French service, of Salm-Salm, of two battalions, of twelve hundred men each, which he converted from an undisciplined mob into confessedly the finest regiment in the great French camp, at Metz, in 1787. Fourthly, he served at the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782, being then the second lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of royal Swedes—the first lieutenant-colonel being the Count Fersen, remarked for his personal beauty, and his alleged intrigues at the court of Louis XVI. Fifthly, Colonel Daniel Count O'Connell—to which rank he had then arrived—volunteered, with one hundred men, as marines, in the ship of the French admiral, who vainly endeavoured to prevent the relief of Gibraltar by Lord Hood. Sixthly, he was severely wounded in the actual attack upon Gibraltar, when the French were driven off by General (afterwards Lord) Elliot; and it was because of the gallantry he then displayed, that Louis XVI. conferred upon him the command of the regiment of Salm-Salm,

already mentioned. Seventhly, he was appointed, in the year 1788, one of the inspectors-general of the French infantry. He was the actual author of the system of internal arrangements of the infantry forces now universally adopted in all the European armies.³ Eighthly, he was entrusted in 1789, by Louis XVI., during the first revolutionary violence, with the command of ten thousand of the foreign troops by which Paris was surrounded—and the writer of this sketch has often heard him declare, that if Louis XVI. had permitted the foreign troops to crush the Parisian revolutionary mobs, they were both able and willing to do so; but the humanity of that benevolent, but weak monarch prevented the making of the great experiment of suppression. Ninthly, he remained about the person of the king as long as it was possible for personal devotion to be of any use; and only emigrated

* Sir Bernard Burke, with reference to this system, tells us, that in the year 1788, "The French Government resolved that the art of war should undergo revision; and a military board was formed for this purpose, comprising four general officers and one colonel. The colonel selected was O'Connell, who was esteemed one of the most scientific officers in the service. Without patronage or family he had risen to a colonelcy before he had attained his fortieth year. Only a few meetings of the board had taken place when the superior officers, struck with the depth and accuracy of information, great military genius, and correct views displayed by Colonel O'Connell, unanimously agreed to confide to him the renewal of the whole French military code; and he executed the arduous duty so perfectly that his tactics were those followed in the early campaigns of revolutionised France, adhered to by Napoleon, and adopted by Prussia, Austria, Russia, and England."

when it was impracticable to serve the king by any other conduct. He then made the Duke of Brunswick's campaign, as colonel *à la suite*, in the regiment of hussars, called 'De Berchiny;' and, after the close of that disastrous campaign, repaired to England, where he was principally instrumental in prevailing on the British Government to take into their service the officers of the Irish Brigade late in the employment of France. Tenthly, there were six regiments forming that brigade in the British service; and the command of one of them was conferred upon him. Those regiments were exceedingly ill treated by the British Government; and the officers (with the exception of the colonels) were unceremoniously put upon half-pay. The colonels, however, were, by stipulation, entitled to their full pay for life; and he accordingly enjoyed that pay, and his rank of colonel in the British service, during the rest of his life. Being married to a St Domingo lady, he returned to France at the peace of Amiens, to make his claims to her estate; but, on the renewal of hostilities, he was detained as a prisoner in France until the restoration of the Bourbon family. Eleventhly, upon the accession of Louis XVIII., he was restored to his rank as general in the French service, and received his full pay both as a French general and a British colonel, from 1814 to the downfall of Charles X. in 1830. Having refused to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, he lost his French pay; but retained his

pay as British colonel until 1834, when he died in his ninety-first year.”⁴

As Daniel O'Connell's grandfather had twenty-two children, and his father ten, a more detailed account of his family connections would occupy too much space, and would scarcely be of general interest. Mr O'Neill Daunt gives an amusing anecdote on this subject in his “Personal Recollections of O'Connell.”

“My grandmother,” said the Liberator, “had twenty-two children, and half of them lived beyond the age of ninety. . . . Old Maurice O'Connell of Darrynane pitched upon an oak-tree to make his own coffin, and mentioned his purpose to a carpenter. In the evening, the butler entered after dinner to say that the carpenter wanted to speak to him. ‘For what?’ asked my uncle. ‘To talk about your honour's coffin,’ said the carpenter, putting his head inside the door over the butler's shoulder. I wanted to get the fellow out, but my uncle said: ‘Oh! let him in, by all means. Well, friend, what do you want to say to me about my coffin?’—‘Only, sir, that I sawed the oak-tree your honour was speaking of into seven-foot plank.’—‘That would be wasteful,’ said my uncle. ‘I never was more than six feet and an inch in my vamps, the best day I ever saw.’—‘But your honour will stretch after death,’ said the carpenter. ‘Not eleven inches, I am sure, you blockhead! But I'll stretch, no doubt, perhaps a couple of inches or so. Well, make my coffin six feet six, and I'll warrant that will give me room enough.’”⁵

Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen, had a fair income, though only a second son. It is noticeable and character-

⁴ Sketch of the Life of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., by his son John O'Connell, late M.P., p. 3.

⁵ Personal Recollections of O'Connell by O'Neill Daunt.

istic of the times that he was obliged to make his first purchase of land through the intervention of a trustee; and, although the consideration was paid by him, yet if the trustee (a Protestant) had chosen to violate the trust, he might have taken the property to himself. Any Protestant in the community, who chose to file a "bill of discovery," could compel that trust to be disclosed, and could take possession of the estate, without repaying any part of the purchase-money.⁶

The young Daniel spent his boyhood partly with his father at Carhen, and partly with his uncle at Darrynane. There is ample evidence that he was a child of more than ordinary intellect, and of more than ordinary observation. He has left his earliest impressions on record, and the effect which it had deserves special notice.

The famous Paul Jones got command of three French⁷

⁶ Sketch by John O'Connell, page 6.

⁷ Paul Jones' expedition caused considerable disgust and dismay. Mr Beresford wrote thus in a letter on the subject dated Dublin, April 27, 1778 :—" Perhaps the most interesting to you may be to know the disgrace brought upon the navy of Great Britain by a dirty privateer of 18 guns, called, I think, the *Ranger*, commanded by a Scotchman of the name of Jones. You have already heard of this vessel having come into Carrickfergus Bay, and dropped anchor by the *Drake* sloop-of-war of 20 guns, and of her retiring upon the *Drake's* firing at her. She kept at the mouth of the harbour for eighteen hours afterwards, then sailed for Whitehaven, where you have heard what she did, as also in Scotland. She then came back here to sail again into Belfast; but the *Drake* having gone out on a cruise, met her opposite to Donaghadee, where they engaged, and after thirty-eight hours, she took the *Drake*, having killed her captain, his clerk, and several men, and wounded Lieutenant Dobbs

vessels in 1778 to cruise in the Irish seas and the English Channel. He manned his small fleet with English and Irish sailors who had been prisoners of war at Brest, and who preferred such service to dying amidst all the horrors of a French prison. A company of the Irish brigade, always ready to fight against the country that expatriated them, volunteered to serve on board the *Bonhomme Richard*, his flag-ship.

The first land made by Paul Jones upon his cruise from Brest, was on the coast of Kerry. When he closed in with the land, it fell a calm; and, the tide running at the rate of three or four knots an hour, between the Skelligs rock and Valentia harbour, the situation of the vessels became dangerous, and the boats were sent a-head to tow them out of their difficult position. Towards dusk, a light breeze springing up, the vessels got head-way, and were

a volunteer from Carrickfergus, and twenty-one men, shattered the masts and rigging of the *Drake*. She took also two vessels which she sank, and two others which she carried with her. She sailed north, with all her sails crowded, with her prizes, intending for Brest. Three frigates are, I understand, after her, the *Stag*, of whom she has just twenty-four hours' law, the *Boston*, and another whose name I forget." An amusing observation of Mr Harwood's which he records at the end of this letter, deserves mention though not directly with the present subject. You remember Mr Harwood's observation, "that His Majesty, God bless him, was the best natured man in his dominions; he was taking always the worst lawyers in the nation to himself, and leaving the best ones for the defence of his subjects." Mr Harwood was M.P. for Doveraile in 1768, and was celebrated for his *bon mots*.—*Correspondence of the Right Hon. John Buresford*, vol. i. p. 29.

moving from the coast, and signals were made for the boats to cast off and come alongside ; but two of the crews, consisting of some of the Brest prisoners, disregarded the signals, and, as the night darkened, pulled manfully for shore. They reached Valentia harbour safely, pursuit being impossible.

Here they were received by a gentleman with apparent hospitality, but the hospitality was only apparent ; he at once despatched messengers privately to Tralee, that a sufficient force of military might be sent to apprehend them.

O'Connell was but three years of age when he witnessed this treachery. Probably he did not understand it until long after ; but he often spoke of one of the prisoners with whose manner and appearance he had been very much struck. This man was mounted on a grey horse, and appeared to be the lawyer of the party, as he remonstrated very loudly against the injustice which they had suffered.⁸

By way of reprisals, Paul Jones seized some sailors whom he found at sea off the coast of Valentia. These men, either willingly or unwillingly, were engaged in the cele-

⁸ " They remonstrated loudly against this treatment, alleging that they had not committed nor intended any breach of the laws, and that the authorities had no right to deprive them of their liberty. I well recollect a tall fellow who was mounted on a grey horse, remonstrating angrily at this coercion. No legal charge of course could be sustained against them, and accordingly in the end they were released."—*Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by O'Neill Daunt.

brated action off Flamborough Head, where Paul Jones compelled the *Serapis* to strike her colours to his *fleur-de-lis*, but when in the act of securing his prize, his own ship sunk, shattered by the fight, and riddled by cannon shot.

Lieutenants M'Carthy and Stack, who boarded with their few surviving marines from the tops, were the only French officers unhurt in the action, although they were the most exposed. M'Carthy died a lieutenant-colonel in the British service, and Stack died a general in the same service.

The poor fishermen were taken to Brest, where they were allowed to labour in the arsenal, and saved money. In 1846 one of these men had but recently died at a great age. He was a native of Valentia island, by name John Murphy; but from the time of his compulsory adventure with the pirate, down to his latest day, he was better known by the sobriquet of "Paul Jones;" and such is the tenacity of the peasantry in matters of nomenclature, that his son, a respectable young farmer, was known as "Young Paul Jones." The father was a man of great industry and integrity, and died wealthy.

Whatever motive the gentleman who entrapped Paul Jones' crew may have had, there is no doubt that the "King's Writ" did not always run very safely in Kerry; and that whatever righteous indignation may have been publicly shown, on the question of foreign marauders, there

was a good deal of private connivance at overt acts of felony.

Dr William Forbes Taylor, who wrote "Reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell," under the *nom de plume* of a "Munster Farmer," says:—

"In consequence of this form of intercourse (the periodical emigrations to join the Irish Brigade in France), what the law called smuggling, and what those engaged in it called *free trade*, was very active between the French ports and this part of Ireland. Morgan O'Connell's store, or shop, at Cahirciveen, received many a cargo of French laces, wines, and silks, which were sold at an immense profit, in the south and west of Ireland, and enabled him rapidly to accumulate a large fortune. English cruisers avoided the iron-bound coast of Kerry, which then had a reputation even worse than its reality. It was said, that the men of the Kerry coast combined wrecking with smuggling; and that, for both purposes, they had organised a very complete system of posts and telegraphic signals along the bluff headlands. When a suspicious sail was announced, nice calculations were made to ascertain her probable position after nightfall. A horse was then turned out to graze on the fields near that part of the shore opposite to which she most probably was, and a lantern was tied to the horse's head. Viewed from a distance, this light, rising and falling as the animal fed, produced precisely the same effect as light in the cabin of a distant ship. The crew of the stranger-vessel, thus led to believe that there was open water before them, steered boldly onwards, and could not discover their error until they had dashed against the rocks. There is no reason to believe that the O'Connells engaged in such treacherous transactions; but there is indisputable evidence, that they were largely practised in this part of the country, and that they afforded great protection to smuggling, by deterring the English cruisers from the coast. Daniel O'Connell's infancy was thus passed amid scenes likely to

impress his mind with stern hostility to the Protestant ascendancy, and the English Government by which it was supported. In the name of that ascendancy, he was taught that his ancestors had been plundered; in the name of that ascendancy, he saw his religion insulted, and his family oppressed; for the penal laws opposed serious impediments to his father's investment of the profits of his trade in the acquisition of land. All around him were engaged in a fiscal war with the English government, and, in the code of Kerry ethics, a seizure by the officers of the Custom-House was regarded as a robbery, and the defrauding of the revenue a simple act of justice to one's self and family." ⁹

Education was also under penal law. By the penal laws it was "an offence" for a man to practise his religion.

⁹ Proof has so often been given of the truth of this assertion, that it seems scarcely necessary to repeat it here; yet the Irish are so frequently taunted with laziness and indifference, that it should be remembered how little there has been in their antecedents to have induced habits of industry. They were not allowed to engage in trade. Arthur Young, after alluding to the discouragements, under the penal laws, to Catholics engaging in any regular trade, requiring both industry and capital, exclaims—"If they succeed and make a fortune, what are they to do with it? They can neither buy land, nor take a mortgage, nor even fine down the rent of a lease. Where is there a people in the world to be found industrious under such circumstances?"

Down to the present century, the smugglers of England were as injurious to their own Government, as serviceable to that of France. The Emperor Napoleon I. said, at St Helena, to Dr O'Meara—"During the war with you, all the intelligence I received from England came through the smugglers. They are terrible people, and have courage and ability to do anything for money. . . . At one time, there were upwards of 500 of them at Dunkerque. I had every information I wanted through them. They brought over newspapers and despatches from the spies that we had in London. They took over spies from France, landed and kept them in their houses for some days, then dispersed them over the country, and brought them back when wanted."

Englishmen had changed their religion, and therefore the Irishman should change his. But there was one curious fallacy in the mode of reasoning by which this conclusion was evolved. Englishmen declared (in theory, and very loudly), that they claimed for themselves the right of free judgment, of believing as they thought fit, of interpreting the Bible for themselves. But for the exercise of this right, for which they even asserted a divine origin, a similar liberty was not allowed to others—above all to their Celtic neighbour. It was indeed true that they denied this right even to each other, that they were by no means agreed as to which was *the* divine religion, which men should accept as such; that Puritan and Baptist, Roundhead and Cavalier, persecuted each other when they could, for the love of God, as cruelly as they united in persecuting the Catholic;¹ but this was poor consolation to the Irish. Englishmen had not often, or for any great length of time, the power of persecuting each other on religious grounds; unhappily for themselves they had a permanent opportunity, and a permanent power of exercising such persecutions in Ireland.

¹ “*After well damning one half the community,
To pray God to keep all in pace an’ in unity.*”

—*The Fudges in England.*

There is no doubt that these extremely clever sarcasms on the anomalies of religious strife, had a powerful influence in removing prejudice, if not ignorance, and showed the folly of the state of mind in which a man

“Pledged himself to be no more
With Ireland’s wrongs begrieved or sham’d;
To vote her grievances a bore,
So she may suffer and be —.”

In entering fully into this matter, we would observe that it is from no desire to recal the bitter past, or to excite feelings which are suppressed, if they are not passed away. But it would be quite impossible to understand O'Connell's life, or O'Connell's work, unless these subjects were fully considered and thoroughly understood. In his boyhood he was himself the victim of these oppressions, and though his experience of them was comparatively trifling, it should not be forgotten that he lived at a period when old men could tell him tales of personal pains and penalties, of a rule which a truthful English Protestant writer designated as only fit for the meridian of Barbary.²

In the year 1695, some eighty years before the time of which we write, when Lord Capel was appointed Viceroy, he at once summoned a parliament, which sat for several sessions, and in which some of the penal laws against Catholics were enacted. As I believe the generality even

² "Severity which seemed calculated for the meridian of Barbary, while others remain yet the law of the land, which would, if executed, tend more to raise than to quell an insurrection. From all which it is manifest, that the gentlemen of Ireland never thought of a radical cure, from overlooking the real cause of disease, which, in fact, lay in themselves, and not in the wretches they doomed to the gallows. Let them change their own conduct entirely, and the poor will not long riot. Treat them like men, who ought to be as free as yourselves ; put an end to that system of religious persecution, which, for seventy years, has divided the kingdom against itself—in these two circumstances lies the cure of insurrection ; perform them completely, and you will have an affectionate poor, instead of oppressed and discontented vassals."—*Young's Tour*, vol. ii. 42.

of educated persons, both in England and Ireland, are entirely ignorant of what these laws really were, I shall give a brief account of their enactments, premising first, that seven lay peers and seven Protestant bishops had the honourable humanity to sign a protest against them.

(1.) The Catholic peers were deprived of their right to sit in parliament. (2.) Catholic gentlemen were forbidden to be elected as members of parliament. (3.) All Catholics were denied the liberty of voting, and excluded from all offices of trust, and indeed from *all remunerative* employment, however insignificant.³ (4.) They were fined £60 a-month for absence from the Protestant form of worship. (5.) They were forbidden to travel five miles from their houses, to keep arms, to maintain suits at law, or to be guardians or executors. (6.) Any four justices of the peace could, without further trial, banish any man for life if he refused to attend the Protestant service. (7.) Any two justices of the peace could call any man over sixteen before them, and if he refused to abjure the Catholic religion, they could bestow his property to the next of kin. (8.) No Catholic could employ a Catholic schoolmaster to educate his children; and if he sent his child abroad for education,

³ A petition was sent in to Parliament by the Protestant porters of Dublin, complaining of Darby Ryan for employing Catholic porters. The petition was respectfully received, and referred to a "Committee of Grievances."—*Com. Jour.*, vol. ii. f. 699. Such an instance, and it is only one of many, is the best indication of the motive for enacting the penal laws, and the cruelty of them.

he was subject to a fine of £100, and the child could not inherit any property either in England or Ireland. (9.) Any Catholic priest who came to the country should be hanged. (10.) Any Protestant suspecting any other Protestant of holding property⁴ in trust for any Catholic, might file a bill against the suspected trustee, and take the estate or property from him. (11.) Any Protestant seeing a Catholic tenant-at-will on a farm, which, in his opinion, yielded one-third more than the yearly rent, might enter on that farm, and by simply swearing to the fact, take possession. (12.) Any Protestant might take away the horse of a Catholic, no matter how valuable, by simply paying him £5. (13.) Horses and waggons belonging to Catholics, were in all cases to be seized for the use of the militia.

⁴ It will be remembered that at this time Catholics were in a majority of at least five to one over Protestants. Hence intermarriages took place, and circumstances occurred, in which Protestants found it their interest to hold property for Catholics, to prevent it from being seized by others. A gentleman of considerable property in the county of Kerry has informed me that his property was held in this way for several generations.

It was the opinion of O'Connell himself, that no landed estates could have remained in the possession of Catholics, "only that individual Protestants were found a great deal honester than the laws. The Freeman family of Castlecork," he observed, "were trustees for a large number of Catholic gentlemen in the county of Cork. In Kerry there was a Protestant, named Hugh Falvey, who acted as trustee for many Catholic proprietors there. In Dublin there was a poor Protestant, in very humble circumstances, who was trustee for several Catholic gentlemen, and discharged his trust with perfect integrity."—*O'Neill Daunt's Personal Recollections.*

(14.) Any Catholic gentleman's child who became a Protestant, could at once take possession of his father's property.

O'Connell, who had a fund of anecdote, was accustomed to relate an amusing incident on the subject of the peculiar facilities afforded for a change of religion.

A Mr Myers, of Roscommon, was threatened that a "bill of discovery" would be filed against him; in other words, that one of the enactments of the penal laws would be put in force, and that he, being a Catholic, would be ejected by a Protestant who would *legally* claim his estate.

Mr Myers preferred his property to his religion, and immediately posted to Dublin in all haste. Here he proceeded to the Protestant Archbishop, and informed him of his desire to be received into the State Church. The archbishop examined him upon the points of difference between the two churches, and found that he knew nothing at all about the matter. He accordingly said he could not receive him into the Anglican Church unless he should get some previous instruction; and politely offered to commit him to the care of the Rector of Castlerea, who chanced to be in Dublin at the time. The proposal was most gratifying to Mr Myers, for he and the rector had long been boon companions. They met in Dublin, as they had met in Roscommon, dined together every day for a week, and thus Mr Myers went through his course of theological instruction. The conversation may not have been very spiritual,

but O'Connell declares that a good deal of spirits were consumed. Be this as it may, and it certainly was the custom of the times to indulge freely, Mr Myers considered himself sufficiently prepared, and his friend the rector agreed with him.

Whatever the private feelings or reluctance of the archbishop may have been, he could scarcely refuse to receive an important convert; he permitted him to make his solemn public abjuration of the errors of Popery, and to receive the Protestant sacrament. In order to celebrate the happy event, the prelate invited Myers and several zealous Protestant friends to dinner. When the cloth was removed, his Grace thus addressed the convert: "Mr Myers, you have this day been received into the true Protestant Church. For this you should thank God. I learn with pleasure from the Rector of Castlereagh that you have acquired an excellent knowledge of the basis of the Protestant religion. Will you be so kind as to state, for the edification of the company, the grounds upon which you have cast aside Popery and embraced the Church of England."—"Faith, my lord," replied Myers, "I can easily do that; the grounds of my conversion to the Protestant religion are two thousand five hundred acres of the best *grounds* in the county Roscommon." The reply of the archbishop is not on record, but we hope there are few who will not agree with us in thinking it very pitiful and very little creditable to humanity, that man should be com-

pelled by his fellow-man to violate his conscience on the pretence of enforcing a religion.

O'Connell was singularly susceptible of female influence, and if at one period of his early life this susceptibility led him into evil, it was only because all that is best and purest in human nature is liable to perversion. He was tenderly attached to his mother, and, like many great men, attributed much of his success in life to her influence, example, and teaching.

He often spoke of her in after years ; and even when his wonderful career was near its close, in 1841, he wrote thus :—

“I am the son of a sainted mother, who watched over my childhood with the most faithful care ; she was of a high order of intellect, and what little I possess was bequeathed me by her. I may, in fact, say without vanity, that the superior situation in which I am placed by my countrymen has been owing to her. Her last breath was passed, I thank Heaven, in calling down blessings on my head ; and I valued her blessing since. In the perils and the dangers to which I have been exposed through life, I have regarded her blessing as an angel's shield over me ; and as it has been my protection in this life, I look forward to it also as one of the means of obtaining hereafter a happiness greater than any this world can give.”⁵

He was proud of his family also, and anxious to discover any mention of them in Irish history. However he may have used the *suaviter in modo* as his style in winning popular affection and applause, he could practise the *for-*

⁵ In the *Belfast Vindicator*, letter dated 20th January 1841.

titer in re, if any undue, or shall we say "blarneying," influence was tried on him personally. There was some talk at Darrynane⁶ one day on the subject of pedi-

⁶ The following account of the *Abbey* of Darrynane, of which an illustration is given at the head of this chapter, was drawn up for my "History of Kerry" by the present proprietor, Daniel O'Connell, Esq., J.P., the grandson of the Liberator. This gentleman is devoted to archæological pursuits, and a contributor to many scientific journals. The "abbey," so called, of Darrynane, or Ahavore, was a small establishment of Canons Regular of St Augustine. The remains consist of the church and some domestic buildings.

The church is a simple parallelogram, about 40 feet by 18 feet. The walls remain, but the roof has long since disappeared. There are two doors in the north and south walls, towards the west end, opposite one another: that to the north has been the principal entrance, and has some slight remains of a moulded jamb and arch, the mouldings being of very early character. One of the heads which supported the label moulding, and some traces of the moulding itself, remain, but in a very worn and mutilated condition. The south door opened into the courtyard of the monastery, and had a plain chamfered jamb and arch. Both doors had pointed arches. On the north side, the church was lit by two small round-headed lancets, having the common early "chamfer and square" for jamb and arch moulding. A similar window is in the south-east corner. The east window is a triplet of lancets, very narrow, with pointed heads, and similar mouldings to the side windows. These east windows have been at some period blocked up with masonry to nearly half their height; apparently at the same time the doors have been partially blocked up on the inside, and converted into square-headed openings. All the windows have very wide splays internally, carried round the heads of the eastern group. None of the windows have any rebate or groove for glass, but seem to have been barred with iron.

The floor has been greatly raised by interments. A piscina with plain chamfer and round-headed trefoil arch remains. It has had a double basin, and a credence-shelf. Owing to the rise of the floor, the basin is now only a few inches over the ground inside.

A rude block of masonry at the east end formed an altar. Although

grees and descents. O'Connell said something about his family. "Oh!" exclaimed a guest, "I saw your name in Macgeogehan's 'History of Ireland,' somewhere at a very early date."

The Liberator looked greatly pleased. "Pray get the book," he said; "it is in the library." The book was got, but the passage was not forthcoming, and the gentle-

the upper part and slab are gone, still this rises much above the sill of the east windows, and is singularly high compared to the piscina. It would seem, that, after being disused, and the floor raised, the church had been again adapted for service, the present altar built, and the windows behind blocked up to suit the altered level. A curious projection of the rubble blocking of the north-east lancet seems to have served as a corbel for a statue or lamp.

The domestic buildings are in the form of an L, one limb joining the church near the south-east angle, the other projecting from this to the west. These are very rude, and have no architectural features of any interest. The limb joining the church has some rude windows, and a door of rubble work in the east side wall, but they are much injured. A door, with pointed arch of rubble, may be traced in the west wall, near the south-west angle. It is blocked, and the gable of the second wing built against it. Of the latter, only the gables and portions of the side walls remain.

All the buildings are of rubble work, very rude, with a great quantity of mortar of the local slate stone. The window and door-dressings in the church are of brown sandstone, from a quarry near the ruins. Owing to the bad weather-quality of this, they are much injured by time.

The walls of the domestic buildings do not bond with those of the church, nor with one another. The buildings appear, therefore, to have been erected at three distinct periods—the church being probably the earliest. No fire-places nor flues remain, or can have existed.

In consequence of the east wall of the church having settled out, and threatening to fall, Mr O'Connell has lately had two strong buttresses built to support it.

man was obliged to admit that he believed he had made a mistake.

O'Connell flung himself out of the room with a petulance he seldom exhibited, and, as he retired, was heard muttering something about "humbug." As I have this anecdote from a gentleman who was present, there can be no doubt of its authenticity.

O'Neill Daunt says in his "Recollections" that O'Connell "was angry at the disparaging manner in which his family had been spoken of by an anonymous writer in the 'Mask,' who described leading members of Parliament. 'The vagabond allows me a large share of talent, but he says I am of humble origin. My father's family was very ancient, and my mother was a lady of the first rank.'"⁷

"In the time of James II., Maurice O'Conal, of the county Clare, was a general of brigade and colonel of the king's guards. In that regiment John O'Conal of Darrynane—the lineal ancestor of the Liberator—served at the head of a company of foot which he himself had raised and embodied in the regiment.

"When the Irish lost the day at Aughrim, John retired with his shattered regiment to Limerick, and was included in the treaty or capitulation of that stronghold. Respecting

⁷ In one of Victor Hugo's works there is an analysis made by him of the great men of modern times who were respectively of noble and plebeian blood, and among the former he classes "O'Connell, gentil-homme Irlandais."

this gentleman, O'Connell told an anecdote in the House of Commons, which awakened a storm of anger, groans, and turbulence. When the storm had abated, O'Connell, unabashed by the noisy vociferation of the house, proceeded with his anecdote, which he deemed illustrative of the subject before him : ' On the morning of the battle of Aughrim, an ancestor of mine, who commanded a company of infantry in King James's army, reprimanded one of his men who had neglected to shave himself, ' Oh ! your honour,' said the soldier, ' whoever takes the trouble of cutting my head off in battle may take the trouble of shaving it when he goes home.' "

Of another of his ancestors he spoke thus :—

" In 1655, John O'Connell of Ashtown, near Dublin, the brother of the lineal ancestor of the Liberator, *proved his good affection* to Oliver Cromwell by conforming to Protestantism. He thereby preserved his estate. ' I saw his escutcheon,' said the Liberator, ' on the wall of St James's church, in Dublin, some twenty years ago. I do not know if it be there still.' "

In Smith's " History of Kerry," the O'Connell family and pedigree are scarcely mentioned. A reason is given for this omission which is singularly and painfully characteristic of the times :—

" In the course of his literary peregrinations, Dr Smith visited Darrynane, where he was entertained for several days by the grandfather of the great Agitator. The patriarch of Iveragh, in

the course of conversation, communicated to the historian many interesting particulars of local and domestic history. Warmed by his genial hospitality and delighted with his fund of anecdote, Dr Smith proposed to Mr O'Connell to devote a due proportion of the forthcoming history to the virtues and heroism of the Clan-Connell. The reply was not very encouraging: 'We have peace, in these glens, Mr Smith,' said the patriarch, 'and amid their seclusion enjoy a respite from persecution: we can still in these solitudes profess the beloved faith of our fathers. If man is against us, God assists us; He gives us wherewithal to pay for the education of our children in foreign lands and to further their advancement in the Irish Brigade; but if you make mention of me or mine, these sea-side solitudes will no longer yield us an asylum. The *Sassenagh* will scale the mountains of Darrynane, and we too shall be driven out upon the world without house or home.' The wishes of the patriarch were respected by the historian—a broken sentence is all he devotes to the annals of the Clan-Connell."

In truth, this anecdote, for the authenticity of which we can vouch, reads but too much like the piteous plea of the Red Indian to the white man; all he asks is to be left in peace, to be allowed to live, to be spared even his poverty. It is not creditable to our common humanity that such pleas should have ever been uttered by those who were once united in one faith, and who at least believed in one Father.

O'Connell was also very particular that the date of his birth should be given correctly, and wrote on one occasion to contradict some mistakes which had been made on this subject. He commenced by saying that it was right to be

accurate in trifles. He then goes on to say that a paragraph had appeared in the journals which he was desirous of contradicting. "It contained two mistakes—it asserted that I was born in 1774, and secondly, that I was intended for the Church. I was not intended for the Church. No man respects, loves, or submits to the Church with more alacrity than I. But I was not intended for the priesthood. It is not usual with the Catholic gentry in Ireland to determine the religious destiny of their children; and being an eldest son, born to an independence, the story of my having been intended for the Church is a pure fabrication. I was not born in the year 1774. Be it known to all whom it may concern that I was born on the 6th of August 1775, the very year in which the stupid obstinacy of British oppression *forced* the reluctant people of America to seek security in arms, and to commence that bloody struggle for national independence which has been in its results beneficial to England, whilst it has shed glory and conferred liberty, pure and sublime, on America." ⁸

The Liberator's literary tastes manifested themselves early in life; and again, in relating how he mastered the alphabet, we find yet another illustration of the unhappy state of unhappy Ireland. It was a crime for a man to have his children taught to read in Ireland; and when it was found that Irish love of learning was too strong even for penal laws, and that the Irishman sent his sons to

⁸ *Dublin Evening Post*, 17th July 1828.

obtain abroad the advantages that were denied to him at home, it was further made penal to seek education abroad. In truth, it was hard to know what was not penal in Ireland for a Catholic, and, in truth, any reproach on "Irish ignorance" comes with an ill grace from those whose ancestors did their best to render Irishmen a nation of ignorant slaves. We may be pardoned for doubting, since we neither desire to deny our nationality nor apologise for it, if the case had been reversed, whether the English serf would have made as painful efforts, and as great sacrifices to secure himself education, had it been thus denied to him.

For Protestant education, however, every provision was made. For the upper classes there was Trinity College, Dublin; for the lower classes there were the Charter Schools. These schools were founded in 1733, in response to a petition of the Protestant primate and archbishop, clergy, and laity. The preamble of the petition ran thus:—

"Humbly sheweth,—That in many parts of Ireland there are great tracks of mountaining (*sic*) and coarse land, of ten, twenty, or thirty miles in length, and of a considerable breadth, almost universally inhabited by Papists, and that in most parts of the same, and more especially in the provinces of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, the Papists far exceed the Protestants in all sorts of numbers (*sic*).

"That the generality of the Popish natives appear to have very little sense or belief of religion, but what they implicitly take from their clergy (to whose guidance in such matters they seem wholly to give themselves up), and thereby are unfit, not only in gross

ignorance, but in great disaffection to your sacred Majesty and Government—so that, if some effectual method be not made use of to instruct these great numbers of people in the principles of loyalty and religion, there seems to be very little prospect but that superstition, idolatry, and disaffection to your Majesty, or to your royal posterity, will, from generation to generation, be propagated amongst them.”⁹

And so the Charter Schools were established. It was the old story, as old as the first ages of Christianity: the Christians were disloyal because they obeyed God, in preference to Cæsar, even while they proved their loyalty to Cæsar, in all that was not disloyal to their God, by pouring out their life's blood in torrents for the support of the empire. The Thundering Legion, whose Christian soldiers obtained by prayer¹ the salvation of the army of Marcus Aurelius, received no better treatment at the hands of their Pagan calumniators than the Irish who were loyal to James, the faithless Stuart.

And these schools, in which the “ignorant” Irish were to receive their education, were thus described by the benevolent Howard and Sir Jerome Fitzpatrick the Government inspector-general:—

“The children, generally speaking, are unhealthy, half-

⁹ “Ireland's Grievances—The Penal Laws,” p. 29. Dublin: 1812. Catholics were not admitted to Trinity College, Dublin, until 1793, even as humble students, unambitious of academical honours or promotion.

¹ The authenticity of this miracle is admitted even by pagan historians. See Dion Cassius, Capitolinus, Claudius, and Tillemont, vol. ii. p. 370.

starved, in rags, totally uneducated, too much worked, and in all respects shamefully neglected."

The hedge-schoolmasters who taught in fear and trembling, while one pupil watched the road, that all might disperse promptly, if an enemy to learning came in sight, or the itinerant schoolmaster who wandered from house to house, as perhaps a safer method of obtaining a precarious existence, were the only instructors of the Irish youth: yet for all that the Irish youth learned, and learned well, and held his place as a man of learning in after life in those European courts where he was welcomed, and showed himself not only loyal to the foreign power under which he took military service, but also of no ordinary ability as a commander and a strategist.

At a time when O'Connell's own father could not be lawfully his guardian, it can be a matter of little surprise that he learned the rudiments of education from an ordinary pedagogue.²

² In 1703, it was enacted "that no Catholic could be guardian to, or have the custody or tuition of any orphan or child under the age of 21 years, and that the guardianship, when a Catholic was entitled to it, should be disposed of by the Chancellor to the nearest Protestant relation of the child, or to some other Protestant, who is thereby required to use his utmost care to educate and bring up such child in the Protestant religion. Any offence against this act was punished by a penalty of £500." The act permitting Catholics to be guardians to their own children was not passed until 1782.

Usher, who cannot be suspected of any partiality to "Papists," has himself given an account of his visit to Galway, where he found John Lynch, afterwards Bishop of Killala, teaching a school of humanity.

Even in his own account of his first lesson in reading we see his preference for the "spoonful of honey"³ sufficiently manifested; and though it cannot be doubted that his personal experience of the French Revolution had a powerful effect on his future career, and made him tenaciously fearful of physical force, yet his natural character was gentle. The schoolmaster won his affection in a peculiar manner. His own son, John O'Connell, himself one of the best and gentlest of men, has left the account on record, and we give it in his words.

"We had proofe," he says, "during our continuance in that citie, how his schollars profitted under him, by the verses and orations which they brought us." Usher then relates how he seriously advised the young schoolmaster to conform to the popular religion; but, as Lynch declined to comply with his wishes, he was bound over, under sureties of £400 sterling, to "forbear teaching." The tree of knowledge was, in truth, forbidden fruit, and guarded sedulously by the fiery sword of the law.

For further information on this subject, and for details of the history of Irishmen who distinguished themselves abroad and at home under penal laws, we refer the reader to O'Callaghan's "History of the Irish Brigade," and to our "Illustrated History of Ireland."

³ Mr O'Neill Daunt says in his "Reminiscences"—"On one occasion when O'Connell had listened to — for a long time with great suavity, I said, 'You were infinitely more civil to Mr — than I could have been.'

"'My dear friend,' replied he, 'you will catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a hogshead of vinegar.'

"He admits, however, that he could show symptoms of being bored now and then.

"Some of the *habitués* of the Repeal Association who knew O'Connell's feelings on such matters, have whispered to me during the speech of a long-winded orator, 'Watch Dan, now! observe how bored he is—there he sits with his hat pulled down over his eyes, patiently waiting until this gentleman finishes,'"

"An itinerant schoolmaster came to Carhen one day, and took the little fellow on his knee. He then took out a pocket-comb and combed the child's hair thoroughly without hurting him, as the rough country maids scarcely ever failed to do. In gratitude for exemption from his usual torture, the child readily consented to learn his letters from the old man; and in the short space of an hour and a half, learned *the whole alphabet* perfectly and permanently.

"The moral of this tale is, not that you should comb children's heads gently, in order to ensure their learning quickly; but that the difficulties of teaching them can be much lightened by a little care to conciliate their good-will to the task."

It is just possible that the brain was nervously sensitive, as is frequently the case in children of more than ordinary capacity, and they may be tried to the very verge of endurance by ungentle usage. We agree with Mr O'Connell that children may be taught the alphabet without "combing the head gently," but it is worth considering that if delicate and sensitive children were treated with more consideration, it might be of advantage to them both morally and physically.

O'Connell was then nearly four years old. The schoolmaster's name was David Mahoney.

In 1787, O'Connell was taken to the Tralce assizes and witnessed a curious exhibition of the fashion in which justice was administered in those days. From the manner in which the lower orders of Irish were hunted from one place to another, not only by the "English army," but even by their own lords, whose private feuds were neither

few nor far between, many of them took to a predatory life from necessity, and continued it from desire. A band of these unfortunate men, who were called *Crelaghs*, infested the mountains of Glencarra, and preyed on the cattle in Clare and Galway, which they drove away and sold daily in the fairs of Kerry; or with impartial rapacity swept off the stolen beeves of Kerry and disposed of them retributively in Galway and Clare. The harassed farmers regarded these "Crelaghs" with terror and loathing: but their hatred was repressed by fear, because the Protestant gentry extended to the freebooters a kind of negative protection. A portion of the spoil which the grateful robbers presented to the sympathising magistrates rewarded this profitable connivance. Emboldened by an impunity which, having purchased, they regarded as a right, the robbers stole fourteen cows from the lands of Morgan O'Connell. Exasperated by this outrage, the father of the future Liberator, at the head of an armed party, penetrated the mountain defiles and proceeded to storm the haunt of the banditti. The struggle which ensued was of a very desperate and even sanguinary character, as the *Crelaghs* offered a fierce resistance, in the course of which the father of young Daniel wounded one and captured two; while the remainder of the robbers broke through their assailants and effected their escape, to renew in another part of the country the depredations which made them so formidable in Glencarra.

One evening, as Morgan O'Connell was riding home alone, he was set upon by these desperadoes; determined to revenge on his friendless head the injuries which, when surrounded by companions, he had inflicted on them. Rushing down the slope of a mountain, they called on him with threats to stop, and fired on him as he continued his course. His horse at this moment, terrified by the discharge of the musket, became unmanageable, and he was flung heavily to the ground. While thus prostrate he was again fired at, but fortunately without effect. Regaining his feet, he succeeded in recovering his horse, and springing upon its back, he was speedily beyond the reach of the banditti, who pursued and fired at him as he fled.

Some time subsequently one of the *Crelaghs* was convicted of horse-stealing at Tralee. Leaning on the bar, he heard the sentence of death with a degree of savage apathy which astonished every spectator in the court. "Is it listening to his lordship you are, you stupid gomeril?" exclaimed a bystander, with unfeigned amazement. "Don't you see it's listening I am?" replied the prisoner angrily; "but fot do I care fot he says. Is not Colonel Blennerhasset looking at me—isn't he—all the time? and *he* says nothing." The prisoner, doubtless, relied on the presents which he had given the colonel for an entire immunity from the penalty of crime.⁴ Even the judges of that day

⁴ Kerry cows were the victims of Kerry feuds from an early period, but especially during the Desmond war. The following extract from our

were not all exempted from the weakness of accepting a bribe, though, for the credit of the bench, we must hope these delinquents were the rare exception. Denis O'Brien, a man not noted for obedience to law, had a record at Nenagh, and learning that the judge had talked of purchasing a set of carriage horses, Denis sent him a magnificent set. The judge graciously accepted the horses, praised their points extravagantly, and then, charging the jury in favour of Denis, obtained a verdict for him. The moment Denis gained his point, he sent in a bill to the judge for the full value of the horses. His lordship called Denis aside to expostulate privately with him. "Oh! Mr

"History of Kerry," recently published, will show how justice was administered :—

"The judges went circuit twice a year, except in the county Kerry, but whether the county was exempted from judicial visits on account of the general propriety of the inhabitants, or because of its remoteness and inaccessibleness, is by no means evident. Justice was administered with tolerable impartiality, for, amongst the earliest Kerry records we can find of the seventeenth century, Sir Thomas Denny was fined £300, and bound 'to good behaviour' for seven years towards John Darroe: his bails were John Fitzmaurice and Rev. Barry Denny; and at the same assizes Matthew Boarman and Daniel Sullivan were indicted, for that they, 19th December, in the nineteenth year of his Majesty, at Tralce, did assault, beat, batter, and whip John Darran. Summer assizes were then held, and in the same year David Sullivan was released from custody, wherein he had been detained since the summer assizes of 1740, for non-payment of a fine of £15, to which he had been sentenced for stealing a deer from the park of the Knight of Kerry. In 1777 a number of persons were sentenced, and a man was actually condemned to be hanged for stealing 'one Caroline hat, value 10s., and one wigg, value 6s. sterling.'"

O'Brien," said he, "I did not think you meant to charge me for those horses. Come now, my dear friend, why should I pay you for them?"—"Upon my word, that is curious talk," retorted Denis, in a tone of fierce defiance, "I'd like to know why your lordship should *not* pay me for them?" To this inquiry, of course, a reply was impossible. The judge was obliged to hold his peace and pay the money.

While enjoying the amusements of the county town, with keen eye seeing and sharp ear hearing what perhaps was scarcely noticed by others, O'Connell listened to a ballad which made an indelible impression on his memory. He related the circumstance thus to Mr O'Neill Daunt many years afterwards—

"I liked ballads above all things when I was a boy," said O'Connell. "In 1787 I was brought to the Tralee assizes. Assizes were then a great mart for all sorts of amusements—and I was greatly taken with the ballad-singers. It was then I heard two ballad-singers, a man and a woman, chanting out a ballad, which contained a verse I still remember :

'I leaned my back against an oak,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent, and then it broke—
'Twas thus my love deserted me.'⁵

He sang the first two lines—*she* sang the third line, both together sang the fourth, and so on through the whole ballad."

⁵ This is a verse from the well-known Scotch ballad :—

"Oh waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae."

O'Connell spent much of his time, even at this early period of his life, in study. When his playmates were engaged in noisy games, he would sit apart absorbed in some book; and books were rare enough then to be dearly prized. The "Voyages of Captain Cook" specially interested him, and he would sit for hours poring over the volume, or finding out the places on the map. He had also a great fancy for the *Dublin Magazine*, which was taken in by his uncle. This serial contained portraits of distinguished personages, with their biographies, and even then some vision of and aspiration for future fame must have entered his mind, for he used to say to himself, "I wonder will my portrait ever appear in this." Yet, even in his wildest dreams, how little could he have anticipated his magnificent future.⁶

On one occasion when the family were eagerly discussing the topics of the day, and the respective merits of Burke and Grattan, O'Connell, then only a lad of nine years of age, was observed sitting in an arm-chair, silent and

⁶ Speaking of his own early recollections, O'Connell said: "My uncle used to get the *Dublin Magazine* at Carhen; it usually contained the portrait of some remarkable person, with a biographical notice. I was always an ambitious fellow, and I often used to say to myself, 'I wonder will my visage ever appear in the *Dublin Magazine*.' I knew at that time of no greater notoriety. In 1810, when walking through the streets soon after some meeting at which I had attracted public notice, I saw a magazine in a shop-window, containing the portrait of 'Councillor O'Connell,' and I said to myself with a smile, 'Here are my boyish dreams of glory realised.' Though I need not tell you that in 1810, I had long outgrown that species of ambition."—*Personal Recollections*, vol. i. p. 102.

abstracted. He was asked by a lady, who wondered at his silence, "What he was thinking of?" His reply was characteristic—

"I'll make a stir in the world yet!"

Father O'Grady was then the chaplain of the O'Connell family, and prepared the boy for the Sacraments. A curious anecdote is told of this ecclesiastic. He resided at Louvain during the wars of Marlborough, and from the troubled state of Flanders, he was reduced to the deepest distress. He begged his way to the coast, hoping to meet some vessel whose captain might take him for charity to Ireland. As he was trudging slowly and painfully along, he suddenly fell in with a band of robbers. One of the robbers was a Kerryman, named Denis Mahony, who, moved to compassion by the penniless poverty of the priest, and charmed with the sound of his native tongue, gave him out of his own share of plunder the means of returning to Ireland. "God be merciful to poor Denis Mahony!" Father O'Grady was accustomed to say, when relating this adventure; "I found him a useful friend in need. But for all that he might prove a very disagreeable neighbour."

The Liberator in after years accounted for the appearance of a native of Kerry among a gang of Flemish robbers, by supposing that he had served in Marlborough's army, and, deserting from ill-treatment, sought subsistence on the highway as a footpad.

But poor Father O'Grady only escaped from the perils of starvation and the sea to run the risk of hanging or imprisonment at home. He was seized on his return to Ireland, and tried on the charge of being a "Popish priest." A witness mounted the table and swore he had heard him "say" Mass.

"Pray, sir," said the judge, "how do you know he said Mass?"

"I heard him say it, my lord," replied the witness.

"Did he say it in Latin?" inquired his lordship.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then you understand Latin?"

"A little."

"What words did you hear him use?"

"*Ave Maria*."

"That is part of the Lord's Prayer; is it not?"

"Yes, my lord," was the fellow's answer.

"Here is a pretty witness to convict the prisoner," cried the judge; "he swears that *Ave Maria* is Latin for the Lord's Prayer." As the judge pronounced a favourable charge, the jury acquitted Father O'Grady.⁷

O'Connell was sent to school in Cork by his uncle Maurice at the age of thirteen. This school was the first establishment of the kind which had been opened in Ire-

⁷ An English Protestant writer says: "For many a long year, Irish history is but a melancholy recital of religious intolerance and party vindictiveness."—*Ireland under British Rule*, by Lieut.-Colonel Jervis

land since the Protestant Reformation. Mr Fagin, in his *Memoir of O'Connell*, says that he did not exhibit any extraordinary intellect at this period; and as his own father was a school-companion of the Liberator, he had good opportunity for correct information.⁸

O'Connell, however, considered himself to have been a quick child, and as he was not remarkable for modesty, he had no hesitation in saying so. On one occasion, when travelling with Mr Daunt, he made this assertion: "I was, in childhood, remarkably quick and persevering. My

R.A., M.P., London, 1868, p. 203. Again, he says: "The following rewards were fixed for the discovery of Popish clergy and schoolmasters—

"For an archbishop, bishop, vicar-general, or any other person exercising any foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction, . . .	£50
For each clergyman, and each secular clergyman, not registered according to 2 Anne, c. vii.	20
For a schoolmaster or usher,	10

—*Anne, c. iii., Irish Statutes.*

He adds: "To limit the power of a Papist to take leases for more than thirty-one years made him care but little for investing in land till death gave him 'a Protestant lease of the sod.' To forbid the education of Popish children by Papists, either abroad or at home, secured their continuing or remaining in happy ignorance," p. 215.

⁸ "Daniel O'Connell was early sent by his uncle, Maurice, by whom he was adopted, to Mr Harrington's school, in the great island of Cove, near Cork. The father of the writer was a school-fellow of his, and we have often heard him say, that O'Connell did not display any extraordinary precocity of intellect. He was, like Swift and Sheridan, and a thousand others who afterwards rose to eminence, but an ordinary scholar."—*Fagin's Life of O'Connell*.

This work was reprinted from the very type used for its original destination—a newspaper.

childish propensity to idleness was overcome by the fear of disgrace: I desired to excel, and could not brook the idea of being inferior to others. One day I was idle, and my teacher finding me imperfect in my lesson, threatened to beat me. But I shrank from the indignity, exclaiming,—‘Oh, don’t beat me for one half hour! If I haven’t my lesson by that time, beat me *then*!’ The teacher granted me the reprieve, and the lesson, rather a difficult one, was thoroughly learned.”

On another occasion O’Connell said to me, “I was the only boy who wasn’t beaten at Harrington’s school; I owed this to my attention.”

In 1791 Maurice O’Connell sent the two brothers to Flanders, intending that they should enter the famous Jesuit college at Liège. They sailed from Ireland in a brig bound for London. The captain undertook to land them at Dover, whence they were to take the packet to Ostend.

The tide not serving when they arrived at their destination, they were landed in boats, and Mr O’Connell’s first acquaintance with the English shore was made as he stumbled on the beach after a thorough submersion from a capsized boat.

An opportunity offering in a few days, the party proceeded to Ostend, and thence by diligence to Liège, where, however, a disappointment awaited them. Mr O’Connell was found to have passed the age when boys could be admitted as students, and they had to retrace their steps

as far as Louvain, there to await new instructions from home.

The difference of disposition between the two boys was here strikingly shown: Maurice, the younger, naturally enough, availed himself of his six weeks' unexpected holidays (the interchange of communications between their then abiding-place and the remote shores of Kerry, requiring that interval), to indulge in all a boy's vacation amusements; while, on the other hand, his brother, feeling no relish for idleness, attended class in one of the halls at Louvain as a volunteer, and with such assiduity, that ere the arrival of letters from home, for which they were waiting, he had risen to a high place in a class of one hundred and twenty boys.

Their uncle's new orders were, that they should go to St Omers; whither, accordingly, they proceeded, and remained a year—viz., from early in the year 1791, till a similar period of 1792—when they were removed to the English college of Douay for some months.⁹

An anecdote is told of O'Connell's journey, which shows, were it needed to show it, how deeply the minds of Irish youth were impregnated with hatred for England, or rather with hatred for English rule. It would be well if those who object to such manifestations of feeling would, for one moment, put themselves in the place of these expatriated

⁹ Memoir of O'Connell, by his son, vol. i. p. 7.

boys, and ask themselves how they would have felt and acted had Ireland been master of England, and had Irish law-makers compelled the scions of England's most ancient houses to seek education in foreign lands, because it was not only denied, but even prohibited, under the most terrible penalties, in their own country. If such considerations were made honestly, we think Englishmen would lose nothing, and might gain a great deal. There is no possible advantage to be gained from wilful blindness to facts. We have heard of somewhat similar instances in the present day.

As the O'Connells travelled in the diligence, a young Frenchman discovered, or supposed he had discovered, their nationality. He immediately commenced pouring out the most violent tirades against England. O'Connell seemed perfectly satisfied; and the Frenchman, astonished at his apathy, after talking a long time, lost patience with the young traveller.

"Do you hear? Do you understand what I am saying, sir?"

"Yes, I hear you—I comprehend you perfectly."

"And yet you are not angry?"

"Not in the least."

"How can you so tamely bear the censures I pronounce against your country?"

"Sir, England is not my country. Censure her as much as you please—you cannot offend me. I am an Irishman,

and my countrymen have as little reason to love England as yours ; perhaps less."

There is ample evidence that O'Connell distinguished himself at St Omers. He took the first place there in every class, probably owing to his proficiency in classical learning. The natives of Munster, and it is well known of Kerry and Cork in particular, were often found with Latin primers in their possession, and even with some fair knowledge of that language, at the very time that education was most sternly prohibited.¹

¹ An attendant of Rinuccini, who visited Ireland as Papal Legate, in October 1645, has left some very interesting details on this subject in a MS. addressed to Count Thomas Rinuccini, but the writer is supposed to have been the Dean of Fermo. He gives a graphic description of their arrival at Kenmare—"al porto di Kilmar"—and of the warm reception they met from the poor, and their courtesies—"La cortesia di quei poveri popoli dove Monsignor capitò, fu incomparabile." He also says : "Gran cosa, nelle montagne e luoghi rozzi, e gente povero per le devastazioni fatte dei nemici eretici, trovai però la nobiltà della S. fede Catolica, giaché auro vi fu uomo, o donna, o ragazzo, ancor che piccolo che non me sapesse recitar il Pater, Ave, Credo, e i comandamenti, della Santa Chiesa." "It is most wonderful that in this wild and mountainous place, and a people so impoverished by the heretical enemy, I found, nevertheless, the noble influence of the holy Catholic faith ; for there was not a man or woman, or a child however young, who could not repeat the Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed, and the commands of Holy Church." We believe the same might be said at the present day of this part of Ireland. It is still as poor, and the people are still as well instructed in and as devoted to their faith now as in that century.

A work was published in Florence, in 1844, entitled "Nunziatura in Irlanda," di Gio. Battista Rinuccini. This work, which throws great light upon the history of the period, contains a part of the *Rinuccini*

It is true, indeed, that an English Protestant writer has recently asserted that the prohibition of education in Ireland resulted either in the conformity of individuals to the state religion or in "happy ignorance." But this assertion, like many another made by those who are utterly ignorant, though, perhaps, not always wilfully so, of the subject on which they write, is simply false. The instances of "conformity" are indeed rare, and few have been so bold as to assert that these "conformities" were conversions. The "happy ignorance" is imaginary. If all who were educated in Catholic continental colleges did not exhibit as brilliant manifestations of intellect as O'Connell, it was not because their education was defective, but because intellectual gifts are not equally distributed.

Maurice O'Connell must have been an educated man himself, or he would scarcely have been so desirous of procuring educational advantages for his nephews. He was by no means content with sending them to college, at considerable expense; while they pursued their academic career, he took care to inform himself of their progress; and the following letter to him from the Rev. Dr Stapylton, the President of St Omers, is alike creditable to the boys

MS. This volume also contains, in the original Italian, the report presented by Rinuccini to the Pope on his return from Ireland. Burke has given some extracts from the *MS.* in his "*Hibernia Dominicana*," and Carte mentions it also; but otherwise these very important documents appear to have been quite overlooked.

and to their self-appointed guardian. It is dated January 1792 :—

“You desire to have my candid opinion respecting your nephews ; and you very properly remark, that no habit can be worse than that the instructors of youth who seek to gratify the parents of those under their care, by ascribing to them talents and qualities which they do not really possess. You add, that, being *only the uncle* of these young men, you can afford to hear the real truth respecting their abilities or deficiencies. It is not my habit to disguise the precise truth, in reply to such inquiries as yours. You shall, therefore, have my opinion with perfect candour.

“I begin with the younger—Maurice. His manner and demeanour are quite satisfactory. He is gentlemanly in his conduct ; and much loved by his fellow-students. He is not deficient in abilities ; but he is idle, and fond of amusement. I do not think he will answer for any laborious profession ; but I will answer for it, that he never will be guilty of anything discreditable. At least, such is my firm belief.

“With respect to the elder, Daniel, I have but one sentence to write about *him*, and that is, that I never was so much mistaken in my life as I shall be, unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society.”

“It is needless to say,” observes Mr John O’Connell, “that the times were as perilous for strangers, as for natives, especially *English* strangers ; under which designation the unhappy continental custom (now at last *beginning* to be altered), of classing natives of Ireland abroad, caused Mr O’Connell and his brother to be included. They had to remain, however, at Douay, during several weeks of the Reign of Terror, not being able to follow the example of other students in going home, owing to the interruption and delay of communications from Ireland. During this later period the boys were several times insulted by the soldiery that passed through Douay, on their way to and from the seat of war on the northern frontier. On an eminence just outside the town

are the traces of a Roman camp, attributed to Cæsar ; and here thirty-six thousand troops, the great majority raw boys, were for some time encamped, rendering residence at Douay still more dangerous and disagreeable. 'Little aristocrats,' 'young priests,' &c., were the mildest terms in which the unbridled soldiery saluted the boys wherever they met ; and, on one occasion, the soldiers, as they were marched through the town, heaped the fiercest execrations and insults upon them."

O'Neill Daunt says,—“The Bishop of Ardagh told me that a French captain of artillery said to him shortly after the *trois jours de Juillet*, ‘Some of us imagined that your O’Connell was born at St Omers. Ah! if he had been a native of our country we should have made him king of the French.’”

When we recollect the fate of many French kings, whether reigning by legal or popular right, we cannot but observe that O’Connell had a fortunate escape.

A French statesman has dared to face the scepticism of the age, or it might be more correct to say, has anticipated it, by writing of “God in History.” It is not fashionable to attribute much influence to Providence ; but we do not profess or desire to follow the multitude : we would therefore suggest that a most merciful Providence permitted O’Connell’s residence in France while that unhappy country was being purged in the terrible furnace of self-created incendiarism. We cannot doubt that the impression made on his mind by what he saw, and still more by what he heard, was a powerful restraint on his conduct in after life

and made him dread that violent kindling of the passions which so surely ends in diabolic crimes.

NOTE.—After the fall of Napoleon in 1814-15, and the restoration of the Bourbons, in the person of Louis XVIII., that monarch, as so much attached to the old recollections of his dynasty, was not unmindful of the Irish Brigade. Above all, he could not forget how, in 1792, he himself conveyed the final expression of the gratitude of his family to the representatives of the three last regiments of the Brigade, or those of Dillon, Walsh, and Berwick, with a "*drapeau d'adieu*," or farewell banner, emblematic of their national deserts, and accompanied by these words—

"GENTLEMEN,—We acknowledge the inappreciable services that France has received from the Irish Brigade, in the course of the last 100 years; services that we shall never forget, though under an impossibility of requiting them. Receive this standard, as a pledge of our remembrance, a monument of our admiration, and of our respect; and, in future, generous Irishmen, this shall be the motto of your spotless flag—

'1692—1792,'

'SEMPER ET UBIQUE FIDELIS.'

The banner for the Brigade represented an Irish harp, and was embroidered with shamrocks and fleurs-de-lis, or lilies. In 1814, the officers of the Old-Irish Brigade in France requested the Duke of Fitz-James to present them to the king; which request the Duke, after thanking them for the honour thereby done him, complied with, in these few words, "which are a summary of the Irish character, in all its chivalrous sublimity," says my French authority—

"SIRE,—I have the honour of presenting to your Majesty the survivors of the Old Irish Brigade. These gentlemen only ask for a sword, and the privilege of dying at the foot of the throne."

Louis, however, was too deeply indebted to England for the recovery of his crown, to do anything directly opposed to the wishes of her government, and it particularly pressed upon him, through Lord Castlereagh, that there should be no restoration of an Irish Brigade in France. "This fact is certain," alleges a contemporary in 1814, "and very uncommon exertions must have been used to procure this concession from Louis; because, independent of the general claims of this body on the gratitude of the French monarchy, one of these regiments had received a promise

from the present king—that, in the event of his restoration, the regiment, for its fidelity, should be promoted to the rank of the *Guards of the King*.”

I have now only to conclude with notices of two venerable survivors, for many years, of the gallant corps to which they belonged—the one, an officer of equally high rank and merit—the other, the last who died on the Continent. 1. Of the former survivor of the old Brigade, who was uncle to the celebrated Daniel O’Connell, this memoir, from a member of the family, is given, with some slight alterations and compression :—“General Daniel Count O’Connell, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and Colonel of the late 6th Regiment of the Irish Brigade in the British service, entered the French army at the age of 14, in the year 1757, as second Lieutenant in the Regiment of the Irish Brigade, commanded by, and called after, the Earl of Clare. He was the youngest of twenty-two children, of one marriage, and was born in August 1473, at Darrynane, in the County of Kerry, the residence of his father, Daniel O’Connell. His education had, at that early period, been confined to a thorough knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages—a knowledge which he preserved to the latest period of his life—and to a familiar acquaintance with the elements of the mathematics. He served his first campaign during the Seven Years’ War in Germany, and became respected by his superior officers, from his strict attention to all his military duties, and beloved by all his companions, from the unaffected grace, gaiety, and generosity of his disposition. At the conclusion of the war, instead of devoting the hours of peace to idleness or pleasure, he dedicated them, with the closest attention, to the study of literature generally, but especially to that of the branches of military engineering. He was attached to the *Corps du Génie* in its early formation, and soon became known to be one of the most scientific of the military engineers of France. He distinguished himself at the siege and capture of Port Mahon, in Minorca, from the English, in the year 1779, being at that time Major in the Regiment of Royal Swedes. He received public thanks for his services on that occasion, and a recommendation, from the Commander-in-Chief to the Minister of War, for promotion. That promotion he immediately obtained, and served at the siege of Gibraltar in the year 1782, as Lieutenant-Colonel of his Regiment, the Royal Swedes, but attached to the corps of engineers. Everybody remembers the attack made by the floating batteries on Gibraltar on the 13th

September 1782, and the glorious and triumphant resistance of the English garrison, under General Elliott. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Connell was one of the three engineers to whose judgment the plan of attack was submitted, a few days before it was carried into effect. He gave it, as his decided opinion, that the plan would not be successful. The other two engineers were of a contrary opinion, and the attack took place accordingly. The event justified his judgment. Upon a point of honour recognised in the French army, he claimed a right to share the perils of an attack, which was resolved upon against his opinion. When the attempt to storm Gibraltar was resolved on, it became necessary to procure a considerable number of marines, to act on board the floating batteries. For this purpose, the French infantry was drawn up, and being informed of the urgency of the occasion, a call was made for volunteers, amongst the rest, of course, from the Royal Swedes. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Connell's regiment was paraded, and the men having been informed that *he* was to be employed on the service, the battalion stepped forward to one man, declaring their intention to follow their Lieutenant-Colonel. It so happened that the senior Lieutenant-Colonel, the Count De Ferzen, then well known as 'le beau Ferzen,' and towards whom it was more than suspected that Marie Antoinette entertained feelings of peculiar preference, had arrived from Paris, but a short time before, to join the regiment, which since his appointment he had scarcely seen. Attributing the enthusiasm of the men to his appearance, he rode up, and assured them, that he would be proud to lead them. A murmur of disappointment passed along the line ; and, at length, some of the older soldiers ventured to declare, that it was *not* with him they volunteered, but with the *other* Lieutenant-Colonel, who had always commanded, and always protected them. With a generosity which does him honour, Ferzen immediately declared, that he would not attempt to deprive Colonel O'Connell of the honour he so well deserved ; but that, in making way for him, he would say, that he hoped, when the regiment knew so *much* of *him*, they would be equally ready to follow him. Colonel O'Connell was named second in command of one of the floating batteries, and this battery was among the first to come into action. He had, in the early part of the fight, a portion of his ear taken off by a ball ; about the period when the batteries began to take fire, a shell from the English mortars burst close to his feet, and severely wounded him in no less than nine places. Although almost covered with wounds, his recovery

was not slow, and, being placed high on the list of those recommended for promotion, he was, in the ensuing year, appointed Colonel commandant of a German regiment of two battalions of 1000 men each, then in the French service, but belonging to the Prince of Salm-Salm. The regiment, when Colonel O'Connell got the command, was in the most lamentable state of disorganisation and indiscipline; and it was announced to him, by the French Minister of War, that one reason for giving him that regiment was the expectation, that *he* would remedy all its disorders. Nor was that expectation disappointed. There was, in 1787, a grand review of upwards of 50,000 French infantry in Alsace, and it was admitted, that the Regiment of Salm-Salm was the regiment in the highest state of discipline in the whole camp, and its Colonel received public thanks on that account. He was soon after appointed to the high and responsible office of Inspector-General of all the French Infantry, and he attained also the rank of General Officer. In this capacity he was intrusted with the organisation of the general code of military discipline, especially as relating to the interior regimental arrangements; and as his suggestions and book of regulations were adopted into the French armies after the Revolution, and imitated by other nations, the advantages derived from them are still felt by every army in Europe. We have thus traced his career from his entrance in the French service as a second Lieutenant. From that rank, unaided by any interest, without a patron, or a friend, save those he attached to himself by his virtues, he rose to the command of a splendid regiment, and to a rank but little below the highest in the service of France; and he attained that station, at a time when the bigotry of the Penal Code precluded him from holding the most insignificant commission in the British army. Still more brilliant prospects lay before him; but the French Revolution, overturning thrones and altars, obliterated from the recollection the fate of private individuals, in the absorbing nature of national interests which that mighty movement involved. He was, it may be well said, stripped of his fame and fortunes by that Revolution; but he might have retained both if he could sacrifice his principles, because both Dumourier and Carnot pressed him, more than once, to accept the command of one of the revolutionary armies. He totally declined any such command, feeling it a duty to remain near the person of Louis XVI., and to share, as he did, some of his greatest perils in the days of tumult and anarchy, until that ill-fated, but well-meaning,

monarch was hurled from his throne, and cast into prison. Unable any longer to serve the Bourbon cause in France, General O'Connell joined the French Princes at Coblenz, and made the disastrous campaign of 1792, under the Duke of Brunswick, as Colonel of the Hussars de Berchiny. In 1793, General O'Connell was, on his return to his family in Kerry, detained in London, with other French officers, by the British Government, to lay and digest plans for the restoration of the Bourbon family. Upon this occasion, he sent in a plan for the campaign of 1794, which attracted so much attention, that Mr Pitt desired an interview, and received with thanks many elucidations of the plan." Soon after, the Ministry, having determined to form an Irish Brigade of six regiments in the British service, "this determination was carried into effect, and one of those regiments was placed under the command of General O'Connell. It was stipulated that the Colonels should not be raised to the rank of Generals in the British service, but should receive full pay for life." General O'Connell, during the peace of 1802, returned to France, to look after a large property, to which his lady was entitled; he became a victim of the seizure of British subjects by the then First Consul; and remained a prisoner in France until the downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons. That event restored him to his military rank in France; and he enjoyed, in the decline of life, amidst the affectionate respect of his relations and friends, the advantage of full pay, as General in the service of France, and Colonel in the service of Great Britain—an advantage which circumstances can, perhaps, never again produce for any man; but which he enjoyed with the full knowledge and approbation of both powers. During the peace of 1814, General O'Connell met Marshal Ney at dinner, at the house of one of the then Ministry. A good deal of conversation passed between them, and at length Ney stated, that he had known General O'Connell before the Revolution, and mentioned in particular having frequently seen him in the year 1787. "My memory," replied the General, "is particularly good; I have seen few officers whom I do not recollect, and I do not think I could have seen a person so likely to be remarkable as Marshal Ney, without recollecting him." "General," returned Ney, "you could not have remarked me; you then commanded the regiment of Salm-Salm; I was a corporal of hussars; our Colonel and you were fast friends, and frequently exchanged guards; and I have often, as corporal, posted and relieved the hussar sentinel on your tent, while one

of your corporals was going through the same duty at my Colonel's." The Revolution of 1830 deprived him, however, of his pay as French General. He refused to take the oath of fidelity to Louis Philippe, and was, of course, destituted. He retired to the country seat of his son-in-law, at Madon, near Blois—a beauteous spot on the Loire, which he had himself ornamented in the most exquisite style of English planting—and there, in his declining health, he waited with resignation the call of his God, which occurred on the 9th of July, 1833, he having then nearly completed his 90th year, and being the oldest Colonel in the English service. "He had never, in the season of his prosperity, forgotten his country, or his God. Loving that country, with the strongest affection, he retained, to the last, the full use of her native language; and, although master of the Spanish, Italian, German, Greek, and Latin, as well as French and English languages, it was, to him, a source of the greatest delight, to find any person capable of conversing with him in the pure Gaelic of his native mountains. There never lived a more sincere friend—a more generous man. His charities were multiplied and continuous; and it was the surprise of all who knew him, how he could afford to do all the good he did to his kind. He was, all his life, a practical Catholic, and had the comfort of dying, without a pang, amidst all the sacred and sweet consolations of that religion, which he had not forgotten in his youth, and which did not abandon him in the days of darkness and death.—*Requiescat in pace.*"



Chapter Second,

EARLY DAYS AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

1790-1800.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND THE IRISH REBELLION COMPARED—LOUIS XIV.
AND GEORGE III.—ENGLISH OPINIONS ON IRISH POLICY—LOUIS XVI.—THE
TWO SHEARES—ST OMERS—O'CONNELL AND THE PRIESTHOOD—HIS OPINIONS
OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT OWEN—AT LIN-
COLN'S INN—ORIGIN OF CONSTITUTIONALISM—CATHOLIC CHURCH CONSER-
VATIVE—THE ENGLISH AND IRISH CATHOLICS CONTRASTED—EARLY TORYISM
—HARDY'S TRIAL—HORNE TOOKE—THE GEORGES AND THE STUARTS—RISE
OF DEMOCRACY—AMERICAN WAR—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—THE IRISH IN
AMERICA.



APPROACH TO KILLARNEY

CHAPTER II.

History

IT has been more than once suggested that the Irish Rebellion of 1798 was inspired by the French Revolution, which synchronised with it.

That some of the leaders of revolt in Ireland did look to France for assistance is a matter of history; but no two public events could have been more dissimilar in cause and in effect than the Irish Rebellion and the French Revolution.

In Ireland the people rebelled against the relentless persecutors of their faith; in France, the nation trampled on and defiled even the very symbols of their religion. In Ireland, the outrages which were committed by the rebels, how-

ever, would have been considered simply as unjustifiable reprisals for atrocities which cannot be denied, and which cannot be excused, had the perpetrators not been Irish. The French Revolution was a revolt against all authority; the Irish Rebellion was the cry of the oppressed against the oppressor, the cry of the enslaved for freedom, the effort which must be made sooner or later, with failure or with success, as God wills, for those who have suffered long and unjustly.

In France, the first assembling of the *tiers état* looked like a pledge of national restoration and national freedom; but France had no definite aim, though, in truth, its wants were many, and France had no master mind to explain or rather to comprehend its needs. Mirabeau, indeed, had foretold its future with the prophetic utterance of keen worldly wisdom and acute self-interest: "There is but one step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock." It was true. But unhappily the few who strove to find a place in its Capitol also sought to govern, and failing, were dashed to ruin down the steep precipice of popular odium; there were thousands who never sought to rule, who only desired to be ruled justly, and yet; for them also, the end was death and agony.

If the leaders of the French Revolution steeped their unhappy country and their own souls in crime and misery, they were, at least, men with a policy, with a policy of cruelty like Robespierre, with a policy of selfishness like Danton; but in Ireland there was not a single man with a

policy. Yet the leaders of Irish revolt were undoubtedly men who sacrificed their own interests to the popular cause.

There were exceptions, but they were exceptions, and only proved the rule. In all revolutions there never was a knight, so pure and without reproach, so single-minded in his purpose, so disinterested in his efforts, as the young scion of the lordly house of Fitzgerald, the young noble, *sans peur et sans reproche*, the victim of the traitor, who died, loving, not wisely, but all too well the unhappy land to which he belonged by right of consignment rather than by right of nativity.

The only strict parallel between the state of France and the state of Ireland at the close of the last century can be found in the condition of the people. The leaders of the French Revolution would not have succeeded unless they had been supported by the people. We are far from desiring to maintain the *vox populi vox Dei* principle. The voice of the people is not always divine, but the voice of the people should at least meet with a patient hearing from those who govern the people.

If the voice of the people had been heard either in France or in Ireland, or rather if the voice of the people had been listened to patiently, and if men who professed themselves able to guide and govern the people had taken some little pains to understand that voice, a bloody chapter of European history might have remained unwritten.

In France, a certain stereotyped nobility was neces-

sary for personal or professional advancement. In Ireland that advancement depended on the profession of a certain religious belief. The results were almost the same.

In France, the peasantry were sold like cattle with the soil; in Ireland, they were legally transferred.

In France, the old ties of feudal affection, if such affection had ever existed, which we very much doubt, were shattered by ever increasing exactions; in Ireland, where such affection had existed, it was weakened past recall by indifference and tyrannical bondage of opinion.

In Ireland, the people knew no king. The king of England was indeed nominally their monarch, but he was not the monarch of their affections. He was the grim, stern, and alas! vindictive lawgiver. He was the power from whence emanated the decrees of life and death; from whom they were compelled to receive a religion of which they knew nothing, except that it was not the religion of their fathers, and laws which seemed to have been passed only that they might live to provide abundance for their legislators while they themselves were starving.²

² Again, I would give English opinion on the subject of English policy. No Irish writer has ever spoken half as severely on this subject as an English statesman. In 1793, Charles James Fox writes thus of English foreign policy: "Our conduct to them [the Americans] as well as to the Danes, Swedes, Duke of Tuscany, and others who wished to be neutral, has been insufferable, both for arrogance and injustice."—*Memorial and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, vol. iii., p. 47.

"For many a long year, the history of Ireland is but a melancholy

If Louis the Fourteenth of France alienated the affections of his people by his indifference, George the Third of England was practically unknown to his Irish subjects. Yet terrible as were the wrongs of Ireland, and oppressed as they were by years of injustice, we believe few will say that the most exasperated Irish rebel would have imbrued his hands in the blood of his king.

There was indeed one part of France which was exempted from the crimes, though not from the sufferings of the Revolution. A brief glance at the causes which exempted it may be useful to our future ; and it is surely instructive. The luxuries of the capital had not penetrated into the Vendean provinces, and, what was almost the inevitable

recital of religious intolerance and party vindictiveness. William sanctioned the outlawry of three thousand nine hundred and twenty followers of King James in Ireland, at a time when but fifty-four people in England suffered for the same offence ; and, taking advantage of the consequent forfeitures of land, which amounted to 1,060,792 acres, he lavishly distributed them amongst his immediate friends. This act was too gross not to attract attention ; and the English Parliament, in 1699, appointed commissioners to inquire into the matter. The following year, they reported to the House that Elizabeth Villiers, Countess of Orkney, had obtained 97,649 acres ; Keppel, created Lord Albemarle, 108,000 ; Ginckle, Baron of Aughrim and Earl of Athlone, 28,480 ; Henri de Massue, Marquis de Rouvigny, created Earl of Galway, 36,148 acres ; Bentinck, Earl of Portland and Lord Woodstock, 135,000. In consequence of this report a Bill of Assumption was introduced into the English Parliament, and passed, much to the discomfiture of William ; and it is worthy of observation that a clause was inserted in this Act especially protecting such of the Irish as had re-obtained estates in accordance with the treaty of Limerick, although it was stated by the commissioners that many of these restitutions had been corruptly

consequence, the relationships between the governed and the governing classes were based on principles of justice. The proprietors were resident. "They were constantly engaged in connections either of mutual interest, or of kindly feeling with those who cultivated their lands." They sympathised with the people when they wept, they rejoiced with them when they rejoiced. Thus, when the peasantry elsewhere in France rose up against their landlords, those of La Vendée died in defending theirs.

In Ireland in the far south, in the yet farther west, there were a few such landlords, and as a necessary consequence a few such faithful followers; but for them the antagonism was bitter, and the result misery to both oppressor and oppressed.

procured. The Irish Parliament, however, was not so impartial. Taking advantage of the dispirited condition of the Roman Catholics, it enacted statutes against them from time to time, as insulting as they were oppressive. Any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, of which any Protestant was, or should be, seized in fee-simple, absolute, or fee-tail, which by the death of such Protestant or his wife ought to have descended to his son, or other issue in tail, being Papists, were to descend to the nearest Protestant relation, as if the Popish heir and other Popish relatives were dead. The small remnant of the Roman Catholic gentry mustered courage enough to demand to be heard by counsel against the provisions of the Act, which privilege being granted to them, we find the curious picture of Papist counsel quoting Scripture and the right of common law at the bar of a Protestant Parliament, to urge upon it the necessity of observing solemn treaties, and of not passing enactments which would have disgraced a pagan state."—*Ireland under British Rule*. By Lieut.-Col. Jervis, R.A., M.P. London, 1868. pp. 210-215.

It was an axiom of Sully's that the people never revolt from fickleness or the mere desire of change. One of the most eminent of English historians has approved this maxim, but with a necessary qualification,³ and he might have added that the intensity of the result would be generally proportional to the intensity of the cause.

Burke described the state of France as "perfectly simple." "It consists," he said, "of but two classes, the oppressors and the oppressed; and if the oppressed became in turn the most cruel of oppressors, it was because the first oppressors had made the priests and the people formally abjure the Divinity, and had estranged them from every civil, moral, and social, or even natural and instinctive sentiment, habit, and practice, and had rendered them systematically savages."

It was principally this formal "abjuration of the Divinity" which made the most striking difference between the conduct of the French and Irish revolutionists, and it is not a little remarkable, that the men who were most earnest in their efforts to procure French assistance for Ireland, were, I will not say Protestants, though they were nominally such, but rather infidels.

When Daniel and Maurice O'Connell sailed from France,

³ "Subsequent events have not falsified the maxim of Sully, though they have shown that it requires modification. The observation, moreover, is true only in reference to the circumstances of revolutionary troubles. The people over a whole country never pass from a state of quiescence to one of trouble without the experience of practical grievances."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. i. p. 63.

the two Sheares were their fellow-travellers. It was the same packet-boat which brought over the intelligence that the unfortunate Louis had died like a king, if he had not lived⁴ like one.

The murder of the king was necessarily the one subject of conversation. The Sheares were communicative. They had been in Paris at the time, and they loudly proclaimed their approval of the popular fury. An English gentleman continued the subject, and at last, the brothers boasted that they had actually been present when the deed of blood was done.

⁴ Perhaps the one only scene in the life of this unhappy monarch in which he showed anything like kingly dignity, was that which occurred on the 20th of June 1792. Sansterre and the Marquis de Huen had burst into the royal presence at the head of an infuriated mob. The men shouted "*Ca ira*," and amongst other banners of a horrible and blasphemous character, they bore one with the words, "The Constitution or Death!" while one demon incarnate carried a bloody calf's heart on the point of his pike, with the inscription round it, "The heart of an aristocrat." Louis was placed on a chair, which had been raised on a table, by a few of his faithful attendants, while the mob raged, howling and dancing through the palace. He alone remained unmoved. A drunken workman handed him the red cap of liberty, fit emblem of the only liberty it allowed—the liberty to die, or blaspheme God. The king placed it on his head, and wore it for three hours. Had he hesitated for a moment, he would have been stabbed to death. His heroic demeanour, when drinking a glass of water, which he had every reason to believe had been poisoned, excited the applause even of the friends who watched him. When at length a deputation of the Assembly arrived, headed by Vergniaud and Isnard, they found the king "unshaken in courage, though nearly exhausted by fatigue." One of the National Guard approached him to assure him of his devotion. "Feel," he replied, laying his hand on his bosom, "whether this is the beating of a heart agitated by fear."—*Alison*, vol. ii. p. 39.

"Good heavens! sir," exclaimed their horrified questioner, "what could have induced you to witness so horrible a spectacle!"

"Love of the cause, sir," was the prompt reply; and, in truth, many of the patriots who led or aided in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, were men like the Sheares, who had no personal or relative wrongs to redress, but who were impregnated with the revolutionary spirit of the day, and found in Ireland the field for action which their restless spirits desired.⁵

⁵ The Sheares were natives of Cork, whither the younger proceeded in May 1798, for the purpose of organising that county. An energetic co-operator in this movement was a silversmith named Conway, a native of Dublin. The treachery of this man was so artfully concealed, that his most intimate friends never suspected him.

"If those who join secret societies," writes a Cork correspondent, "could get a peep at the records of patriotic perfidy kept in the Castle, they would get some insight into the dangerous consequences of meddling with them. There is a proverbial honour amongst thieves; there seems to be none amongst traitors. The publication of the official correspondence about the end of the last century made some strange revelations. In Cork, there lived a watchmaker, named Conway, one of the directory of the United Irishmen there. So public and open a professor of disloyal sentiments was he, that on the plates of his watches he had engraved as a device a harp without a crown. For a whole generation this man's name was preserved as 'a sufferer for his country,' like his ill-fated townsmen, John and Henry Sheares. The 'Cornwallis Correspondence' (vol. iii. p. 85) reveals the fact that Conway was a double-dyed traitor; that he had offered to become a secret agent for detecting the leaders of the United Irishmen, and that the information he gave was very valuable, particularly as confirming that received from a solicitor in Belfast, who, whilst acting as agent and solicitor to the disaffected party, was betraying their secrets to the executive, and earning, in his

The Sheares were so exultant and certain of success that they took little pains to conceal their project; a curious example of the fatuity of those engaged in the "secret society," which they were so desirous of promoting. The very quickness of the passage was made a subject of remark, and taken as omen of success, for they had been twice wrecked on previous voyages, once when crossing to France, and once when crossing between Dublin and Parkgate.

But if O'Connell was a pacificator in public life, it would appear that in his youth he had no objection to settle private feuds *vi et armis*. Some schoolboy quarrel arose at St Omers, and he had recourse to something stronger than moral force in the assertion of his rights. His fellow-student was not accustomed to pugilistic encounters, and said so. O'Connell inquired what he wished to fight with. "The sword, or pistols," replied the young Frenchman. "Then wait a

vile rôle of informer, a pension, from 1799 to 1804, of £150, and the sum of £1460, the wages he received for his services."

The Sheares, though nominally Protestants, were tinged with deistical ideas. "I heard it stated," observed Mr Patten, "that when the hangman was in the act of adjusting the noose round the neck of John Sheares, before proceeding to the scaffold, he exclaimed, 'D—n you, do you want to kill me before my time?' I could not credit it, and asked the Rev. Dr Smith, who attended them in their last moments, if the statement were correct, 'I am sorry to say,' replied Dr Smith, 'that it is perfectly true. I myself pressed my hand against his mouth to prevent a repetition of the imprecation.'"—*The Sham Squire; or, the Rebellion in Ireland of 1798*, p. 190. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, Esq., J.P. 1868.

moment," replied O'Connell; who left the hall only to return in a few moments, and offer his opponent the weapons he had named, begging he would take his choice, as it was just the same to him with what weapons he fought.

The French youth declined further combat, and it is said that no one attempted any annoyance to O'Connell during the remainder of his brief residence at St Omers.

It was at one time very frequently asserted that the Liberator had been intended for the priesthood. This mistake arose naturally from the fact of his having been educated at St Omers, and from ignorance of the course of education pursued there. The college was originally founded for ecclesiastics, but there was also a separate foundation for secular students.⁶ It is probable that the

⁶ Florence Conry, Archbishop of Tuam, and founder of the Irish College of Louvain, was one of the first to suggest and to carry out the idea of supplying Irish youth with the means of education on the Continent, which they were denied at home. It is a fact, unexampled in the history of nations, that a whole race should have been thus denied the means of acquiring even the elements of learning, and equally unexampled is the zeal with which the nation sought to procure abroad the advantages from which they were so cruelly debarred at home. At Louvain some of the most distinguished Irish scholars were educated. An Irish press was established within its halls, which was kept constantly employed, and whence proceeded some of the most valuable works of the age, as well as a scarcely less important literature for the people, in the form of short treatises on religion or history. Colleges were also established at Douay, Lisle, Antwerp, Tournay, and St Omers, principally through the exertions of Christopher Cusack, a learned priest of the diocese of Meath. Cardinal Ximenes founded an Irish College at

misapprehension was encouraged for political purposes, though O'Connell took pains to contradict it on more than one occasion.

In a letter published in the *Dublin Evening Post*, July 17, 1828, he says:—"I was not intended for the Church. No man respects, loves, or submits to the Church with more alacrity than I do, but I was not intended for the priesthood."

As O'Connell gave his opinion on the French Revolution very fully to Mr Daunt, and as that opinion has been recorded by him, we shall do well to insert it at length.

O'Connell was asked in the course of our after-dinner table-talk, "whether he had read Thiers' work on the French Revolution?"

Lisbon, and Cardinal Henriquez founded a similar establishment at Evora. It is a remarkable evidence of the value which has always been set on learning by the Catholic Church, that even in times of persecution, when literary culture demanded such sacrifices, she would not admit uneducated persons to the priesthood. Before 1793 there were four colleges at Douay. 1st, The grand college for secular students called the *Grands Anglais*. It was purchased by the French Government in 1820, and is now used as an artillery barracks. 2d, The Scotch College, now occupied by a religious order. 3d, The Irish College, which is completely destroyed, and the site occupied by private houses. 4th, The Benedictine College, which still flourishes. It was built in 1768, and re-opened in 1818. "The Bishop of Ardagh told me," says O'Neill Daunt, "that a French captain of artillery said to him shortly after the *trois jours de Juillet*, 'Some of us imagined that your O'Connell was born at St Omers. Ah! if he had been a native of our country we should have made him King of the French.'" Considering the fashion in which kings are made and unmade by our continental neighbours, we think O'Connell was quite as happy in having been born in Ireland.

“Yes,” he replied, “and I do not very much like it. Thiers has a strong propensity to laud every one who was successful, and to disparage those who did not succeed. The best account of the French Revolution is in one of the volumes of Marmontel’s ‘Memoirs.’ Certainly,” continued he, “that Revolution was grievously needed, although it was bought at the price of so much blood! The ecclesiastical abbés were a great public nuisance; they were chiefly cadets of noble families, who were provided for with sinecure revenues out of the abbey lands. The nobility engrossed the commissions in the army; and both the clergy and the nobility, although infinitely the richest bodies in the state, were exempt from taxes. The people were the scapegoats—*they* were taxed for all; the burdens of the state were all thrown upon *them*, whilst its honours and emoluments were monopolised by the untaxed. This was a gross wrong—the Revolution has swept it away. It was highly creditable to the fidelity of the French Catholic clergy, that so few of them joined the enemies of religion at that trying time of error. I question whether a dozen of the French Catholic bishops apostatised; and as for the vast mass of the parochial clergy, they afforded a most glorious and sublime example of devotion and faithfulness. Catholicity, I trust, will rebound against French Infidelity, as she is daily doing against English sectarianism.”

He then spoke of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and expressed his satisfaction that the writer was compelled to

admit that "the Catholic religion is perennial and immortal; and as vivacious in the nineteenth century of her existence, as she was the day of her first institution."

O'Connell's abhorrence of anything which tended to undermine religious influence showed itself repeatedly in his conversations. The account which he himself gave of his interview with the secularist Owen is worth recording here as an evidence of this.

" 'Owen called upon me,' said he, 'and told me he had come for my co-operation in a work of universal benevolence.' I replied that 'I should always be happy to aid such a work.' 'I expected no less from your character, Mr O'Connell,' said Owen. 'Would not you wish—I am sure you would—to elevate the condition of the whole human race?' 'Certainly, Mr Owen,' replied I. 'Would not you wish to see a good hat on everybody?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'And good shoes?' 'Oh, certainly.' 'And good trousers?' 'Unquestionably.' 'And would not you desire to see the whole family of man well housed and fed?' 'Doubtless. But, Mr Owen, as my time is much taken up, may I beg that you will proceed at once to point out how all these desirable objects are, in your opinion, to be worked out?' 'In the first place, Mr O'Connell," said Owen, 'we must educate anew the population of these kingdoms, and entirely remove the crust of superstitious error from their minds. In fact, the whole thing, called *Revealed Religion*, must be got rid of.'

I thought my worthy visitor was going too far. I rose and bowed him out. 'I wish you a very good morning, Mr Owen,' said I, 'it would be useless to prolong our interview. I see at once that you and I cannot co-operate in any work or under any circumstances.' "

In 1794 O'Connell entered as a student in Lincoln's Inn, London. He lodged at first in a court on the north side of Coventry Street. Fifty years after, as he passed by the place, he called the attention of a friend to a fishmonger's shop, saying, "That shop is precisely in the same state in which I remember it when I was at Gray's Inn. It has the same-sized window, the same frontage, and I believe the same fish!" While residing here, he followed his private occupation of writing, but his taste for a country life induced him to make a change of residence in 1795. He thus describes his new abode in a letter to his brother-Maurice :—

"I am now only four miles from town, and pay the same price for board and lodging as I should in London ; but I enjoy many advantages here (in Chiswick) besides air and retirement. The society in the house is mixed—I mean composed of men and women, all of whom are people of rank and knowledge of the world ; so their conversation and manners are perfectly well adapted to rub off the dust of scholastic education ; nor is there any danger of riot or dissipation, as they are all advanced in life, another student of law and I being the only young persons in the house. This young man is my most intimate acquaintance, and the only friend I have found among my acquaintance. His name is Bennett. He is an Irishman of good family connections and

fortune. He is prudent and strictly economical. He has good sense, ability, and application. I knew him before my journey to Ireland. It was before that period our friendship commenced. So that on the whole I spend my time here not only pleasantly, but I hope very usefully.

"The only law books I have bought as yet are the works of Espinasse on the trials of *nisi prius*. They cost me £1, 10s. ; and contain more information on the practical part of the law than any other books I have ever met. When in Dublin I reflected that carrying any more books than were absolutely necessary would be incurring expense ; so I deferred buying a complete set of reports until my return thither.

"I have now two objects to pursue—the one, the attainment of knowledge ; the other, the acquisition of those qualities which constitute the polite gentleman. I am convinced that the former, besides the immediate pleasure that it yields, is calculated to raise me to honours, rank, and fortune ; and I know that the latter serves as a general passport : and as for the motive of ambition which you suggest, I assure you that no man can possess more of it than I do. I have indeed a glowing and—if I may use the expression—an enthusiastic ambition, which converts every toil into a pleasure and every study into an amusement.

"Though nature may have given me subordinate talents, I never will be satisfied with a subordinate situation in my profession. No man is able, I am aware, to supply the total deficiency of ability ; but everybody is capable of improving and enlarging a stock, however small and, in its beginning, contemptible. It is this reflection that affords me consolation. If I do not rise at the bar, I will not have to meet the reproaches of my own conscience. It is not because I assert these things now that I should conceive myself entitled to call on you to believe them. I refer that conviction which I wish to inspire to your experience. I hope—nay, I flatter myself—that when we meet again the success of my efforts to correct those bad habits which you pointed out to me will be

apparent. Indeed, as for my knowledge in the professional line, that cannot be discovered for some years to come ; but I have time in the interim to prepare myself to appear with great *éclat* on the grand theatre of the world."

At this period of O'Connell's life he was undoubtedly a Tory. His account of his conversion to Liberal opinions is both curious and instructive, and it explains an intellectual and moral difficulty which has perplexed many English Protestants.

The Catholic Church has always been conservative both in principle and in practice ; but because it has always set its face steadfastly against individual and public abuses, because it has always taken the part of the oppressed against the oppressor, its policy has been misrepresented by those who desire to exercise arbitrary power unchecked, and misunderstood by those who are too indifferent or too prejudiced to reason calmly.

And yet one of the most eminent English Protestant historians has admitted this truth, has proclaimed it, has asserted it. The historian of the French Revolution writes thus :—

"It was the Christian Church, the parent of so many lofty doctrines and new ideas, which had the glory of offering to the world, amidst the wreck of ancient institutions, the model of a form of government which gives to all classes the right of suffrage, by establishing a system which may embrace the remotest interests, which preserves the energy and avoids the evils of democracy, which maintains the tribune, and shuns the strife of the forum.

"The Christian councils were the first examples of representative assemblies ; there were united to the whole Roman world there a priesthood, which embraced the civilised earth, assembled by means of delegates to deliberate on the affairs of the universal Church. When Europe revived, it adopted the same model. Every nation by degrees borrowed the customs of the Church, to her the sole depository of the traditions of civilisation.

"It was the religion of the vanquished people, and the clergy who instructed them in this admirable system, which flourished in the councils of Nice, Sardis, and Byzantium, centuries before it was heard of in Western Europe, and which did not arise in the woods of Germany, but in the catacombs of Rome, during the sufferings of the primitive Church."⁷

The Catholic is conservative by religious belief ; but by conservatism, he understands the protection and the pre-

⁷ *Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 176.—Elsewhere he says: "The councils of the Church had, so early as the sixth century, introduced over all Christendom the most perfect system of representation. . . . Every Christian priest, however humble his station, had some share in the practice of these great assemblies, by which the general affairs of the Church were to be regulated." In truth this system of conservative and representative government has continued in the Catholic Church with unbroken regularity from the first council at Antioch, where there was "much disputing" until Peter spoke, until the last council at Rome, where there was also much disputing until the voice of the Church spoke through the majesty of her pastors. Even the infidel Voltaire admitted that the Popes restrained princes, and protected the people. The Bull *In Cœna Domini* contained an excommunication against those who should levy new taxes upon their estates, or should increase those already existing beyond the bounds of right. For further information on this subject, see Balmez, *European Civilisation*, *passim*. M. Guizot says: "She [the Church] alone resisted the system of castes ; she alone maintained the principle of equality of competition ; she alone called all legitimate superiors to the possession of power."—*Hist. Gen. de la Civilization en Europe*, Lect. 5.

servation of right, the protection of human nature against itself by the enforcement of divine law.

How much, how often, and how severely Catholics have suffered for conservative principles, let history relate. In Ireland they were faithful to the most faithless of monarchs. In England they were faithful to the most thankless, and one of the most unworthy of kings; and this not from any preference for the foolish James, or the wanton Charles, but simply from active belief in the divine principle, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," from the divine principle of eternal right and justice. It may be objected, it has been objected, that Catholics have rebelled against their temporal sovereign, and the Irish Rebellion will be quoted as an evidence that Catholics can be, and have been, not only democratic, but even infidel. The exception proves the rule. Catholics have never rebelled against any temporal sovereign, unless such rebellion has been justified by the necessity for the conservation of the power of One higher than any earthly monarch; and such resistances to any lawful constituted human rule have been rare.⁸

In France it was not Catholics, but those who had long

⁸ It is difficult to induce some persons to consider any such question calmly and dispassionately. Englishmen who think at all on the subject, are generally loud in their assertions of Irish disloyalty. Now there is a very wide difference between loyalty to a sovereign and approbation of all his acts, or the acts performed by his government. Every English monarch who has ruled Ireland has been treated with respect, and

ceased to be Catholics, who were guilty of regicide, and of crimes whose atrocity shocked the whole civilised world. The men who dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold, openly renounced all religious belief. The men who murdered Charles made a pitiful boast of their religion.⁹

In England, except during times of special persecution, which were comparatively rare, Catholics did not suffer from political or legal injustice. It is true, indeed, that they were denied the rights of citizens, but they were tolerated, especially when heavy fines could be obtained to replenish the coffers of needy or licentious monarchs. The fewness of their number protected them, and what was

even those Irish papers which write most strongly on the subject of English misgovernment, invariably respect the person of the sovereign. When the English nation rebelled against James II., he took refuge in Ireland; how he repaid Irish loyalty is but too well known and remembered in Ireland.

⁹ In France, though many of the clergy were corrupted by the deluge of evil which inundated the land, where, and because, all religious interests were withdrawn, there were yet a much larger number who were faithful. "The clergy in France were far from being insensible to the danger of this flood of irreligion which deluged the land,"—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. i., page 89. Again, "In a general assembly of the clergy, held in 1770, the most vigorous resistances against the multiplication of irreligious works were made. 'Impiety,' they said "is making inroads alike on God and man; it will never be satisfied till it has destroyed every power, divine and human."—page 87. "It is a remarkable proof how completely ignorant the most able persons in Europe were of the ultimate effects of this irreligious spirit, that the greatest encouragement which the sceptical philosophy of France received was from the despots of the north—Frederick the Great. and the Empress Catherine."—page 88.

of still more importance, united them. The very hopelessness of success, if they attempted to interfere in public affairs, kept them silent. Agitation would have been worse than imprudent, and they had so long learned to keep silence, to submit, to live apart from their fellows, to believe peace to be the one thing above all others to be desired, that they at last came to believe any demand for redress to be dangerous, if not positively wrong; and any agitation to be imprudent to the highest degree, if not positively culpable.

Hence the English Catholics, and especially the English Catholics of the upper classes, were necessarily conservative, and hence also many Irish Catholics of the upper classes, from association or intermarriage with English Catholics, became conservative also. Their few dependants believed as they believed, and thought as they thought. They also intermarried with each other, and lived apart, and they also feared all change, because, as a general rule, change was productive of evil.

But with the great mass of Irish Catholics, with, in fact, all of the middle or poorest class *who thought*, there was little love for Conservatism. Their state was such until the close of the last century (and it is of that period we write), that however their condition might be improved by any change, it could scarcely be injured.

They had none of the English Catholic traditional love of, or reverence for monarchy. How, indeed, could they

have it? They were told that a certain person was king of England, but whether that person was a William or a George was quite the same to them. It was a sound and nothing more.

They heard indeed the name of their king, but they never saw him, they never even felt his influence. A royal birth or death was neither a subject of grief nor sorrow. They heard that such events occurred, perhaps long after they had happened, but for all practical interest or difference which it made to them, the birth or the death of a New Zealander would have been just the same.

But when they complained from time to time against injustice, or when they rebelled against it, then indeed they were made to feel the power of this distant sovereign, of this individual in whose name vindictive and cruel punishments were inflicted. Certainly they had no reason to uphold monarchy, to revere English law, or to desire to preserve English government, as it showed itself to them. They could not be conservative.¹

¹ When the Irish were not allowed even to rent a small piece of land, they called the little plot of earth which could not be denied them a "Protestant lease of the sod." It was in allusion to this penal law that the Irish rhymer made the attendants at the felon's wake sing—

"But when dat we found him quite dead,
In de dustcase we bundled his carcase,
For a Protestant lease of the sod."

—*Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago*, p. 89. Dublin, 1847.

Colonel Jervis says: "To hold out the bribe of the father's property to conforming children, brought into play every ill feeling of which man

The influence of the Catholic faith, and the power of the Catholic priesthood alone prevented the Irish Celt from avenging his wrongs, not indeed with the ferocity of a Communist, for the Irish Celt has no taint of cruelty in his nature, but with the unflinching vengeance of a Roman plebeian.

It was precisely because many English Catholics failed to see the difference between their own position and the position of their Irish brethren, that they looked coldly upon O'Connell's career, that they would rather have kept their chains around them a little longer than have accepted release by the means which he used to obtain it for them.

And yet, as we have said, O'Connell began life as a Conservative. His son thus describes the time and manner of the change:—

is capable—impiety, ingratitude, hatred between father and son, brother and brother. But the penal law has never been found which could convert mankind to any one doctrine ; on the contrary, persecution breeds obstinacy, and the ignorant sinner becomes elevated into the proud martyr. Besides, in Ireland there were still no means of exemplifying to the masses the greater wisdom of the Church of England. The Protestant Lord Clarendon complained of the absence of the bishops in England, and of the disgraceful state of their dioceses. Queen Mary, as head of the Church, wrote to William when in Ireland to take care of it, 'for everybody agrees it is the worst in Christendom.' Many years later the illustrious Bishop Berkeley gave a similar account. Conformity meant not a belief in Church of England doctrines, but a disbelief in revealed religion."—*Ireland under British Rule*, p. 217. No one could desire the conservation of such a state of government, or manifest attachment to it.

“ On the 21st December 1793, the day the unfortunate Louis was beheaded at Paris, the brothers set out in a *voiture* for Calais, which they reached early on the morning of the 23d; not, however, without some parting compliments from their friends, the soldiery; who went so far as several times to strike the head of the vehicle with their musket stocks. The English packet-boat, aboard of which the boys proceeded with as little delay as possible, was presently under weigh; and as she passed out of the harbour, Mr O'Connell and his brother eagerly tore out of their caps the tricolor cockades, which the commonest regard for personal safety rendered indispensable to be worn by every one in France; and, after trampling them under foot, flung them into the sea. This boyish outburst of natural execration of the horrors which had been committed under that emblem, procured them a few of those sonorous curses which only a Frenchman can give, from some fishermen rowing past at the moment, by whom the cockades were rescued from the waves, and placed in their hats with all becoming reverence. It is not to be wondered at that Mr O'Connell should, when, in 1794, he became a law-student in Lincoln's Inn, be in a state very nearly approaching, as he has often said, to that of a *Tory* at heart.

“ So strong and ardent were these feelings, that, the celebrated trial of Hardy and others having occurred about this time (*viz.*, October 1794), Mr O'Connell attended it daily, certainly not more for the mere interest of the thing,

or benefit of the law arguments to him as a student, than for the gratification of anti-revolutionary feeling, at seeing a supposed offender against law and social order in a fair way of receiving condign punishment.

“To Mr O’Connell’s astonishment, he found, ere the trial had proceeded far, that his sentiments were fast changing to those of pity towards the accused, and of something of self-reproach for having desired his conviction and punishment; and, each successive day revealing more and more the trumped-up and iniquitous nature of the prosecution,² the process of change in Mr O’Connell’s mind ended by fully and finally converting him to popular opinions and principles, and confirming his natural detestation of tyranny, and desire of resisting it.”

Even Fox had been disgusted with this trial, and saw clearly the effect it would be likely to produce on the

² This famous trial excited an immense sensation at the time. John Horne Tooke had been, and according to English law was, a clergyman, having embraced the ecclesiastical state to please his father, and very much against his own inclination. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards at St John’s College, Cambridge. In 1773 he studied law. While a student he assisted Dr William Tooke upon an enclosure-bill, a subject which no doubt led him to consider popular politics, or rather to consider politics from the people’s point of view. He took up the American War with more energy than discretion, condemned the conduct of the government, and made a subscription for the widows and orphans of those Americans who had been “murdered by the king’s troops at Lexington and Concord.” He was the author of the elaborate “Diversions of Purley.” John Thelwall was also a writer of some reputation. He retired to Wales after his acquittal, and died at Bath in 1834.

public mind. He writes thus to Lord Holland, June 23, 1794 :—

“I think, of all the measures of Government, this last nonsense about conspiracy is the most mischievous, and at the same time the most foolish. How truly have they made good that parallel you drew between the Jacobins of France and the Crown party here! If they succeed in committing and hanging any of these fellows whom they have taken up, it will be considered as a corroboration of the conspiracy, and a pretence for more extraordinary powers ; if they fail, as I rather think they will, then the consequence that always belongs to men who have been falsely accused and acquitted will attach to Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and others like them, and possibly that danger which was only imaginary may in time become real by those wise man-œuvres, which, unaccountably to me, my old friends think calculated to dispel it.”

The state of England at this period was scarcely less a subject of apprehension to public men than the state of Ireland. The most fatal and disastrous calamities might have happened in that country if timely concession had not been made. In Ireland rebellion was wilfully and advisedly excited. In England every reasonable effort was made to conciliate. This is a fact which has been completely overlooked in considering the history of the period, when studied in connection with Irish politics.

George III. ascended the throne in the year 1760.

His reign was an eventful one, but the circumstances which made it such were not turned to the national advantage. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the stolid Hanoverian princes were capable of a large or enterprising policy; that they were capable of mistrusting ministers who were possessed of larger minds than their own, and of following ministers who were too pliant for effective service, the contemporary history of the period sufficiently proves.³

Two great events of the age, the French Revolution and the revolt of the American colonies, reacted on English society,

³ Perhaps, however, some of his ministers were as much to blame for facility of acquiescence. Lord North's character is thus described by his own daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay :—"His character in private life was, I believe, as faultless as that of any human being can be; and those actions of his public life which appeared to have been the most questionable, proceeded, I am firmly convinced, from what one must own was a weakness, though not an unamiable one, and which followed him through his life—the want of power to resist the influence of those he loved."—*Appendix to Lord Brougham's "Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Reign of George III."* Lord North was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in his thirty-sixth year. His parliamentary career commenced in 1754, and during Mr Pitt's first administration he occupied a seat at the Treasury Board. He was removed by the Rockingham ministry in 1765, but came into office again with Lord Chatham as paymaster.

A few days only before he became Prime Minister, one of his keenest opponents, Mr Burke, thus described him in the House of Commons :—"The noble lord who spoke last, after extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame, has at length opened his mouth."—*Speech of January 9, 1770, 'Parl. Hist.' xvi. p. 720.*

and on English social life. The monarchs who preceded George III. were unpopular, partly because they were devoid of those personal attractions which fascinated the followers of the house of Stuart, and partly because they neither understood, nor took much pains to understand, their English subjects.

The severity with which social crimes were punished only tended to increase them, and developed political agitations for which there was already sufficient cause. The nation had ceased to speak of or believe in the divine right of kings. The person of the sovereign was no longer an object of respect. This democratic tendency of thought, reacted upon by the revolutionary spirit of France, which began by denying divine right, and ended by denying human justice, had its culmination in England in a personal attack on the king, of which O'Connell was an eyewitness. Of this attack we shall speak more fully after entering into the details of the circumstances which preceded it.

George III., however, had two advantages, of which, however, he was unfortunate enough not to have made the most. He was born in England, and he had just sufficient wit to see that this was a claim on the fealty of his English subjects. His private life was virtuous, and formed a contrast to that of the majority of his predecessors.⁴

⁴ "When George II. had to receive the Holy Eucharist, his main

Unfortunately for himself, he was under the influence of the Earl of Bute. This influence was one which had taken its rise in his early life, and under somewhat questionable circumstances. The king is said to have written his first speech to Parliament himself, but it was alleged that Lord Bute amended it, and substituted the word Briton for Englishman.⁵ This, certainly, gratified the Scotch party, if it did not merit the approbation of the Tories. The Whigs had been fifty-five years in office, but Tory principles, such as they then were, suited the king, who had wooden ideas on the subject of royal supremacy, for it was not the supremacy of divine right, but the supremacy of a wooden, unvarying rule.

Riots began early in this reign. The Whigs believed that Bute intended to undermine their power, and a beer-tax, of which he got the credit, made him unpopular with the

anxiety seems to have been that the sermon on that day might be a short one, since otherwise he was, to use his own words, 'in danger of falling asleep and catching cold.'—*Lord Mahon, Hist.* v. p. 54. Bishop Newton says (*Works*, i. p. 76, ed. 1787), that he always took care in his sermons at Court to come within the compass of twenty minutes; but after a hint as to brevity, "on the great festivals of the Church, he never exceeded fifteen, so that the King sometimes said to the Clerk of the Closet, 'A good short sermon.'"

⁵ "I have heard it related," says Lord Mahon, iv. p. 212, "but on no very clear or certain authority, that the King had in the first place written the word 'Englishman,' and that Lord Bute altered it to 'Briton.'" The King's speech was admired by Frederick the Great.—*Mitchell Papers*, vol. v. No. 201, p. 148.

people. There was a disturbance in the play-house the year after the king's accéssion.⁶

The Bute administration lasted just ten months, and the Scotch lord went out of office, having made a peace which was unpopular because he made it, and leaving his own unpopularity as a bequest to his master.

His family said that he retired from office for the sake of his personal safety ; his own account of the matter was that he was afraid of involving his royal master in his ruin.⁷

The Grenville administration followed, and the king found himself lectured in his closet, and snubbed in his most innocent pursuits. Macaulay characterised this administration as the worst which ever governed England since the Revolution. The king bore the lectures as best

⁶ A few days after Lord Bute was sworn in to the Privy Council, a handbill was affixed to the Royal Exchange, with these words :—"No petticoat government, no Scotch favourites, no Lord George Sackville." A joke went round the Court whether the King would have "Scotch coal, Newcastle coal, or Irish coal."

⁷ "The alarms of Lord Bute's family about his personal safety are reported here to be the immediate cause of his sudden abdication."—*Memoirs of Rockingham*, vol. i. p. 165.—"Single in a Cabinet of my own forming ; no aid in the House of Lords to support me, except two Peers (Denbigh and Pomfret) ; both the Secretaries of State (Lords Egremont and Halifax) silent ; and the Lord Chief Justice (Mansfield), whom I myself brought into office, voting for me and yet speaking against me—the ground I tread upon is so hollow that I am afraid not only of falling myself, but of involving my royal master in my ruin. It is time for me to retire."—*Adolphus*, vol. i. p. 117. See also "The Correspondence of George III. and Lord North," vol. i. p. lxxi.

he could, but he could not get even a small sum of money to purchase some fields near the Queen's House.

The Rockingham administration succeeded, and its members treated their sovereign "with decency and reverence;" but Pitt could not work with them, and they could not work without Pitt.

In 1763, on the 14th of March, George III. recommended a proper compensation to be made to the Americans for their expenses in the war of 1756. Almost on that very day twelvemonths, Mr Grenville brought forward his unfortunate resolution (9th March 1764), which inaugurated the civil war. "That towards defraying the said expenses, it may be proper to charge certain stamp-duties on the said colonies and plantations." In February 1765, this resolution passed into a law. The law passed with little anticipation of its fatal results. Burke sat in the gallery listening to the speeches, and declared he never heard "a more languid debate." The House of Lords did not even trouble themselves to debate.

The truth was that English senators looked on the American colonies as a dependency which they could treat as they pleased. They forgot that the descendants of the sturdy race of men who fled from England to escape religious and political oppression, were scarcely likely to submit to it in their adopted country. They forgot that the descendants of such men were likely to be thinkers, to be men who would know their own interests.

It was a brief history certainly, but it was none the less significant.

The English government relied too much on the possible effects of their traditional reverence for that land from which they had expatriated themselves. That reverence did exist, but it was merely traditional. The moment the tradition was weakened by the stern logic of facts, its shattered links fell to the ground, and never again reunited.

There were few men in England who grasped the difficulties of the case, who had sufficient intellect to look beyond the present, sufficient self-sacrifice to forego present gain when it was sure that it must be purchased at the cost of future loss.

Burke indeed did his best. He warned the Government that they were treating with an intelligent people, and with a people who not only loved justice, but thoroughly understood law,⁸ a people "who snuffed the approach of

⁸ Burke, speaking of the education of the colonists, said: "I have been told by an eminent bookseller, that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's 'Commentaries' in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. . . . This study renders men acute, inquisitive,

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the

Sign of the Anchor, in

St. Dunstons Church-yard

1679

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EDWARD BURKE.

tyranny." Chatham did his best also, but the tide had set in the wrong direction; and who could control an obstinate king, and ministers, some of whom were self-sufficient, and some of whom were self-interested?

But the public were not satisfied with contempt for American intellect.⁹ There was open contempt for American military power, and both public and private contempt was heaped on Franklin, one of America's greatest men. Attorney-Generals have not always distinguished themselves by prudence, but few men who have held that position in England have stultified themselves or their country so completely as Wedderburn, one of the Solicitor-Generals who ruled the legal destinies of England in the reign of George III.

dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze."

⁹ In the debate of 16th March 1775, Lord Sandwich said: "The noble lord [Camden] mentions the impracticability of conquering America. I cannot think the noble lord can be serious on this matter. Suppose the colonies do abound in men, what does that signify? They are raw, undisciplined, cowardly men. I wish that, instead of 40,000 or 50,000 of these half-bred fellows, they would produce in the field at least 200,000, the more the better, the easier would be the conquest." Then he related an anecdote of Sir Peter Warren, and continued,—“Believe me, my lords, the very sound of a cannon will carry them, in his [Sir Peter's] words, as fast as their feet could carry them.”—See “Life and Times of C. J. Fox,” by Earl Russell.

Benjamin Franklin was the son of a Boston merchant. He began life as an apprentice to his father's business, though it is said he was originally intended for the ministry in some religious persuasion. But the lad abhorred trade, and at last obtained service with his brother, a printer. After a time he removed to Philadelphia. Here he was noticed by the English governor, Sir William Keith, and it is said that he was deceived by him. Possibly Sir William only promised more than he could perform. The result was Franklin's removal to England as early as 1725, when he entered as a journeyman in the well-known and time-honoured establishment of Messrs Cox & Wyman. He returned again to America, where he married a rich widow, and published the famous "Poor Richard's Almanack." In 1757 he was sent to England as a delegate for Pennsylvania. He returned once more to his native land, and in 1764 and in 1766 he was examined at the bar of the English House. The members were anxious to prove that the American colonies were contumacious, but all evidence goes to prove that they were not, and that they did not desire separation from England until they found that England compelled them to revolt. Franklin declared that "the authority of Parliament was allowed to be valid in all laws, except such as should lay internal taxes: that it was never disputed in laying duties to regulate commerce: that the Americans would never submit to the Stamp Act, or to any other tax on the same principle: that North

America would contribute to the support of Great Britain, if engaged in a war in Europe."

Washington wrote thus:—"Although you are taught to believe that the people of Massachusetts are rebellious, setting up for independency, and what not, give me leave, my good friend, to tell you that you are abused, grossly abused. This I advance with a degree of confidence and boldness which may claim your belief, having better opportunities of knowing the real sentiments of the people you are among, from the leaders of them, in opposition to the present measures of Administration, than you have from those whose business it is, not to disclose truths, but to misrepresent facts, in order to justify, as much as possible, to the world their own conduct. Give me leave to add, and I think I can announce it as a fact, that it is not the wish or interest of that government, or any other upon this continent, separately or collectively, to set up for independence; but this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of those valuable rights and privileges which are essential to the happiness of every free state, and without which life, liberty, and property are rendered totally insecure."¹

In the last debate of the Lords attended by Franklin, March 16th, 1775, he heard American courage, American religion, American intellect, branded as cowardice, hypo-

¹ Spark's Life of Washington, vol. i. p. 130.

crisy, and dulness. "We were treated," he says, "as the lowest of mankind, and almost of a different species from the English of Great Britain; but particularly American honesty was abused by some of the Lords, who asserted that we were all knaves, and wanted only by this dispute to avoid paying our debts."

An eminent English writer says:—"On this occasion a few tongues helped to dismember an empire. Chatham's prophetic eye had discerned months before this memorable debate the issue of such zealotry. And in the month of November 1776, when America was ringing with the Declaration of Independence, and England was exasperated by what it considered as the sin of witchcraft, the Earl, being then very sick at Hayes, and not expecting to recover, solemnly charged his physician, Dr Addington, to bear testimony that he died with his opinions respecting America unchanged. He renewed a former prediction, that unless England changed her policy, France would espouse the cause of the Americans. France, he said, only waited till England was more deeply engaged in this "ruining war against herself in America, as well as to prove how far the Americans, abetted by France *indirectly* only, may be able to make a stand, before she takes an open part by declaring war upon England."²

Every one, to speak broadly, was against America;

² George the Third and Lord North, vol. ii. p. 9.

certainly those who defended her cause could be easily counted ; but it was unfortunate that the multitude were not a little more reserved in their expressions, that they so openly expressed their scorn for, and depreciation of, an enemy who overcame them so easily.³

They forgot that contempt is not argument, and they forgot also " what extraordinary obstacles a small band of insurgents may surmount in the cause of liberty." ⁴

The American Congress held its first sittings at Philadelphia on the 4th of September 1774. The members were willing to make peace, but they wisely prepared for war. The result is too well known to need further record. The " tea-tax " was but the last attempt to fetter a people who

³ Johnson, the lexicographer, had a share in exciting the popular feeling also. He wrote a pamphlet entitled "Taxation no Tyranny," but he forgot to say anything about the necessity for justice in taxation. He said : "One of their complaints is not such as can claim much commiseration from the softest bosom. They tell us that we have changed our conduct, and that a tax is now laid by Parliament on those which [*sic*] were never taxed by Parliament before. To this we think it may be easily answered that the longer they have been spared, the better they can pay." "By a similar process of arguing," observes Mr Daunt, "Hampden might be shown to have been in arrear for ship-money, and Prynne for ears."

All kinds of stories went the round in England on the subject of American incompetence, moral and physical. Farces were enacted in the theatres in which tailors and cobblers were described as samples of American soldiers. A young American officer who was present on one occasion, shouted out from his box, "Hurrah ! but Britain is beaten by tailors and cobblers."

⁴ Speech in the debates.

were determined to be free, and who carried out their determination. The Declaration of Independence was signed on the 4th of July 1776, by Adams, Franklin, and Jefferson, and America became a nation and the home of the exiled Celt. To her and to them we say, *Esto perpetua*.

Thus we find America free at the birth of O'Connell, and at the same time we find the first indications of a union in feeling and principle between Ireland and America. It is a subject which ought to be of considerable interest to every Englishman, which is of the very deepest interest to every Irishman. If another war should break out between America and England—and with the pressure of the Irish vote on American politics, such an event might not require even the settlement of “Alabama” or any other claims to precipitate it—there can be no doubt that millions of expatriated Irishmen would join in the conflict with something more than ordinary military ardour.

If, as we shall presently show, England was compelled to grant some trifling instalments of justice to Ireland, when threatened on all sides by peril at the close of the last century, it would be but common prudence on her part to make Ireland forget her past wrongs and her present sorrows.

One of the things not generally known, or, if known, not generally considered, in connection with American inde-

pendence, is the Address to the People of Ireland which was issued by Congress. They appeal to Ireland because they are "desirous of the good opinion of the virtuous and humane."

"We are desirous of the good opinion of the virtuous and humane. We are peculiarly desirous of furnishing you with the true state of our motives and objects, the better to enable you to judge of our conduct with accuracy and determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality and precision. Your Parliament had done us no wrong. You had ever been friendly to the rights of mankind; and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that your nation has produced patriots who have nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America."

Another thing not generally known, or not sufficiently considered, is, that some of the leading men in the American revolt were Irish. Even then some few Celts had found their way to the land in which they were to obtain such numerical strength at a future day.

Thompson, the secretary of Congress, was Irish. He had been agitating against England for ten years. Franklin corresponded with him frequently, and wrote to him from London, "The sun of liberty is set; we must now light up the candles of industry." Thompson's reply was significant, "Be assured we shall light up torches of a very different kind."

Montgomery was an Irishman. He captured Montreal and died before Quebec.⁵

O'Brien was an Irishman, and commanded in the first naval engagement with England.

On the 2d of February, Walpole writes to Mann:—"We have no news public or private; but there is an ostrich-egg laid in America, where the Bostonians have canted three hundred chests of tea into the ocean, for they will not drink tea with our Parliament. . . . Lord Chatham talked of conquering America in Germany; I believe England will be conquered some day in New England or Bengal."

⁵ See Burns' spirited lines :—

"And yet what reck! he at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand before his band,
Amang his enemies a', man."

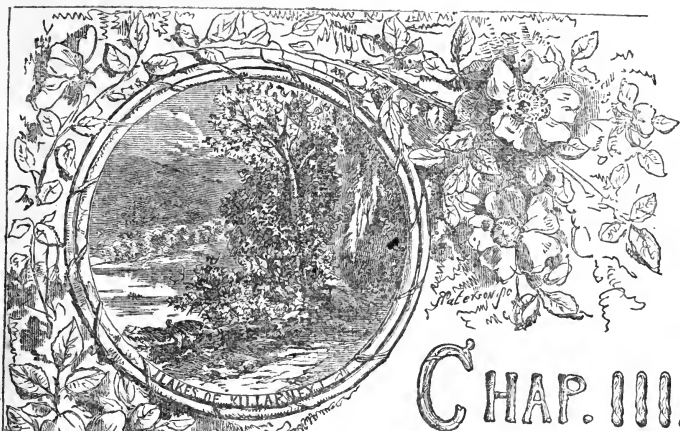


Chapter Third.

ENTRY ON PUBLIC LIFE—POLITICAL SITUATION.

1775-1797.

POLITICAL TROUBLES IN ENGLAND—ATTACK ON THE KING—FONDNESS FOR
FIELD SPORTS—FEVER—FIRST VISIT TO DUBLIN—ENGLISH POLICY WITH
IRELAND—FORCED ATTEMPT AT LEGISLATIVE JUSTICE—CAUSES AND
CHARACTER OF THE IRISH REBELLION—GRATTAN—LORD CHARLEMONT—
IRELAND IN ARMS—ALARM IN ENGLAND—WANTS OF IRELAND—MR FOX—
REPEAL OF ACT VI. GEO. I.—CAUSES OF THE RUIN OF IRISH INDEPENDENCE
—ENGLISH BRIBERY—GRATTAN'S LETTER.



CHAP. III.

THE troubles which were excited in England by the American war continued for several years. On the 23d of October 1775, thousands of incendiary papers were dispersed, inciting the people to rise and prevent the meeting of Parliament. On this the guard was trebled, and their muskets loaded, and thirty-six rounds of powder delivered to them. At the same time papers, telling the people how well the Court was prepared, signed by Sir John Hawkins, Chairman of the Bench of Westminster Justices, were spread abroad.⁶

⁶ Walpole's Last Journals, vol. i. p. 510.

The king was fully aware of the danger, and wrote thus to Lord North:—

“QUEEN’S HOUSE, *October 25, 1775.*
2 min. past 11 a.m.

“LORD NORTH,—On the receipt of your letter I have ordered Elliot’s regiment to march from Henley to Hounslow, and the Horse and Grenadier Guards to take up their horses. These handbills are certainly spread to cause terror, but they may in the timid duke I saw yesterday, but I thank God I am not of that make. I know what my duty to my country makes me undertake, and threats cannot prevent me from doing that to the fullest extent.”⁷

In 1779, the king seemed to be recovered sufficiently to see the possible danger to English interests in Ireland. In a letter dated Kew, June 11, 1779, he says: “The present difficulties keep my mind very far from a state of ease. . . . I have heard Lord North frequently drop that the advantages to be gained by this contest could never repay the expence; I owne that, let any war be ever so successful, if persons will sit down and weigh the expences, they will find, as in the last, that it has impoverished the state, enriched individuals, and perhaps raised the name

⁷ Correspondence, vol. i. p. 20.—“Queen’s House, afterwards Buckingham House, was bought of Sir Charles Sheffield by George the Third in 1761 for £21,000, and settled on Queen Charlotte, in lieu of Somerset House, by an Act passed in 1775. Here all the King’s children were born, George the Fourth alone excepted. The Queen’s House was taken down in 1825 to make room for the present Buckingham Palace.”—*Cunningham’s Handbook of London*, p. 86, 2d ed.

only of the conquerors; but this is only weighing such events in the scale of a tradesman behind his counter; it is necessary for those in the station it has pleased Divine Providence to place me to weigh whether expences, though very great, are not sometimes necessary to prevent what might be more ruinous to a country than the loss of money. The present contest with America, I cannot help seeing, as the most serious in which any country was ever engaged: it contains such a train of consequences that they must be examined to feel its real weight. Whether the laying a tax was deserving all the evils that have arisen from it, I should suppose no man could alledge [*sic*] that without being thought more fit for Bedlam than a seat in the Senate; but step by step the demands of America have risen: independence is their object; that certainly is one which every man not willing to sacrifice every object to a *momentary* and inglorious peace must concur with me in thinking that this country can never submit to: should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow them, not independence, but must for its own interest be dependent on North America. Ireland would soon follow the same plan and be a separate state; then this island would be reduced to itself, and soon would be a poor island indeed, for, reduced in her trade, merchants would retire with their wealth to climates more to their advantage, and shoals of manufacturers would leave this country for the new empire."

There was no question of Irish loss or gain, except in so far as Irish loss or gain affected English interests, and it required a very much larger intellect than that of George III. to see that these interests were, or ought to be, identical.

About the same time the Duke of Richmond made a motion in the House of Lords, in which he said: "That in a moment so critical, the most awful this country had ever experienced, it would be deceiving His Majesty and the nation if they were not to represent that the only means of resisting the powerful combination which threatened the country would be by a total change of that system which had involved us in our present difficulties in America, in Ireland, and at home."

The Gordon riots took place in 1780, and lasted from the 2d of June until the 9th. Parliament was unable to meet during this commotion. It was suspected that the French were the instigators of it, as at that time everything revolutionary was laid to their charge. The king wanted to have "examples made," and told Lord North he must "get to the bottom of it." A difficult task for that easy-going minister, who was scarcely capable of getting to the bottom of anything.

In 1783 (July 24) the king expressed a strong opinion on the state of public affairs by no means complimentary to himself or his ministers:—

"Undoubtedly there is less regularity in the modes of

conducting business in this kingdom than in any other European, or the mode of calling a new parliament in Ireland ought to have been so clearly stated in the change of that constitution that no room ought to have been left for doubts as to the proper method of effecting it. But I fear folly, not reason, dictated the measure, and therefore it is not surprising every step has not been well weighed."

In November he declared that "Ireland was in fact dis-united from England," and certainly not without cause. The volunteers had been organised, and the volunteers were determined to have justice done to their country, while England was unable to deny it in consequence of her own personal embarrassments.

There was war in India also, and though this did not very much concern the nation at large, till some few honourable men were roused by the recital of the horrible cruelties practised on the unhappy natives, it was not without its effect.

The king and the Prince of Wales quarrelled, and the unhappy monarch exhibited the first symptoms of that malady which clouded his latter years.

In 1795 all England was excited, turbulent, and violent. The war had necessitated increased taxation, increased taxation involved distress, and distress fell grievously on those who were least able to bear it.

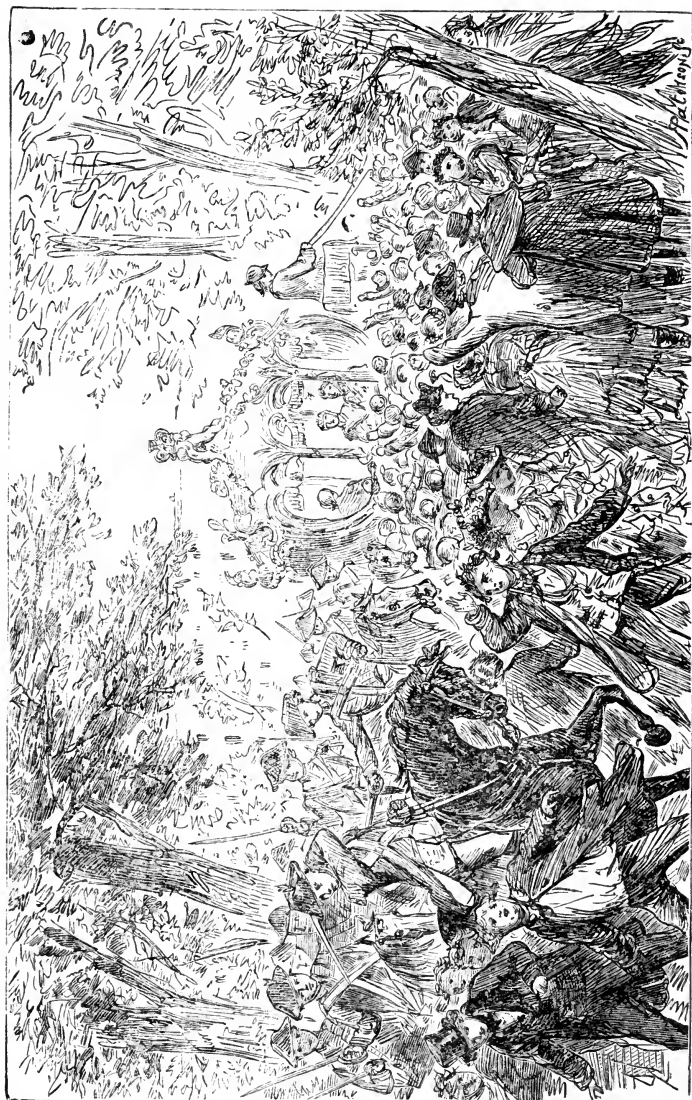
Men who could lose thousands of pounds in a game of

chance, or who could spend hundreds of pounds on mere luxuries, were not likely to understand the sharp sufferings of those who had not sixpence to spare for a luxury, who had not at times a penny to buy a loaf of bread. There were few who could even comprehend the terrible misery of starvation, and the terrible agony of seeing wife and child pining away for want of common sustenance.⁸

Those who suffered thus were not likely to make nice distinctions as to the cause. The king as the ruler of the nation was naturally credited with being the origin of the

⁸ Alison's "History of Europe," vol. iii. p. 20, thus describes the state of England :—"The condition of Great Britain in the close of 1795 and the beginning of 1796, was nearly as distracted, so far as public opinion went, as that of France. So violent had party spirit become, and so completely had it usurped the place of patriotism or reason, that many of the popular leaders had come to wish anxiously for the triumph of their enemies. It was no longer a simple disapprobation of the war which they felt, but a fervent desire that it might terminate to the disadvantage of their country, and that the Republican might triumph over the British arms. They thought that there was no chance of parliamentary reform being carried, or any considerable addition to democratic power acquired, unless the ministry were deposed ; and to accomplish this object they hesitated not to betray their wish for the success of the inveterate enemies of their country. These ill humours which were afloat during the whole of the summer of 1795, broke out into acts of open violence in the autumn of that year. These causes of discontent were increased by the high price of provisions, the natural consequence of the increased consumption and enlarged circulating medium required in the war, but which the lower orders, under the instigation of their demagogues, ascribed entirely to the ministry, and the crusade which they had undertaken against the liberties of mankind."





O'Connell's Escape in a London Riot.

national troubles. The king it was supposed could remedy them, and did not do so, and popular vengeance sought to make the king the victim of its indignation.

O'Connell was an eye-witness of this scene, and when he heard bitter reflections made, in later years, on the poor Irish peasant who attempted the life of a landlord who had deprived him of house, home, and even of the very possibility of labouring for an existence, it is little wonder that his honest heart burned with indignation when men condemned this, and lightly passed over an attempt at regicide which certainly had not the excuse of being excited by actual starvation.

The attack on the king was made on the 29th of October 1795, as he was returning from Parliament. O'Connell went with a friend to St James' Park, little anticipating the extraordinary scene which he was to witness. He thus described it himself to Mr Daunt: "The carriage, surrounded by a noisy, angry, and excited mob, came moving slowly along. Suddenly the glass in the royal window was smashed by some individual in the crowd, who, having read the Bible, "rendered unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," by flinging a penny at His Majesty. The flashing sabres of the dragoons were drawn immediately, the loud voice of imperative command was ringing above the tumultuous sounds, and the dragoons, clearing their way through the huddled and scrambling multitude with brandished blades and curveting horses, advanced in a gallop in

front of the king's carriage. As the procession approached the place where O'Connell stood he pressed forward to get a sight of the king, when a dragoon made a furious slash at him, which deeply notched the tree about an inch or two above his head. Groans, hootings, and hisses filled the air, and the king's life seemed in imminent danger; however, he got rid of his dutiful subjects, and entered St James's Palace, where he took off his robes in a wonderfully short time. He then came out at the opposite side of the palace, next Cleveland Row, and entered a coach drawn by two large black Hanoverian horses. He was subsequently driven towards Buckingham House, and just as he was passing the bottom of the Green Park, the mob tumultuously swarmed round the carriage, seized the wheels, and, with united strength and horrible vociferations, prevented their revolution, though the postilions, with desperate cuts, rained showers of blows on the straining and perspiring horses. The mob seemed intent on tearing the king to pieces. Two fellows at this moment approached the carriage—the hand of one was on the door-handle in the act of opening it. Had the door opened they would doubtless have dragged the king headlong out and murdered him on the spot. At this critical juncture a tall determined-looking man thrust a pistol through the opposite window at the fellows who were going to open the door; they shrank back, the mob relaxed their grasp on the wheels, the postilions flogged their horses, and the carriage went off at a gallop to Buck-

ingham House. Never had king a more narrow escape. It was a terrible scene."

O'Connell returned home soon after, and some curious and characteristic anecdotes were told of his family life. For himself it is said that he was passionately fond of field sports, and took care to make up now for lost time by double enjoyment. No doubt that hardy constitution which made him bear up under years of such mental and physical toil as few men have ever endured, was braced and invigorated by the fresh Atlantic breezes of his mountain home.

His son thus describes him at this period: "Often has the writer of these pages heard him describe, in his own graphic manner, his going out before dawn, to ensure that his few hounds should have the help of the scent still lying; the feelings of the party as they crouched amid the heather, waiting for day; the larks springing all around, and the eager dogs struggling to get free from the arms that restrained them. A wager—the *only* wager of Mr O'Connell's life—was successfully accomplished by him with four of these hounds; namely, the killing of four hares in three successive days. The four hounds, in fact, ran down and killed six hares in those three days, and *vaulted* another—a feat which he boasts no four hounds *now* living could accomplish."

The vice of hard drinking was not one in which the future Liberator indulged. He was temperate; either from inclination, or from being unable to imbibe the

copious potations which his companions considered almost a necessary of life.

It is said that he was one of the first to break through the time-honoured rule that the door should be locked after dinner, and the key thrown out of the window until every guest had drunk to intoxication.⁹

⁹ This practice was by no means confined to the wilds of Kerry, or indeed to Ireland. At Shanes Castle, where Mrs Siddons often took part in private theatricals, Lord Mountjoy drew up in joke a set of rules for the company, which give an amusing idea of the state of society even in the highest circles :—

“RESOLUTIONS *formed to promote regularity at SHANES CASTLE, at the meeting for the representation of ‘Cymbeline,’ Nov. 20, 1785.*

“1. That no noise be made during the forenoon, for fear of wakening the company.

“2. That there shall be no breakfast made after four o’clock in the afternoon, nor tea after one in the morning.

“3. To inform any stranger who may come in at breakfast, that we are not at dinner.

“4. That no person be permitted to go out airing after breakfast till the moon gets up, for fear of being overturned in the dark.

“5. That the respective grooms may put up their horses after four hours’ parading before the hall-door of the Castle.

“6. That there shall be one complete hour between each meal.

“7. That all the company must assemble at dinner before the cloth is removed.

“8. That supper may not be called for till five minutes after the last glass of claret.

“9. That no gentleman be permitted to drink more than three bottles of hock at or after supper.

“10. That all M.P.’s shall assemble on post-days in the coffee-room at four o’clock to frank letters.”—*Cornwallis’ Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 349. The free and easy style of living is as manifest from Rule 2, as the genial and general hospitality by Rule 5.

O'Connell's favourite place in his uncle's house was the sideboard, where he found more freedom to indulge his jokes, and more liberty to come and go as he pleased.

A certain "Cousin Kane," who enjoyed "free quarters" whenever he could get them—and when was hospitality ever refused in the "Green Island?"—was one of the county characters. Cousin Kane had that charming facility of accommodation which satisfied itself everywhere, at least for a time; and with his two horses and his twelve dogs, he quartered himself from week to week, now in one house and now in another, where he could, or said he could claim kin. Yet Cousin Kane's disposition does not seem to have been improved by his travels, for it is said that on one occasion there were seventy-six actions for assault and battery pending against him at the Tralee assizes. O'Connell offended him once by giving him whisky instead of sherry in mistake. Kane drank the whisky at a draught, and then commenced vituperating his young cousin, concluding his harangue by roaring in a tone of thunder, "Fill it again, sir!"

On the following morning, Kane got up at two o'clock and wakened O'Connell by his noise. "What are you about?" said O'Connell, "the clock has only struck two." "Do you think I am to be a slave to that lying devil of a clock ye have there?" raved Kane. "Do you think a gentleman like me is to be ruled and governed by a black-guard of a clock like that—eh? For what would I stay in

bed if it struck twenty-two when I cannot sleep?" Manifestly "Cousin Kane" would have been an ardent admirer of rule number four of the Shanes Castle code.

In 1798, after O'Connell had been called to the bar, and before he went his first circuit, his life was despaired of, in consequence of his having taken a violent chill, which resulted in fever. His own eagerness in the chase was the immediate cause of this malady. His son thus records the circumstances, as related by his father:—

"Eagerness in the pursuit of this amusement had nearly cost him his life in the eventful year 1798—the same in which he was called to the bar. After the latter occurrence, which took place May 19, and before his first circuit, he proceeded, in August, to Darrynane; and there, from a young man's imprudence in allowing wet clothes to dry on him while he slept before a peasant's fire after a hard morning's hunting, was, after the further imprudence of attempting, during a fortnight, to fight off the fierce assailant, prostrated by a most severe and dangerous typhus fever. Early in the disorder, he obtained a full consciousness of his danger, and retained that consciousness in the intervals of the fits of delirium, which came upon him violently and frequently. Whenever the mind was able to assert its self-control, his most constant and bitterest thought was, that he was about to die, without having been able to gratify the instinctive and innate feeling which from infancy had been uppermost in his mind—the feeling

of craving, that it might be his lot to do something for Ireland; and it is a curious fact that, in his ravings, he was constantly heard repeating the following lines from the tragedy of *Douglas* :—

‘Unknown, I die; no tongue shall speak of me:
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved,
And think life only wanting to my fame!’

“An affecting incident marked the turn of the disorder. When, as he felt himself, and as he appeared to others, he was falling into his agony, his head had slipped from the pillow, and death would have been accelerated by the position, a cousin of his, who was present, raised him and supported him in her arms. While for a moment revived by this, his father came to the bedside, and, after contemplating him for a moment with agonised feelings, addressed him with ‘Dan, don’t you know me?’ As with the last effort of nature, the son pressed the father’s hand, in token of affectionate recognition; and, with the effort, the fell disease, that had so long been triumphant, seemed to be, for the first time, arrested—the crisis arrived, twenty-four hours’ sleep followed, and thenceforth began, and steadily continued, the restoration of health.”

During the same illness, Napoleon’s successful march to Alexandria was mentioned in his presence. The acute mind, which at once grasped the impossibilities, as well as the possibilities of any plan, political or social, at once

asserted itself. “‘That is impossible,’ said the patient; ‘he cannot have done so—they would have been starved.’ ‘Oh, no,’ replied the doctor; ‘they had a quantity of portable soup, sufficient to feed the army for four days.’ ‘Ay,’ replied O’Connell, ‘but had they portable water? For their portable soup would be of little use without the water to dissolve it.’ The medical gentleman, glancing hopefully at the mother, said, in a low and satisfied tone, ‘His intellect at any rate is untouched.’”

O’Connell went to Dublin in the year 1797, probably with a view to further preparation for being called to the bar, possibly with the intention of making friends who might serve him in his new career. It would appear to have been his first visit to the Irish metropolis;—under how many different phases he must have seen it afterwards, under how many different circumstances he must have entered it! He had witnessed the assembling of an English parliament, he has now to witness the last debates of the Irish house. In England he had heard Pitt, and Fox, and Burke;¹ in Dublin, he heard Grattan and Flood.

In England he had seen the king attacked in open day

¹ He spoke for the last time on the 20th of June 1794. His brother Richard died during this year, and his death inflicted a deep blow on the sensitive heart of the great Irishman. “Dick” was indeed a universal favourite. Every one loved him in the Ballitore Quaker school, where he was educated; and if he was “wished full ten times a day at old Nick,” not indeed by his friends, who would scarcely pardon such

by his own subjects, and only saved from an instant and terrible death by a military escort. In Ireland he was to be a witness to secret rebellion, and even to be personally compromised in it.

The state of Ireland at that period was certainly alarming, and has been unfortunately but too little understood.

The broad outlines of contemporary history are indeed familiar to all educated persons. The manner in which the Irish rebellion was—shall we say encouraged, or excited by English statesmen?—is admitted, because it cannot be denied, by some English historians; the fraud and force by which the Union was effected is known equally well, but not, perhaps, generally believed. Nevertheless the real causes and the real effects of the rebellion and of the Union have scarcely met with the consideration they deserve, though the subject is one which deserves and would repay a careful study.

Lord Townsend's administration had thoroughly debased the Irish parliament. It has been taken for granted, because the Irish Parliament was composed of persons who

profanity, but by the poet who sings his praise, he was as surely wished back again.

“What spirits were his, what art and what whim,
Now breaking a jest and now breaking a limb!

In short, so peculiar a devil was Dick,
That we wished him well ten times a day at old Nick,
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wished to have Dick back again.”

lived, at least, part of their lives in Ireland, that it represented Irish feeling. It is true, indeed, that there were a few men in it from time to time who were incorruptible and independent, who had Irish interests, and who would make sacrifices for them; but the great majority had no interest in Ireland. It was indeed the country from whence they drew their rents, and which supplied them with their income, but they were aliens from the people in religion and in affection.

English interest was still the ruling motive of every enactment of this so-called Irish Parliament; and yet, because the Parliament was Irish, because it had an Irish element in it, Ireland prospered during its later years, as Ireland had never prospered before.

Still the one fatal policy prevailed, and the one fatal principle was carried out. Ireland was not treated as an integral part of the British Empire. Her interests were not even considered for a moment, and if they were considered, it was only that they might be treated as something absolutely inimical to English prosperity. It was a curious policy, it was an unwise policy, it was a fatal policy. If one-half the money which was spent in repressing Irish rebellions had been spent in promoting Irish industry, there would have been no rebellions to repress, and England might have enriched herself, instead of adding a heavy item to her national debt, and throwing an additional weight of obloquy on her national character.

But in considering this period of Irish history, Irishmen have sometimes forgotten that the English House of Commons was quite as venal as that which sat in Dublin. The English nation had been for years, indeed since the very first hour of its intercourse with Ireland, educated and imbued with an anti-Irish feeling. Even Charles I. dared not repeal Poyning's Act, though, by so doing, he had at least a chance of saving himself from his English subjects by conciliating his Irish subjects. He took in the full extent of his position. The Irish were Irish and nothing more. He may not, indeed, have deliberately selected to be murdered by his English subjects in preference to being defended by his Irish subjects; but undoubtedly he weighed the matter carefully, and practically he concluded that, though the Irish might be his faithful subjects, they were very powerless to protect him against his rebellious subjects, while there was not one but thousands of Cromwells in England. Charles I. was right; he might be spared by these blood-thirsty men, but if he sought protection from his Irish subjects, these men would effect their end sooner or later, and involve him and his defenders in one common ruin.

The conditions of Irish political life before the close of the last century were sufficiently ominous, but the conditions at the close of that century are without parallel in the annals of history.

The American war, or rather the evident probability that

the American war would be successful, first roused up the English mind to the necessity, for its own sake, of doing something for Ireland. The problem then became how to do as little as possible; unwillingness to do that little made it be done as ungraciously as possible. When you fling a trifling alms to a relation whom you have systematically defrauded, because you fear he may now have it in his power to retaliate, you can scarcely expect him to overwhelm you with gratitude, or to forget past wrongs. Yet the Irish are constantly reproached with being the most ungrateful people on the earth because they do not go into ecstasies of thankfulness for the smallest instalment of justice. Neither individuals nor nations are to be respected who sacrifice their personal dignity.

The American war thus created a necessity for justice, and on the 10th of November 1773, leave was given to bring in a bill to secure the repayment of money that should be lent by Papists to Protestants on mortgages of land, and to show the extra condescension of this act of very accurate legal justice, of justice which one might suppose could not be denied by one man to another, the bill was brought in by Mr Mason, Sir Lucius O'Brien, and Mr Langrishe, who were "government men."

It might be supposed that any body of educated men would pass the bill, but it was not passed.

Leave was also given to bring in a bill to allow Papists to take leases of houses and of lands. It might be supposed

that at the close of the eighteenth century such a bill would certainly pass. It was rejected also.²

American affairs began to look still more threatening, and on the 5th of March 1774, leave was given to bring in a bill to permit Catholic subjects to testify their allegiance to their sovereign. This bill was passed, and the Irish historian Plowden says: "It gratified the Catholics, inasmuch as it was a formal recognition that they were subjects, and to this recognition they looked up as to the cornerstone of their future emancipation."

Emigration to America had already begun. Had there been greater facilities the emigration would have been greater. What indeed were men to do who were neither allowed to live nor to labour, and who were not recognised even as subjects until now—who were, even after this pitiful recognition, treated virtually as rebels even in time of peace?³

² The animus which existed in all classes of English is strongly shown in some of George III.'s letters. He writes thus to Lord North on March 29, 1776: "I have, both in the times of Lord Hertford and of Lord Townshend, declined making Irish marquises, and I have not in the least changed my opinion on that subject, I am heartily sick of Lord Harcourt's mode of trying step by step to draw me to fulfil his absurd requests. I desire I may hear no more of Irish marquises; I feel for the English earls, and do not choose to disgust them."—*Correspondence of George III.*, vol. ii. p. 16. It was the same principle of making a distinction between English and Irish subjects which made James I. cry out, "Spare my English subjects," when the Irish were fighting for him to the death.

³ We find George III. writing in a specially contemptuous style of his

How completely the rebellion of 1793 was a Protestant movement has never been clearly understood. It is true, indeed, the great mass of those who rose were Catholics, but that was simply because the Catholics formed an overwhelming majority of the population. The leaders were Protestants; and how this came about we shall proceed to show.

Trade was permitted spasmodically in the north of Ireland, because the people in the north of Ireland were principally Protestants, and were many of them of Scotch and French descent. But this by no means saved them from the ill-judged, miserable policy of their English rulers. The volunteer movement began in Belfast, and Cork, which

American subjects, until they proclaimed their independence. In a letter dated July 4, 1774, he writes very boldly of "compulsion;" the English "lyons" however got the worst of it:—"Since you left me this day, I have seen Lieutenant-General Gage, who came to express his readiness, though so lately come from America, to return at a day's notice, if the conduct of the Colonies should induce the directing coercive measures. His language was very consonant to his character of an honest determined man. He says they will be lyons whilst we are lambs; but, if we take the resolute part, they will undoubtedly prove very meek. He thinks the four regiments intended to relieve as many regiments in America, if sent to Boston, are sufficient to prevent any disturbance. I wish you would see him, and hear his ideas as to the mode of compelling Boston to submit to whatever may be thought necessary; indeed, all men seem now to feel that the fatal compliance in 1766 has encouraged the Americans annually to increase in their pretensions to that thorough independency which one state has of another, but which is quite subversive of the obedience which a colony owes to its mother country."—*Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 36.

was then an ultra-Protestant city, supplied two of the leading spirits of the rebellion in the persons of the Shearses.

Both Cork and Belfast suffered most severely from English laws, made to restrain, or, to speak more accurately, to ruin Irish trade.⁴

⁴ Sir William Temple wrote thus in 1673 : " Regard must be had to those points wherein the trade of Ireland comes to interfere with that of England, in which case the Irish trade ought to be declined, so as to give way to the trade of England."

A pamphlet on trade, published in London, 1727, apologises for opposing what it states as " the universally received opinion that it were better for England if Ireland were no more ! " And the writer grounds this opposition on his conviction that such are Ireland's natural advantages for commerce, that her trade would increase greatly if the restrictions then existing were taken off ; and the consequence would be, that "*the drafts of England upon her would be increased*, and the greater part of Ireland's gains by trade would centre in England ! "

Anderson, in his " History of Commerce," openly declares the English jealousy of Irish commercial enterprise. Coombe, who continued Anderson's work, comments with rather too considerate, but still a decided tone of censure, on the oppressive and tyrannous line of conduct adopted in consequence of that jealousy.

Arthur Young, in 1776, wrote thus : " British legislation, on all occasions, controlled Irish commerce with a very high hand—universally on the principle of monopoly, as if the poverty of Ireland were her wealth."

Pitt in 1785 bore the same testimony ; and again in 1799. On the latter occasion, he said : " Ireland long felt the narrow policy of Great Britain, who, influenced by views of commercial advantage, and stained with selfish motives, never looked on her prosperity as that of the empire at large."

Mr Huskisson, in 1825, added his testimony to the same effect :—

" Till 1780 the agriculture, internal industry, manufactures, commerce, and navigation of Ireland, were held in the most rigid subserviency to the supposed interests of Great Britain. In 1778 there was a proposal to

In 1759 the Belfast people were obliged to arm themselves in self-defence, and the English Government was obliged to permit, and even to encourage this movement, to prevent the French landing in Ireland. Three companies of volunteers were formed, and the spirit of the Irish was roused for the first time during the past half century. Volunteer companies started up everywhere, but this arrangement did not suit the English Government. It is true, indeed, that these volunteers were all Protestants, but Protestants were quite as likely to use their arms against oppression as Catholics, and even more so. The Lord-Lieutenant was requested to put down the movement, but it was not easy to do so.

In 1779, when Protestant discontent became still more formidable, the Lord-Lieutenant wrote to Lord Weymouth on this subject:—

“The seizing their arms would, therefore, be a violent expedient; and the preventing them from assembling, without a military force, impracticable; for when the civil magistrate will rarely attempt to seize an offender suspected of the most enormous crimes, and when convicted, convey him to the place of execution without soldiers,—nay, when, in many instances, persons cannot

let her import sugar direct, and export all but woollens, to pay for it; and this proposal was almost made a question of allegiance by the great towns of Great Britain, and so lost! *But towards the close of that year the disasters in America, and the state of things in Ireland, produced a different feeling in the British Parliament. State necessities, acting under a sense of political danger, yielded, without grace, that which good sense and good feeling had before recommended in vain!*”

be put into possession of their property, nor, being possessed, maintain it without such assistance,—there is little presumption in asserting that unless bodies of troops be universally dispersed, nothing can be done to effect.”

Nevertheless the Irish Protestants were so infatuated, or so ignorant, as not to see that their true interest lay in union with the Catholics, that a nation divided against itself could no more prosper than a divided family.

In May 1778, a bill was brought in to permit Catholics to hold land, and was fiercely petitioned against by the Protestant party. It was necessary, however, for Government to conciliate the Catholics, so the bill passed by a small majority. But nothing was done for the benefit of trade. Poverty and destitution reigned supreme. Ireland was forbidden commerce, was obliged to pay tithes to a Church which she abhorred, and to support the priests of her own religion. She was compelled to pay taxes for the maintenance of a military force to compel her to remain silent under her cruel wrongs, and to support an army for the subjugation of the only country from which she had any hope of redress.

England began to be alarmed. There were certainly some few men of the realm with sufficient common sense to see the fatuity of the present course of Irish government; amongst the number were Lord Newhaven and the Marquis of Rockingham.

Lord Temple, who held the unenviable post of Lord-Lieu-

tenant in Ireland, proposed a committee to inquire into the distress of the nation. But the nation was tired of promises, and on the 4th of November 1778, the volunteers paraded Dublin. They had two field-pieces with them, and bearing a significant inscription—

“FREE TRADE—OR THIS.”

The result was that an act allowing free trade between Ireland and the British Colonies received the royal assent on the 24th of July 1780.

This concession was obtained merely by the physical force argument of the volunteers. On the 24th of November 1779, Grattan moved in the House of Commons that it was then inexpedient to grant new taxes. Ireland was plunged in the deepest and most abject poverty through no fault of her own, and England asked new subsidies from this nation which she had herself deprived of all means of enrichment!

The motion was carried by a majority of over one hundred; and on the following day the opposition resolved, by a majority of one hundred and thirty-eight to one hundred, that the new duties should be for six months only. During the debate, when Mr Brough the prime serjeant exclaimed, “Talk not to me of peace. Ireland is not in a state of peace, it is smothered over,”—the house, thrilled to the core, rose in a body to cheer him.⁵ Certainly there was

⁵ Life of Grattan, vol. i. ch. 17 ; Memoirs of the Court of George III.

some public spirit in Ireland then, and the man who evoked that spirit, who gave it body and active life, was Grattan.

His father had been recorder of Dublin for many years, and he was therefore initiated into Irish politics from his very childhood. He was endowed by nature with great gifts of eloquence, and with that noble spirit of justice without which eloquence is a curse, for it only leads men, not indeed to admire, but to practise tyranny. During his early life he spent much of his time at Marley Abbey, the residence of his uncle, where he learned to admire the writings of Swift, and in some degree imbibed their spirit.

Grattan entered Parliament as member for Lord Charlemont's borough of Charlemont, situated on the borders of Armagh and Tyrone. He was then in his thirtieth year. Whatever may be said of electoral intimidation in the present age, of close or open, of rotten or honest, of saleable or unsaleable boroughs, there is nothing even faintly approaching the state of parliamentary representation at the close of the eighteenth century. The process of election was simple, and, after all, it had the merit of simplicity. The lord of the soil was the lord of the tenant's parliamentary conscience. There was no doubt about the matter—no question about the matter. He sent down the candidate of his choice; whether that choice was directed by political or pecuniary motives, mattered little. It was nothing to the free and independent electors certainly. They knew their duty, and

they did it. If they failed God might help them, but there was no help from man.

To have granted the lord of the soil the unlimited right of returning a member for his borough, would have saved a good deal of trouble, a good deal of expense, and a good deal of bitterness, but the arrangement does not seem to have been thought of, and certainly it would have looked unconstitutional. After all there is nothing like making a sham look legal and respectable. Men like Grattan got into Parliament now and then, when there were men like Lord Charlemont to nominate them; but there were not many Lord Charlemonts in Ireland, and certainly there were not many Grattans.

Lord Charlemont's conversion to Irish nationality, such as it was, arose from an open expression of English contempt for Irish peeresses. The whole affair is curious and instructive.

A grand procession of peers and peeresses was arranged to meet the unfortunate Princess Caroline, but, before the Princess landed, the Duchess of Bedford was commanded to inform the Irish peeresses that they were neither to walk nor take any part in the procession. It was carrying out the trite saying, "No Irish need apply," in high life.

This might be done with impunity and with approbation where the lower classes of Irish were concerned, but the peeresses resented it. Lord Charlemont had spent seven years abroad, and was not accustomed to the unedifying

spectacle of a nation divided against itself—of one half of the body politic despising the other half. He warmly resented the insult, and by his efforts obtained a reversal of the order. But he did not forget it. For a time at least he took part with the oppressed nation to which he belonged, but it was only for a time. The tide of public opinion in his own rank in life set strongly against him. Neither Ireland nor Irish politics were fashionable. It was well to be a peer certainly, even though he might be an Irish peer; but the less Irish he appeared, the more he would be respected by his fellows. What indeed were popular laudations in comparison with the approbation of his own immediate circle?

On the 27th of March 1782, Charles Sheridan wrote thus to his brother Richard:—

“As to our politics here, I send you a newspaper; read the resolutions of the volunteers, and you will be enabled to form some idea of the spirit which pervades the country. A declaration of the dependency of our Parliament upon yours will certainly pass our House of Commons immediately after the recess. Government here dare not, cannot oppose it: you will see the volunteers have pledged their lives and fortunes in support of the measure, the grand juries of every county have followed their example, and some of the staunchest friends of Government have been, much against their inclination, compelled to sign the most spirited resolutions.”⁶

The volunteer movement, as we have said, began in

⁶ Life of Grattan, vol. ii. p. 214.

Belfast; when the necessity was over, the corps were disbanded; but they refused in 1778, when there were again reports and fears of a French invasion.

In January 1779, Lord Charlemont assumed the command of the Armagh volunteers. The Government did not like it. They had a choice of evils. Protection against a foreign foe was needed, but there were grave fears lest the protectors against a foreign foe might turn out domestic enemies. The English were thoroughly aware of the state of Irish feeling, though they took no pains to reconcile it.

In May 1779, Lord Rockingham wrote thus to Lord Weymouth:—

“Upon receiving official intimation that the enemy meditated an attack upon the northern parts of Ireland, the inhabitants of Belfast and Carrickfergus, *as Government could not immediately afford a greater force for their protection than about sixty troopers*, armed themselves, and by degrees formed themselves into two or three companies; the spirit diffused itself into different parts of the kingdom, and the numbers became considerable, but in no degree to the amount represented. *Discouragement has, however, been given on my part, as far as might be without offence*, at a crisis when the arm and good-will of every individual might have been wanting for the defence of the state.”

The volunteers were in fact working up the country with a steady energy, with a quiet determination, that must have been terribly embarrassing to the Government. Those who thought at all, who looked ever so little beyond the narrow sphere of their self-interest, asked themselves what would be the end of all this?

It was impossible to raise a "No Popery!" cry against them, however desirable, for they were all Protestants, and, being Protestants, though they were Irish, they could scarcely be shot down like dogs. Moreover, they were headed by men of high respectability, by men of rank and position. When they met at Dungannon, on the 15th of February 1782, Colonel Irvine took the chair, and the following are but a few of the names of those who signed the resolutions:—Viscount Enniskillen, Colonel Mervyn Archdall, Colonel William Irvine, Colonel Robert M'Clintock, Colonel John Ferguson, Colonel John Montgomery, Colonel Charles Leslie, Colonel Francis Lucas, Colonel Thomas M. Jones, Colonel James Hamilton, Colonel Andrew Thomson, Lieutenant-Colonel C. Nesbitt, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Stewart, Major James Patterson, Major Francis Dobbs, Major James M'Clintock.

The following are some of the resolutions; we do not give them all, because of their length, our present object being merely to give a general outline of the state of Ireland when O'Connell commenced his public career:—

"Whereas, it has been asserted that volunteers, as such, cannot with propriety debate, or publish their opinions on political subjects, or on the conduct of Parliament or political men.

"Resolved, unanimously, That a citizen by learning the use of arms does not abandon any of his civil rights.

"Resolved, unanimously, That a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make

laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.

“Resolved, with one dissenting voice only, That the powers exercised by the Privy Councils of both kingdoms, under, or under colour or pretence of, the law of Poyning’s, are unconstitutional, and a grievance.

“Resolved, unanimously, That the ports of this country are by right open to all foreign countries not at war with the king ; and that any burden thereupon, or obstruction thereto, save only by the Parliament of Ireland, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.

“Resolved, with two dissenting voices only to this and the following resolution, That we hold the right of private judgment, in matters of religion, to be equally sacred in others as ourselves.

“Resolved, therefore, That as men and as Irishmen, as Christians and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland.”

The two last resolutions are noteworthy. For the first time Protestants seem to have obtained some glimmering light on the subject of religious liberty. It was a new discovery ; yet one should think it ought to have been an established axiom, that “ the right of private judgment in religious matters,” if it existed at all, must exist equally for all. The relaxation of the penal code was but a necessary consequence of this conclusion ; the entire removal of every disability—social, political, or domestic—would be but the natural end.

Burke thus describes the pitiful concessions which were

the result. His observations might be studied with advantage even at the present day. Liberal-minded, or to speak more correctly, large-minded Protestants need to be reminded of Ireland's past grievances, of the terrible struggles which she was obliged to make in order to obtain even the most trifling act of justice. Those who are prejudiced might perhaps lessen their prejudice, if they have not sufficient intellect to discard them by studying the argument of one of England's most famous senators, though his birth was Irish :—

“To look at the bill in the abstract, it is neither more nor less than a renewed act of universal, unmitigated, indispensable, exceptionless disqualification. One would imagine that a bill inflicting such a multitude of incapacities, had followed on the heels of a conquest made by a very fierce enemy, under the impression of recent animosity and resentment. No man, on reading that bill, could imagine that he was reading an act of amnesty and indulgence. This I say on memory. It recites the oath, and that Catholics ought to be considered as good and loyal subjects to his majesty, his crown, and government; then follows a universal exclusion of those good and loyal subjects from every, even the lowest office of trust and profit, or from any vote at an election; from any privilege in a town corporate; from being even a freeman of such corporations; from serving on grand juries; from a vote at a vestry; from having a gun in his house; from being a barrister, attorney, solicitor, &c., &c., &c.

“This has surely more of the air of a table of proscriptions than an act of grace. What must we suppose the laws concerning those good subjects to have been of which this is a relaxation? When a very great portion of the labour of individuals goes to the State, and is by the State again refunded to indi-

viduals through the medium of offices, and in this circuitous progress from the public to the private fund, indemnifies the families from whom it is taken, an equitable balance between the Government and the subject is established. But if a great body of the people who contribute to this State lottery, are excluded from all the prizes, the stopping the circulation with regard to them must be a most cruel hardship, amounting in effect to being double and treble taxed, and will be felt as such to the very quick by all the families, high and low, of those hundreds of thousands who are denied their chance in the returned fruits of their own industry. This is the thing meant by those who look on the public revenue only as a spoil ; and will naturally wish to have as few as possible concerned in the division of the booty. If a State should be so unhappy as to think it cannot subsist without such a barbarous proscription, the persons so proscribed ought to be indemnified by the remission of a large part of their taxes, by an immunity from the offices of public burden, and by an exemption from being pressed into any military or naval service. Why are Catholics excluded from the law ? Do not they expend money in their suits ? Why may not they indemnify themselves by profiting in the persons of some for the losses incurred by others ? Why may they not have persons of confidence, whom they may, if they please, employ in the agency of their affairs ? The exclusion from the law, from grand juries, from sheriffships, under-sheriffships, as well as from freedom in any corporation, may subject them to dreadful hardships, as it may exclude them wholly from all that is beneficial, and expose them to all that is mischievous in a trial by jury."

Grattan exclaimed—

"So long as the penal code remains, we never can be a great nation ; the penal code is the shell in which the Protestant power has been hatched, and now it is become a bird ; it must burst the shell asunder, or perish in it. I give my consent to the

clause in its principle, extent, and boldness, and give my consent to it as the most likely means of obtaining a victory over the prejudices of Catholics, and over our own. I give my consent to it, because I would not keep two millions of my fellow-subjects in a state of slavery ; and because, as the mover of the Declaration of Rights, I should be ashamed of giving freedom to but six hundred thousand of my countrymen, when I could extend it to two millions more."

The state of Ireland was causing general alarm in England. Lord Charlemont wrote to Mr Fox the bold words : "*I am an Irishman ; I pride myself in the appellation.*"⁷ The

⁷ We give a considerable portion of Lord Charlemont's letter. The original may be found both in Hardy's "Life of Lord Charlemont," and in the Fox Correspondence :—

"DUBLIN, 11th April, 1782.

"No man can be more rejoiced than I am at this late happy, though tardy, change. I rejoice in it as a friend to individuals, but more especially as a member of the empire at large, which will probably be indebted to it for its salvation. I hope also, and doubt not, that I shall have reason to rejoice in it as an Irishman, for I cannot conceive that they who are intent upon the great work of restoring the empire, should not be ardently attentive to the real welfare of all its parts ; or that *true Whigs*, genuine lovers of liberty, whose principles I know, honour, and strive to imitate, should not wish to diffuse this invaluable blessing through every part of those dominions whose interests they are called upon to administer. The appointment of the Duke of Portland, and of his secretary, is a good presage. I know and respect their principles, and should be truly unhappy if anything in their conduct respecting this country should prevent my perfect co-operation with them. For, my dear sir, with every degree of affection for our sister kingdom, with every regard for the interests of the empire at large, I am an *Irishman* ; I pride myself in the appellation, and will in every particular act as such, at the same time declaring that I most sincerely and heartily concur with you in thinking that the interests of England and of Ireland can-

volunteers were feared certainly, but the spirit which the volunteers had evoked was feared, and should have been feared a great deal more. Irishmen had been so long treated as inferiors, that they had begun to acquiesce in this treatment, passively at least.

Their new assertion that they were men who had rights, their new perception that it needed only a little force, moral and physical, to obtain these rights, roused the spirit of the nation.

Mr Fox discovered very clearly some of the evils of Irish

not be distinct ; and that, therefore, in acting as an Irishman, I may always hope to perform the part of a true Englishman also.

“I have shown your letter to Grattan, and he is much gratified by your friendly opinion of him. We are both of us precisely of the same mind. We respect and honour the present administration. We adore the principle on which it is founded. We look up to its members with the utmost confidence for their assistance in the great work of general freedom, and should be happy in our turn to have it in our power to support them in Ireland in the manner which may be most beneficial to them, and most honourable to us ; consulted but not considered. The people at large must indeed entertain a partiality for the present ministers. True Whigs must rejoice at the prevalence of Whiggish principles. The nation wishes to support the favourers of American freedom, the men who opposed the detested, the execrated American war. Let *our rights* be acknowledged and secured to us—those rights which no man can controvert, but which to a *true Whig* are self-evident—and that nation, those lives and fortunes which are now universally pledged for the emancipation of our country, will be as cheerfully, as universally pledged for the defence of our sister kingdom, and for the support of an administration which will justly claim the gratitude of a spirited and grateful people, by having contributed to the completion of all their wishes.—I am, &c.,

“CHARLEMONT.”

administration. He wrote thus to Mr Fitzpatrick, who was chief secretary, on the 13th April 1782 :—

“ He [the Duke of Leinster] describes the want of concert and system which comes from the want of such a thing [a cabinet] to be very detrimental in every respect, and particularly in parliamentary operations, where those who wish to support Government often do not know till the moment what is the plan proposed, and consequently are wholly unable to support it either systematically or effectually. Another great inconvenience, which he attributes to this want, is that the Lord-Lieutenant, not having any regular ministry to apply to, is driven, or at least led, to consult Lees and such sort of inferior people, and by that means the whole power is (as it was here) centered in the Jenkinsons and Robinsons, &c., of that country. Nobody is responsible but the Lord-Lieutenant and his secretary ; they know they are to go away, and consequently all the mischiefs ensue that belong to a government without responsibility. I have not talked with anybody upon this, nor indeed had time to think it over myself, but it really strikes me as a matter very well worth weighing, and I wish the Duke of Portland and you would turn your minds to it, especially if, as I take for granted, this idea was suggested to the Duke of Leinster by other considerable men on your side of the water. I have only stated it to you as it strikes me, upon first hearing the thing broached.”⁸

It was an old story. The Lord-Lieutenant merely looked on his post as a place of emolument or a dignity. Ireland was nothing to him. How should it be, when his residence in that country might terminate at any moment, when he

⁸ *Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, vol. i. p. 387.—The editor of that work observes : “ It is curious to see the question of ‘ responsible government ’ started in Ireland more than half a century before it was a watchword in Canada.”

had no power to do good if he wished, and would have even scant thanks from his masters for doing it had he been able?

The position was anything but a pleasant one. We shall see later on what another viceroy thought on the subject. At this time there was undoubtedly a system of espionage. Letters were opened, it was said, by the creatures of the late administration.

Mr Fitzpatrick wrote to Mr Fox to warn him:—

“DUBLIN CASTLE, *April 17th, 1782.*”

“DEAR CHARLES,—I shall begin my letter with giving you a caution concerning the communication of its contents too generally on your side of the water, and with another, respecting the confidential letters you write me, which you had better never trust to the post, as we have the misfortune of being here in the hands of the tools of the last Government, and there is every reason to suspect that our letters may be opened before they reach us. I wish you, therefore, to trust them only in the hands of messengers.”⁹

⁹ There are some amusing remarks about Grattan in this letter: “But what appears to me the worst of all is, that unless the heat of the volunteers subsides, I dread Grattan’s. For though everybody seems to agree that he is honest, I am sure he is an enthusiast, and impracticable as the most impracticable of our friends in the Westminster Committee. His situation is enough to turn the head of any man fond of popular applause, but the brilliancy of it can only subsist by carrying points in opposition to Government; and though he chose to make a comparison yesterday between Ireland and America, giving the preference to his own country, I confess I think the wise, temperate, systematic conduct of the other, if adopted by Ireland, would bring all these difficulties to a very short and happy conclusion, to the satisfaction and advantage of

On the 19th of July 1783, Lord Temple wrote a similar complaint to Mr Beresford :—

“It is probable that this letter will share the fate which many others have experienced, and as I do not mean to write for the information of the post-office, I will only say that I still take that eager interest in the government of Ireland which will make me cordially rejoice in the success of a wise and temperate government ; but I have not the smallest objection to the publication of my opinion, that as far as your administration depends upon English ministers, it will not be wise, temperate, or consistent, and that every scene to which I have been a witness since my arrival in England has confirmed me in my opinions, under which I resigned the government, which I could not hold with advantage to the empire and honour to myself.”

On the 13th of October 1783, he wrote :—

“The shameful liberties taken with my letters, both sent and received (for even the Speaker’s letter to me had been opened), make me cautious on politics ; but you, who know me, will believe that I am most deeply anxious for the events of this Irish session, and with every disposition to loathe and execrate our English ministry, even with the certainty that their measures, their abilities, and their intentions are little proportioned to the exigencies of the State, I am still too warmly anxious for the peace and unity of the empire not to wish to Government in Ireland every success in the arduous task of this winter.”

It was no wonder that Ireland was discontented. The

both parties. Lord Shelburne’s speech gives great satisfaction here, and probably if there had been any chance of soothing this country into moderation, would have done infinite mischief. It is curious enough that while he is recommending us to support the authority of England more than we either can or, I think, ought to do, he should be declaring in the House of Lords that the claims of Ireland *must* be acceded to.”

private correspondence of the times between those who professed to govern her, afford ample evidence that while they disagreed totally as to how she should be governed, they agreed thoroughly that she should not be allowed a voice in her own government; above all, that she should not be allowed prosperity, commercial or otherwise.

Men asked in one breath, "What did Ireland want? and what were her grievances?" but when she told them, they were flung aside with contempt, or silenced by force.

If any man dared to speak for her, and boldly proclaim her wrongs, he was a malcontent; if any man ventured to suggest physical force, he was a rebel. America was quoted to her quite as a model theoretically, but practically we all know the result when she attempted to follow this example.

The truth was, England did not choose to listen. What were the most cogent arguments to her, when she had formed her resolve, and did not intend to alter it? Grattan told her in plain, clear, unmisrepresentable language what Ireland did not want, and what she did want. She did not want "a foreign judicature;" English rule in Ireland was no better. The Englishmen who ruled Ireland did not consider it their home, much less did they consider it their fatherland, which they should honour, for whose prosperity they should work, heart and soul. The one question with them was, not what will benefit Ireland, but what will benefit England. When an act of the commonest

justice was proposed for Ireland, the first observation was not, We must grant it—it is justice; but, Will it ever in the least interfere with English interests? This is no mere assertion. There is ample proof of it.

Ireland was told to be “reasonable,” which meant that she was to be thankful for such little permission to trade as certainly could not divert a ship-load of any manufacture from England, even by the remotest possibility.

If concessions were asked, the petition was quietly shelved. If they were demanded, it was considered an insult, and an ample reason for refusing them.

If the interests of a great realm were not concerned, if the interests of men who were equals were not concerned, one could afford to smile at such folly. It was a schoolboy axiom carried out by great men in political life. If you will not ask, how can we know what you want? if you do ask, be assured you shall not get what you ask. There was evermore something wrong in that which was asked for, or in the manner of the asking. Practically it mattered little, for the result was just the same.¹

¹ Sir Richard Heron wrote thus to Mr Robinson from Dublin Castle on the 20th August 1779: “The unusual sum of money now wanted, the low state of the revenue, and the general distress of the kingdom, considered together, give great reason to apprehend a very difficult session. It will, however, be my Lord-Lieutenant’s utmost endeavour that the affairs of this kingdom may embarrass his Majesty and his British servants as little as possible.”—*Beresford Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 47.

Meanwhile the state of the country was becoming daily worse. Ireland was to be allowed only the "gleanings"² of commerce, though her worst enemies admitted she could not live on them; she was to be "reasonable,"³ though the same persons declared the kingdom was in such a distress, it "puzzled"⁴ all [English] comprehension" what it might do.

² "Ireland is certainly a great kingdom; but the idea of its supporting, upon the gleanings of commerce (for such only it can carry on during a war), its continual drains to Great Britain, and a military establishment sufficient to defend itself, is certainly ill-founded. Prepare, therefore, to give handsomely, but upon proper terms, some material extension of their commerce. Whatever commerce this kingdom carries on legally will prejudice yours less than their carrying it on, as they have hitherto done, illicitly."—*Letter of Sir Richard Heron to Mr Robinson*, August 20, 1779.

³ "That no extension (by trade) of any value can be given without the exertion of Government, nor without occasioning great discontent in many parts of England; and, therefore, unless Ireland is likely to be satisfied with reasonable extensions, they may be assured his Majesty's servants will preserve good-humour at home by not giving their support to any, and that the gentlemen of this country will have the ill humours they excite to pacify, or the kingdom will go into a state of confusion, which cannot but have very serious consequences to all gentlemen who possess property here."—*Beresford Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 50.

⁴ "This kingdom is in such a state as puzzles all comprehension as to what it may do: a multitude of idlers miserably poor; a debt, small as it is, without a shilling to pay interest; the skeleton of a force not in his Majesty's service, which it may be difficult to deal, or madness to meddle with; taxes to be imposed, and no material for imposition; a great deal of ignorance; a great deal of prejudice; a most ——— overgrown hierarchy, and a most oppressed peasantry; property by some late determinations of the Lords upon covenants for perpetual renewals of leases very much set at sea, and no means to a multitude of families

Ireland did not want a "foreign judicature." She wanted an impartial administration, and that could not be given to her by men whose one idea was not justice, but English interests. She did not want a "legislative Privy Council," nor a "perpetual army." The "perpetual army" for which she was compelled to pay

to supply its place ; rents fallen, and a general disposition to riot and mischief."—*Letter from the Attorney-General to Mr Robinson*, dated Harcourt Street, Dublin, April 13, 1779. The Attorney-General was created Earl of Clonmel in 1793. He was a clever but utterly unscrupulous politician, and by no means choice in his language. He certainly had little respect for the Protestant Church, of which he was a member.

Rowan's "Autobiography" records a strange dialogue between Lord Clonmel and a bookseller named Byrne, whose shop he visited on seeing Rowan's trial advertised. One sentence will convey an idea of the colloquy, as well as of the times in which such language could be hazarded by a judge. "Take care, sir, what you do ; I give you this caution ; for if there are any reflections on the judges of the land, by the eternal G— I will lay you by the heels."

Lord Clonmel's health and spirits gradually broke down, and accounts of his death were daily circulated. On one of these occasions, when he was really very ill, a friend said to Curran, "Well, they say Clonmel is going to die at last. Do you believe it?" "I believe," said Curran, "he is scoundrel enough to live or die, *just as it suits his own convenience!*" Shortly before the death of Lord Clonmel, Mr Lawless, afterwards Lord Cloncurry, had an interview with him, when the chief exclaimed, "My dear Val, I have been a fortunate man through life ; I am a chief-justice and an earl : but were I to begin the world again, I would rather be a chimney-sweeper, than connected with the Irish Government."

His family published his diary for private circulation. It is an amusing and not very edifying production. For fuller accounts of him, see "The Sham Squire, or the Reformers of '98,"—a most curious and interesting work, giving details never before published of the state of Ireland

was a necessary consequence of the "foreign judicature."⁵ She asked "nothing but what was essential to her liberty," and she heard this powerful argument enforced by one of the best and ablest of her sons. She only asked what

at this eventful period. Lord Clonmel, it is stated, enriched himself by a gross breach of trust, which, however, was then perfectly legal. It would appear that the lady whom he defended was his own step-daughter.

The author of "The Sham Squire" was informed by a very respectable solicitor, Mr H——, that in looking over Lord Clonmel's rentals, he was struck by the following note written by his lordship's agent, in reference to the property Brolnaduff. "Lord Clonmel, when Mr Scott, held this in trust for a Roman Catholic, who, owing to the operation of the Popery laws, was incapacitated from keeping it in his own hands. When reminded of the trust, Mr Scott refused to acknowledge it, and thus the property fell into the Clonmel family." The key to this is found in a paragraph in Walker's *Hibernian Magazine* for July 1797. We read, p. 97,—“Edward Byrne of Mullinahack, Esq., to Miss Roe, step-daughter to the Earl of Clonmel, and niece to Lord Viscount Llandaff.” Hereby hangs a tale. Miss Roe was understood to have a large fortune, and when Mr Byrne applied to Lord Clonmel for it, his lordship shuffled, saying, “Miss Roe is a lapsed Papist, and I avail myself of the laws which I administer to withhold the money.” Mr Byrne filed a bill, in which he recited the evasive reply of Lord Clonmel. The chief-justice never answered the bill, and treated Mr Byrne's remonstrances with contempt. These facts transpire in the legal documents held by Mr H——. Too often the treachery manifested by the rich in positions of trust, at the calamitous period in question, contrasted curiously with the tried fidelity observed by some needy persons in a similar capacity. Moore, in his "Memoirs of Captain Rock," mentions the case of a poor Protestant barber, who, though his own property did not exceed a few pounds in value, actually held in fee the estates of most of the Catholic gentry of the county. He adds, that this estimable man was never known to betray his trust."

⁵ See Grattan's Letter, at the end of this chapter.

Englishmen considered indispensable for themselves. The burden of proof lay on them. They were bound to show, if they could, why they denied Ireland that justice which was the pride and boast of their own country.

Mr Fox wrote a politely evasive reply. He assured Mr Grattan that he considered Irish affairs "very important," but that it would be "imprudent" to meddle with them. He wrote the usual platitudes about ardent wishes to satisfy both countries. He probably knew as well, or better, than any living man that he could not satisfy both countries, so long as justice to Ireland was considered injustice to England.

Mr Fox wrote a private letter at the same time to Mr Fitzpatrick, in which he said that his answer to Grattan's letter was "perfectly general,"⁶ which was perfectly true.

The result, however, was favourable. Grattan's appeal was considered and accepted. The Act of the 6th George I., entitled, "An Act for the Better Securing the Dependency of Ireland upon the Crown of Great Britain," was repealed.

On the 27th of May 1782, when the Irish Houses met, after an adjournment of three weeks, the Duke of Portland announced the unconditional concessions which had been made to Ireland by the English Parliament. Mr Grattan interpreted the concession in the fullest sense, and moved an

⁶ Correspondence of Charles James Fox.

address, "breathing the generous sentiments of his noble and confiding nature." Mr Flood and a few other members took a different and more cautious view of the case. They wished for something more than a simple repeal of the Act of the 6th George I., and they demanded an express declaration that England would not interfere with Irish affairs. But the address was carried by a division of 211 to 2; and the House, to show its gratitude, voted that 20,000 Irish seamen should be raised for the British navy, at a cost of £100,000, and that £50,000 should be given to purchase an estate and build a house for Mr Grattan, whose eloquence had contributed so powerfully to obtain what they hoped would prove justice to Ireland.

If even a small majority of the Irish Parliament had been men whose interests were Irish, there is no doubt that Ireland would have prospered. Even as it was, the last years of her nominal independence were her best years.

There were three causes which proved the ruin of Irish independence. First, the volunteers were quietly and cleverly suppressed.⁷ There was no noise, no commotion;

⁷ How terribly afraid Government was of the volunteers is evident from the following documents. On the 31st October 1783, General Burgoyne wrote to Mr Fox :—

"Add to this the apprehensions that timid and melancholy speculators entertain upon the meeting of the Convention of Delegates the 10th of next month. I have not myself any idea of serious commotion, but we have strengthened the garrison of Dublin, and it might be thought wrong in the commander-in-chief to be absent. You have,

it was a simple extinction. Men might talk as they pleased, but without an armed force to give at least a physical impression to their words, the talk was a breath, and nothing more. Secondly, individual members of Parliament were bribed, sometimes with place, sometimes with

doubtless, the fullest information of the proceedings and language of the Bishop of Derry, and of the mode in which the friends of Government mean to meet the question of Parliamentary Reform, if urged otherwise than by application to Parliament."—*Fox's Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 189.

Lord Worthington wrote from Dublin Castle on November 30, suggesting that they should be got rid of politely :—

"If this business goes off, as I sanguinely hope it may, and the address should go to the king, an answer of temper and firmness at the same time would highly suit the present state of things ; such as a retrospective compliment to the conduct of the volunteers, and disapprobation of their present meeting,—a hope, expectation, or advice of their disbanding themselves."

On the 17th November, General Burgoyne wrote again :—

"A greater embarrassment yet has arisen in the Convention, which you will see in print—viz., the interference (but upon different principles) of the Catholics. By the mouth of Lord Kenmare, they relinquish their pretensions to suffrages at elections ; by the mouth of Sir Patrick Bellew, they assert them. I wish they did so more soundly, for I am clearly of opinion that every alarm of the increase of Catholic interest and prevalence beyond the present limits—which give them in the general opinion all the share of rights necessary for their happiness, and consistent with the safety of their Protestant fellow-subjects—every idea, I think, of an extension of their claims, excites new jealousy and dread of the volunteers, and cements and animates the real friends of the constitution, and surely with reason ; for, upon the very principle of free and conscientious suffrage, nothing can be more impossible than a Protestant representative chosen by Catholic electors."

The last clause is amusing. "Free and conscientious suffrage" would have allowed Catholic electors to elect Catholic representatives.

pension, sometimes with rank. It was quite the same in which form the bribe was given or taken, the work was done.

And, thirdly, the press was bribed; and, moreover, this was done more or less openly. On the 23d of January 1789, Mr Griffith complained in his place in Parliament that the "newspapers seemed under some very improper influence. In one paper the country was described as one scene of riot and confusion; in another all is peace. By the proclamations that are published in them, and which are kept in for years, in order to make the fortunes of some individuals, the kingdom is scandalised and disgraced through all the nations of the world where our newspapers are read. The proclamations are a libel on the country. Was any offender ever taken up in consequence of such publications? And are they not rather a hint to offenders to change their situation and appearance? He did hope, from what a right honourable gentleman had said last year, that this abuse would have been redressed, but ministers have not deigned to give any answer on the subject."

Proclamations were actually kept up when the country was at peace, so that strangers would suppose that Ireland was a "savage nation;"—not the last time by any means that it was similarly misrepresented. Newspapers were also distributed gratuitously through the country.

On the 27th August 1781, Mr Eden wrote to Lord North,

complaining of the "sickening circumstances" of an Irish secretaryship, and concluded his letter thus:—

"My Lord-Lieutenant has repeatedly written to your lordship, both through me and through Lord Hillsborough, on the essential importance of obtaining from you some small help of secret service money. We have hitherto, by the force of good words, and with some degree of private expense, preserved an ascendancy over the press, not hitherto known here, and it is of an importance equal to ten thousand times its cost; but we are without the means of continuing it, nor have we any fund to resist the factious attempts among the populace, which may occasionally be serious.

"Believe me, my dear Lord, ever respectfully and affectionately yours,
"WM. EDEN."

On the 13th September, he wrote again on the same subject:—

"Our session is drawing desperately near, and all preparations for it are much interrupted by this alarm of an invasion. We much regret that your lordship has not found any means to assist us in the article of secret service. The press is the principal operative power in the government of this kingdom; and we are utterly without means to influence that power. We are equally without means to counteract the wicked attempts occasionally made in the idle and populous part of this town to raise mobs, and to turn the rabble against ministers; having, however, repeatedly represented these points, 'which nobody can deny,' we have done all that we can do, and must continue to steer through the various difficulties of this government as well as we can, without troops and without money, in the face of an armed people and general poverty."

In 1789, Irish politics were complicated by the regency

question. Mr Pitt opposed, and Mr Fox⁸ supported the unrestricted regency of the Prince of Wales. The Irish Parliament issued an address "requesting that his Royal Highness would take upon himself the government of Ireland during the continuation of the king's indisposition." Grattan headed the independent party. Some curious particulars of the fashion in which Ireland was governed came out. The Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Rockingham, positively refused to forward the address, and

⁸ Mr Fox was then at Bath to recruit his health. He had suffered severely from his hurried journey home from Boulogne on hearing of the king's illness. He wrote on Irish affairs to Mr Fitzpatrick on the 17th February 1789, from Bath :—

"DEAR DICK,—You have heard before this of our triumphant majority in the House of Lords in Ireland, but I think one of the best parts of the news is the address having been put off till yesterday, which seems to remove all apprehension of the difficulty which you mention in your letter, and which in effect appears to me to be a very serious one. The delegation cannot leave Dublin till to-morrow ; and as probably it will not be composed of persons who travel like couriers, the Prince will not be able to make an answer till he is actually Regent here. I think this object so material that our friends ought more than ever to avoid anything that tends to delay here.

"If the bill is passed there can be no difficulty in the Prince's answer, which must be acceptance, with expression of sensibility to the confidence in him. If, in spite of my calculations, he should be obliged to make his answer before the bill has passed—which, by the way, I hardly think possible—it must be couched in some general terms to which the acts he will do in a few days after must give the construction of acceptance. The fact is, our friends have gone too fast in Dublin ; but how could they conceive our extreme slowness here ?"—*Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, vol. ii. p. 301. Ireland, loyal or disloyal, was sure to be in the wrong.

Parliament was obliged to send delegates. Previous to their departure, the following resolution was carried by 115 to 83: "That his Excellency's answer to both Houses of Parliament, requesting him to transmit their address to his Royal Highness, is ill-advised, contains an unwarrantable and unconstitutional censure on the proceedings of both Houses, and attempts to question the undoubted rights and privileges of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and of the Commons of Ireland."

A desperate struggle now commenced between the viceroy and the Parliament. It resolved itself into patriotism *versus* pay. Men who had no personal interest in the country could not be expected to be very patriotic, and pay carried the day.

Peerages were sold openly and shamelessly, and the money thus obtained was spent in bribing those to whom money was more necessary, or more gratifying than rank. Mr Fitzgibbon gave it to be understood that half a million of money was placed in his hands for this purpose, and he casually confessed that one address of thanks to Lord Townsend had cost the nation £500,000 a few years before.

Grattan, Curran, and Ponsonby offered to prove this bribery at the time, but they were not allowed. Grattan's voice, however, could not be easily silenced; and he observed at a later period:—

"The threat was put into its fullest execution; the canvass of the minister was everywhere—in the House of Commons, in the

lobby, in the street, at the door of the parliamentary undertakers, rapped at and worn by the little caitiffs of Government, who offered amnesty to some, honours to others, and corruption to all; and where the word of the viceroy was doubted, they offered their own. Accordingly, we find a number of parliamentary provisions were created, and divers peerages sold, with such effect, that the same Parliament which had voted the chief governor a criminal, did immediately after give that very governor implicit support.”⁹

“They began,” said Curran, “with the sale of the honour of the peerage—the open and avowed sale for money of the peerage to any man who was rich and shameless enough to be the purchaser.”¹

In 1790, one hundred and ten placemen sat in the House of Commons; and on the 11th of July, Mr Forbes declared that the pensions had been recently increased upwards of £100,000.

It was little wonder that when O’Connell arrived in Dublin in 1797 he found the country on the eve of a rebellion, and the so-called Irish Parliament about to extinguish itself under a weight of infamy, none the less contemptible, because it was heavily gilded over by pecuniary greed.

NOTE.

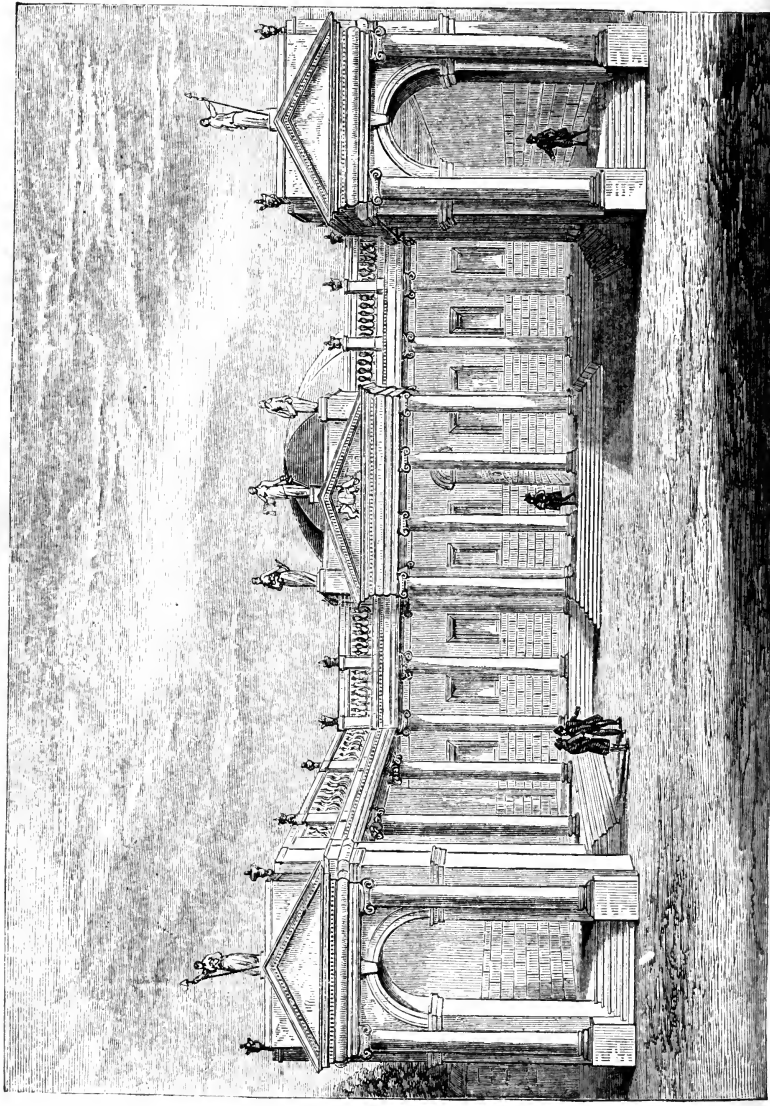
“April 18, 1782.

“SIR,—I shall make no apology for writing; in the present posture of things I should rather deem it necessary to make an apology for not writing. Ireland has sent an Address, stating the causes of her discontents and jealousies; thus the question between the two nations becomes capable of a specific final settlement. We are acquitted of being

⁹ Life and Times of Grattan, vol. iii. p. 338.

¹ Life of Curran, vol. i. p. 240.





indefinite in discontents and jealousies ; we have stated the grounds of them, and they are those particulars in which the practical constitution of Ireland is diametrically opposite to the principles of British liberty. *A foreign legislation, a foreign judicature, a legislative Privy Council, and a perpetual army.* It is impossible for any Irishman to be reconciled to any part of such a constitution, and not to hold in the most profound contempt the constitution of England. Thus you cannot reconcile us to your claim of power, without making us dangerous to your liberty ; and you also will, I am confident, allow that in stating such enormities as just causes of discontent and jealousy, we have asked *nothing which is not essential to our liberty.* Thus we have gained another step in the way to a settlement. We have defined our desires and limited them, and committed ourselves only to *what is indispensable to our freedom* ; and have this further argument, that you have thought it indispensable to *yours*. One question then only remains—whether what is necessary for us to have, is safe and honourable to Great Britain ?

“The perpetual Mutiny Law, and the legislative power exercised by the councils of both kingdoms, it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon, inasmuch as I make no doubt you hold them to be mischievous or useless to England. The legislative power of the Council can’t be material to the connection, though the necessity of passing bills under the seal of Great Britain may be so. The power of suppressing in the Irish, and of altering in the English Council, never has been useful to England ; on the contrary, frequently the cause of embarrassment to British government. I have known Privy Councillors agree to bills in Parliament, and in Council alter them materially by some strong clause inserted to show their zeal to the King, at the expense of the popularity of Government. In England, an Attorney-General, or his clerk, from ignorance, or corruption, or contempt, may, and often has, inserted clauses in Irish bills which have involved Irish Governments in lasting consequences with the people ; for you must see that a servant of Government in Great Britain, uninformed of the passions of Ireland, may, in the *full exercise* of legislative power, do irreparable mischief to his king and country, without being responsible to either.

“I could mention several instances, but a Mutiny Bill rendered perpetual is a sufficient one, to show how impolitic that law, which commits the machine of the constitution and the passions of the human mind to the hand of one man. The negating our bills is a right

never disputed ; the poisoning them is a practice we do most ardently deprecate, from sound reason and sad experience. I brought to Parliament a list of the alterations made, for the last ten years, in Irish bills by the Privy Council or Attorney-General, and there was not a single alteration made upon a sound legislative motive ; sometimes an alteration to vex the Presbyterians, made by the bishops ; sometimes an alteration made by an over zealous courtier, to make Government obnoxious and to render himself at the same time peculiarly acceptable to the king ; sometimes an alteration from ignorance, and not seldom for money.

“ I shall, therefore, suppose the power of the Council no object to a principled Administration, and no vital question between the two kingdoms. We shall have then cleared the way to the great question of supremacy ; for I conceive the legislative and judicative supremacy to be one question. If you retain the legislative power, you must reserve the final determination of law, because you alone will determine the law, in support of your claim ; whereas, if you cede the claim, the question of judicature is one of private property, not national ascendancy, and becomes as useless to you as it is opprobrious to us. Besides, there are circumstances which render the appellant judicature to you the most precarious thing imaginable. The Lords of Ireland have on their journals a resolution, that they are ready to receive appeals ; so that, after the final settlement with England, if the judicature was not included, any attorney might renew the contest. The decrees of the Lords of England, and of the King’s Bench likewise, affecting Ireland, are executed *by the officers of the Courts of Justice of Ireland*. The judges of Ireland are now independent. Two of the barons, or judges, may put a total stop to the judicature of the Lords of England, by refusing to lend the process of their Courts ; so that, in order to determine your final judicature, it would be unnecessary to go further than the authority of a few judges, independent of England by their tenure, dependent on Ireland by their residence, and perhaps influenced by conscience and by oath. Besides, the 6th of George I. is enacting as to the appealing, as well as the judicative power. If the former part stands, we are divested of our supreme judicature by an actual exercise of your supreme legislative power, and then a partial repeal would be defective upon principles legislative, as well as jurisdicative. You can’t cede your legislative claim, and enjoy your jurisdicative under its authority and exercise ; and the whole law must (if the claim of legislature is ceded) fall totally.

The question then between the two nations is thus reduced to one point—Will England cede the claim of supremacy? You seem willing to cede it. Your arguments have led to it. When I say *your* arguments, I mean the liberal and enlightened part of England. Both nations, by what they have said—one by what it has admitted, and the other by what it has asserted—have made the claim of England impracticable. The reserve of that claim, of course, becomes unprofitable odium, and the relinquishment is an acquisition of affection without a loss of power. Thus the question between the two nations is brought to a mere punctilio—Can England cede with dignity? I submit she can; for if she has consented to enable his Majesty to repeal all the laws respecting America, among which the Declaratory Act is one, she can with more majesty repeal the Declaratory Act against Ireland, who has declared her resolution to stand and fall with the British nation, and has stated her own rights by appealing not to your fears, but your magnanimity. You will please to observe in our Address a veneration for the pride, as well as a love for the liberty of England. You will see in our manner of transmitting the Address, we have not gone to Castle with volunteers as in 1779. It was expedient to resort to such a measure with your *predecessors* in office. In short, sir, you will see in our requisition nothing but what is essential to the liberty and composure of our country, and consistent with the dignity and interest of the other. These things granted, your Administration in Ireland will *certainly* meet with great support: I mean national as well as parliamentary. In consequence of these things, some laws will be necessary—an act to quiet property held under *former* judgments or decrees in England; a Mutiny Bill; a Bill to modify Poyning's Law. Possibly it might be judicious that some of these should be moved by the Secretary here—it would contribute to his popularity. It will be perhaps prudent to adjourn to some further day, until the present Administration have formed.

“Before I conclude I will take the liberty to guard you against a *vulgar artifice*, which the *old Court* (by that I mean the *Carlisle faction*) will incline to adopt. They will perhaps write to England false suggestions, that Ireland will be satisfied with less, and that the Irish Administration are sacrificing to Irish popularity British rights; and then they will instigate Ireland to stand upon her *ultimatum*, and thus embarrass Government and betray the people. I know this practice was adopted in Lord Buckingham's Administration by men mortified by his frugality.

“ Might I suggest, if you mean (as I am well inclined to believe, and shall be convinced by the success of our application) a Government by privilege, that it would be very beneficial to the character of your government in Ireland, to dismiss from their official connexions with Government some *notorious consciences*, to give a visible, as well as real, integrity to his Majesty's Councils in Ireland, and to relieve them from a certain treachery in men, who will obey you and betray you.

“ It would be prudent to exhibit to the public eye a *visible* constitutional Administration. The people here have a personal antipathy to some men here who were the agents of former corruption, and would feel a vindictive delight in the justice of discarding them. When I say this, I speak of a measure not necessary absolutely, if the requisitions are complied with, but very proper and very necessary to elevate the character of your government, and to protect from treachery your consultations ; and when I say this, it is without any view to myself, who under the constitutional terms set forth, am willing to take any part in the Administration, provided it is not emolumentary. Your minister here will find very great opportunities for vigorous retrenchment, such as will not hazard him in the House of Commons, and may create an enthusiasm in his favour without doors.

“ I am running into immoderate length, and beg to conclude with assurances of great constitutional hopes, and personal admiration, and am, with great respect,

“ Your most humble and obedient servant,

“ H. GRATTAN.

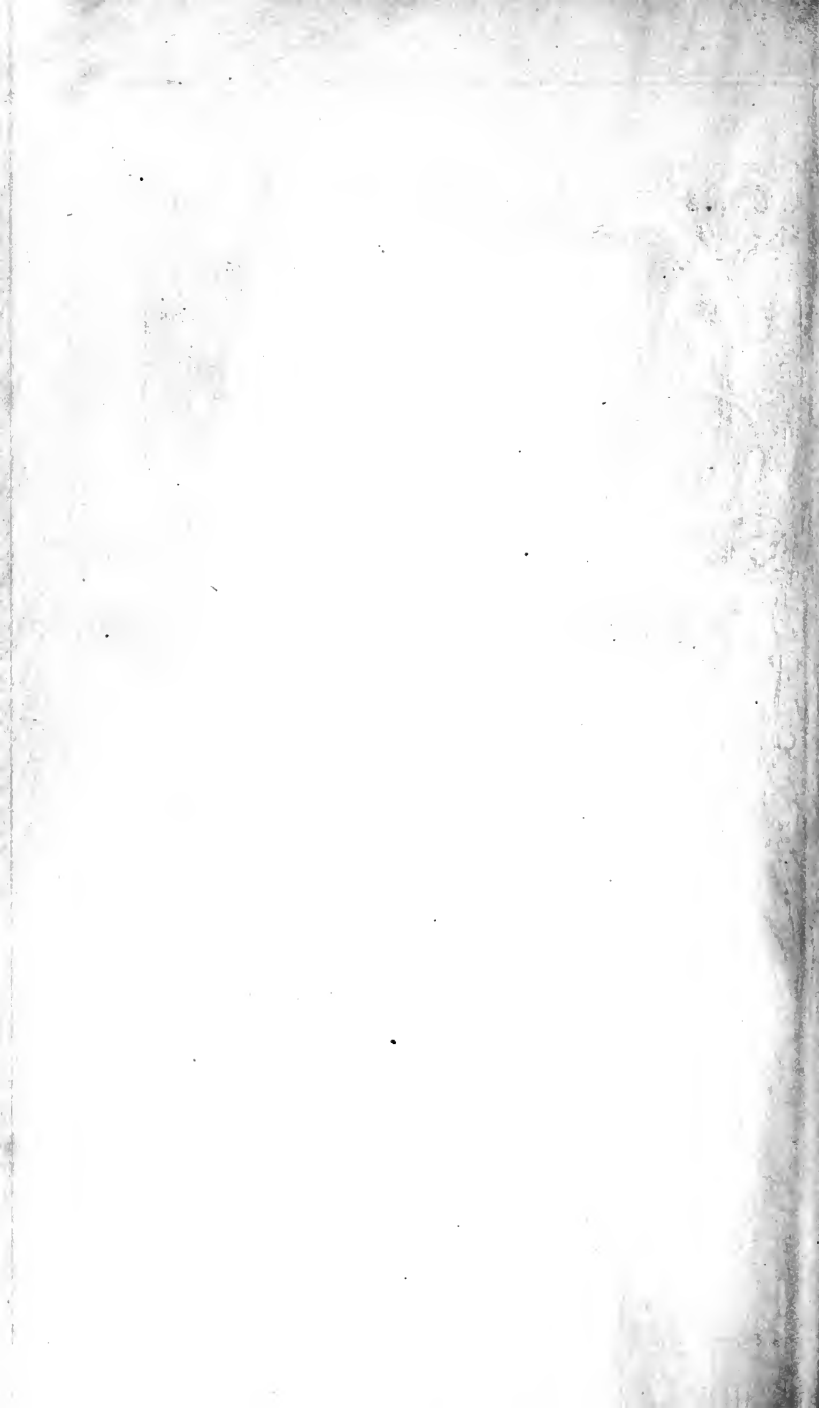


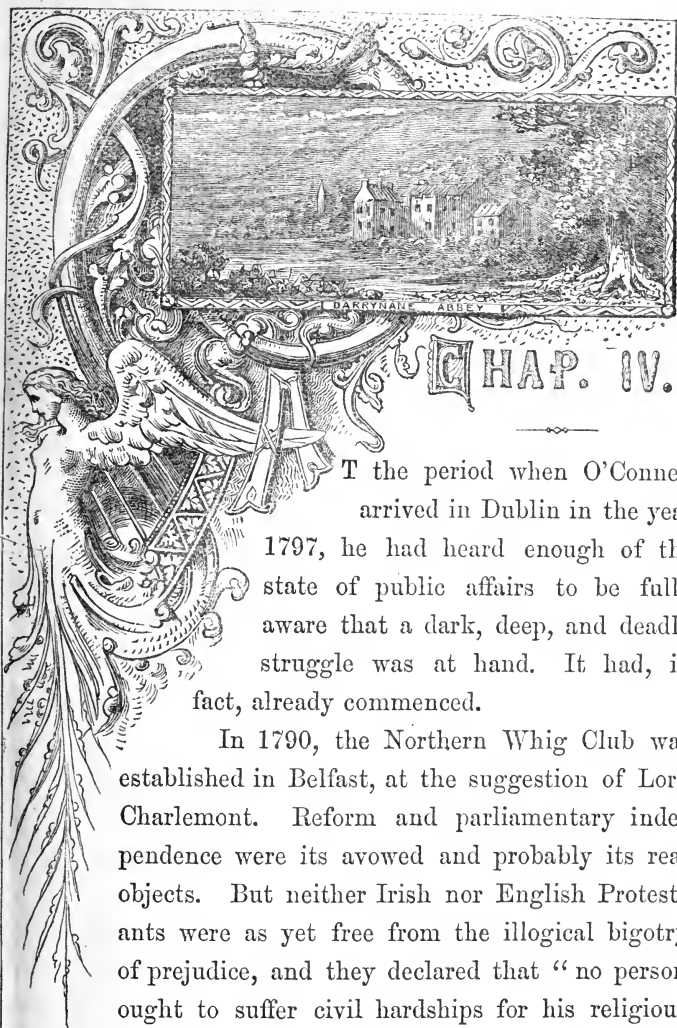
Chapter Fourth.

CAUSES OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

1790-1800.

THE NORTHERN WHIG CLUB—THE UNITED IRISHMEN CLUB—CATHOLIC ADDRESS TO THE KING—POLITICAL COMMOTIONS—TREACHERY OF PITT—LORD FITZ-WILLIAM, THE CATHOLIC QUESTION, AND THE BERESFORDS—MAYNOOTH ESTABLISHED—THE ORANGE SOCIETY—CATHOLIC CLERGY—OVERZEAL OF O'CONNELL—ARRESTS—LIST OF SUSPECTED PERSONS—LORD CORNWALLIS' ADMINISTRATION—THE CROMWELL POLICY—STATE OF THE PEASANTRY—TESTIMONY OF MARY LEADBETTER.





CHAP. IV.

THE period when O'Connell arrived in Dublin in the year 1797, he had heard enough of the state of public affairs to be fully aware that a dark, deep, and deadly struggle was at hand. It had, in fact, already commenced.

In 1790, the Northern Whig Club was established in Belfast, at the suggestion of Lord Charlemont. Reform and parliamentary independence were its avowed and probably its real objects. But neither Irish nor English Protestants were as yet free from the illogical bigotry of prejudice, and they declared that "no person ought to suffer civil hardships for his religious persuasion, unless the tenets of his religion lead him to endeavour at the subversion of the State."

There was a gleam of intelligence in the implied possibility that it might not be right, under some certain circumstances, to persecute a man for following the dictates of his conscience; there was an alloy of prejudice in the suggestion that Catholics, who were alluded to, would, or did attempt to subvert the State. Possibly, however, and we think probably, it was a sop to the Cerberus of Protestant ascendancy, a declaration that, though they were liberal, they would, under certain circumstances, be willing to act illiberally. It was something certainly to the credit of humanity that a time had arrived when Catholics were not avowedly persecuted without the ready excuse of disloyalty.

A banquet followed, and the toast of "the glorious and immortal memory" was duly honoured, though probably nine-tenths of those who quaffed the libation to the shades of the departed hero, would have been sorely puzzled to tell why he was styled "glorious," and, having serious doubts as to the immortality of the human race, would hardly have believed in his.

Lord Clare termed it an "eating and drinking club," and no doubt it was. There was certainly a good deal of drinking. On the 14th July 1791, the anniversary of the French Revolution was celebrated by the Protestant patriots, and they drank to the memory of "Thomas Paine," and "the rights of man," to "the glorious memory," and to "the majesty of the people." Notwith-

standing all this drinking, or perhaps because of it, the club died out.

But the principles which animated the club did not die out. It died of respectability. When some of the men who had helped to inaugurate it found that the club meant something more than talking and drinking, they gradually withdrew. Lord Charlemont had been a member, and Lord de Clifford, and the Earl of Moira, and the Hon. Robert Stewart, afterwards Lord Castlereagh. But the men who really instituted it were there still. Henry Joy, M'Cracken, Russell, and, above all, Samuel Neilson, set themselves to form another club, a political club. Mr Neilson went further than his friends; he suggested that Catholics should be permitted to join it.

Perhaps he saw that such a movement as he contemplated could not be effected without the co-operation of his Catholic fellow-subjects.² It was very well to talk of

² The following extracts from the "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," second series, vol. i. p. 79, will show how the blameless and exemplary life of a poor Catholic servant was the means of removing prejudice. After all, personal knowledge of Catholics in private life seldom failed to do so.

"Neilson on this occasion said, 'Our efforts for reform hitherto have been ineffectual, and they deserved to be so, for they have been selfish and unjust, as not including the rights of the Catholics in the claims we put forward for ourselves.' The evening of that day, when the subject was first mooted, M'Cracken, on his return home, mentioned the circumstance to a member of his family, who, in reference to the proposed club, expressed some doubts of Roman Catholics being sufficiently enlightened to co-operate with them, or to be trusted by their party. M'Cracken,

public action, but public action required men to act, and the handful of Protestants, however important they might be in the eyes of Government, had not material strength for any movement requiring physical force. Whether the United Irishmen looked to physical force at the commencement of their career or not, we cannot say, but there are many reasons for supposing that they did. In the first place, they were ardent admirers of the French Revolution; in the second place, they had a good many years' experience of the uselessness of addresses and petitions.

The famous Dungannon convention was held on the 26th of December 1792; Neilson acted as secretary. A Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr Kelburne, used some strong language about "our boasted constitution," and some language which must have then sounded rather

with great earnestness, endeavoured to show the groundlessness of the prejudices that were entertained against the Catholics. His opinions were shared by one of his sisters (to whom I am indebted for these particulars), a person even then in advance of public opinion on the subject in question, and whose noble sentiments on most matters were above the level of those of ordinary minds. Her brother, she informs me, asked the relative who had expressed the apprehensions referred to, if there was not a poor old blind woman under their roof, who had spent the best part of her life in their family, and although she was a Roman Catholic, was there anything in this world they would not trust to her fidelity? and if they put their whole confidence in her because they happened to be acquainted with her, why should they think so ill of those of the same creed whom they did not know? These details, trivial as they may seem, are calculated to throw some light on the original views and principles of those persons who were the founders of the Northern Society of United Irishmen."

treasonable about "hereditary legislation" not being desirable, because lords did not always inherit wisdom with their rank.

On the 15th of July 1793, however, the delegates had a meeting, and expressed themselves a little more cautiously. They passed resolutions disapproving of a republican form of government for their own country, and expressed their belief that Catholic Emancipation was necessary for the safety of the country.³

The Catholics came forward now, but not without considerable trepidation. Accustomed to centuries of persecution, they had hitherto only bowed to the tempest as it passed over them, except in some rare instances when war

³ At a public meeting held in Belfast, on the 19th of January 1793, an address to his Majesty was determined on, signed, by order of the meeting, and in their name, by Charles Ranken, chairman, and Samuel Neilson, secretary; expressive of their gratitude for his Majesty's "recommendation of the situation of their Catholic brethren and fellow-subjects to the attention of the Irish Parliament;" and conveying the warmest sentiments of loyalty and attachment to his Majesty's person.

At another meeting held in Belfast, on the 28th of January 1792, the particulars of which will be found in the appendix, Neilson took an active part. In reply to an opinion expressed by Mr Henry Joy, "That neither the Protestant mind was sufficiently prepared to grant, nor the Catholic one universally prepared to receive, a plenary and immediate exercise of every right which members of a State can possibly possess;" —Neilson expressed his "astonishment at hearing that or any part of the address called a Catholic question!" To his understanding, "it no more presented a Roman Catholic question than a Church question, a Presbyterian, a Quaker, an Anabaptist, or a mountain question. *The true question was, whether Irishmen should be free.*"

seemed the only hope of obtaining liberty to worship God as their conscience bade them. The plan was prepared by Theobald Wolfe Tone, a Protestant. The Catholics were to meet openly, and proceed openly. Five gentlemen were chosen to bear their address to the king. These gentlemen were Sir Thomas French, Mr Byrne, Mr Keogh, Mr Devereaux, and Mr Bellew. They went through Belfast on their way to London. It was not their direct road certainly, but the Protestant leaders of the United Irishmen received them in triumph, and the northern Presbyterians showed their advancement in political enlightenment by removing the horses from their carriage, and dragging them in triumph through the town.

The delegates had chosen an opportune moment for their visit to royalty. There were fears both within and without; war imminent in Europe; and in England there were terrible apprehensions of domestic riot. Several associations had been formed in England demanding Parliamentary reform, or seeking to obtain it; hence it was necessary that war in Ireland should be averted, even at the cost of a few concessions.⁴

⁴ On the 13th December 1792, at the opening of the session, the king addressed Parliament thus, on the state of England:—"The seditious practices which had been in a great measure checked by your firm and explicit declaration in the last session, and by the general concurrence of my people in the same sentiments, have of late been more openly renewed, and with increased activity. A spirit of tumult and disorder (the natural consequence of such practices) has shown itself in acts of

Several acts were passed to avert the danger, but Irishmen had begun to know their power, the power of *united* Irishmen; and when the Portland ministry was formed in 1794, it was found that something more substantial was necessary. Lord Fitzwilliam was appointed Lord-Lieutenant, and for the first time Grattan was taken into the councils of the so-called Irish Government. On the 12th

riot and insurrection, which required the interposition of a military force in support of the civil magistrate. The industry employed to excite discontent on various pretexts, and in different parts of the kingdom, has appeared to proceed from a design to attempt the destruction of our happy constitution, and the subversion of all order and government; and this design has evidently been pursued in connection and concert with persons in foreign countries."

Lord John Russell observes, in his "Correspondence of Fox," vol. iii. p. 33: "England, Prussia, and Austria, with lofty pretensions of fighting for the cause of religion and order, had each separate and selfish objects, while the French, united and enthusiastic, fought for a mock liberty, but a real independence. With the Allies it was a war sometimes of principles; sometimes of provinces; sometimes to restore a monarchy, sometimes to acquire Martinique. With the French the most horrible tyranny, the most systematic murder and plunder at home, were accompanied by the most brilliant courage, the most scientific plans of campaign, and the most entire devotion to the glory of their country."

Mr Fox wrote thus to Lord Holland, June 14, 1793: "I believe the love of political liberty is *not* an error; but, if it is one, I am sure I never shall be converted from it—and I hope you never will. If it be an illusion, it is one that has brought forth more of the best qualities and exertions of the human mind than all other causes put together; and it serves to give an interest in the affairs of the world which, without it, would be insipid; but it is unnecessary to preach to you upon this subject. It was only when political liberty was asked for in Ireland that it ceased to meet with the admiration of English statesmen."

of July, he obtained leave to bring in a bill for the relief of Catholics, three members only dissenting.

But once more the nation was duped; Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled on the 24th of March. Whether the English Government really intended to do anything for Ireland or not, can never now be known. If they intended justice, it was a pity the intention should not have been carried out; if they played a deceitful game, they might have learned by the result that honesty, even in political matters, is the best, because it is the wisest policy. Lord Fitzwilliam indeed declared that he would never have undertaken the government, if Catholic Emancipation had not been included in the ministerial programme. Possibly Mr Pitt expected to find him a more pliant tool, and recalled him when he found the metal not malleable.⁵

⁵ "There were some members of the Irish Parliament certainly not disposed to favour the Catholic claims, who saw the folly of this kind of government. Sir Lawrence Parsons said: 'That the grant of supplies and the redress of grievances should go hand in hand. The only security the country had was a short Money Bill; it had been tried in 1779; it had been tried in 1789; and, in both instances, had been of utility. The people had been led to expect great measures; their hopes had been raised, and now were about to be blasted. If the Cabinet of Great Britain had held out an assent to the Catholic question, and had afterwards retracted, it was an insult to the nation which the House should resent. There had been no meetings; no petitions of the Protestants against the claims of the Catholics. It would thence be inferred that their sentiments were not adverse to the emancipation; this was held out as the leading measure of administration; the Responsibility Bill was another; the Reform Bill was another. In consideration of these measures additional taxes had been voted to the amount of £250,000; but now it

But the English Government were perfectly well aware of the certain result of this treachery. It has been said again and again, that Mr Pitt wished to drive the Irish into rebellion in order to effect the Union. Whether he deliberately took measures to that effect or not, cannot now be discovered, but his public acts sufficiently show that if he had not that intention, he was at least fully aware that what he did, and what he omitted to do, would alike lead to that result. His conduct was mean and dastardly; no noble-minded man would have deceived a helpless and confident people as he deceived the Irish nation.

“It was not until the Irish Parliament had submitted to heavy burdens, not only by providing for the security of the kingdom by great military establishments, but likewise by assisting the empire at large in the moment of its greatest distress, by aids great and unparalleled beyond all example; it was not till Lord Fitzwilliam’s popularity had induced the House of Commons, on the faith of popular

appeared that the country had been duped—that nothing was to be done for the people. If the British minister persisted in such infatuation, discontent would be at its height, the army must be increased, and every man must have dragoons in his house.’ The motion was rejected by 146 to 24. Mr Conolly then proposed three resolutions:—‘That Lord Fitzwilliam by his public conduct since his arrival in Ireland deserved the thanks of the House, and the confidence of the people.’ Never in the history of any nation can there be found such duplicity, such treachery, and such meanness as was practised towards the people of Ireland.”—*Life of Grattan*, vol. iv. p. 188.

questions, to grant the largest supply ever demanded, and a larger army than had ever before been voted in Ireland; it was not till he had laid a foundation for increasing the established force of the country, and procured a vote of £200,000 for the general defence of the empire, and 20,000 men for the navy, and a supply to the amount of £1,800,000, that the British Cabinet proceeded to notice and reply to Lord Fitzwilliam's letters. Then, for the first time, the dismissal of Mr Cooke and Mr Beresford was complained of, and made a charge against Lord Fitzwilliam; then, and not till then, commenced the accusations against him as to the Catholic question, and his imputed design to overturn the constitution in Church and State. But a reference to the proceedings on this subject will show the futility of this charge, and that it was a mere pretext. Let it be recollected that this question, though opposed in 1793 by Lord Westmoreland and his friends, had been supported by Mr Hobart (the Irish Secretary), and the British Cabinet; that Mr Pitt and Mr Dundas (Lord Melville), had given it their support; that they had communicated their intentions to the Catholic agents in London, and their expressions (well remembered and often quoted) were, that "they would not risk a rebellion in Ireland on such a question;" yet the very man who had actually agreed to it, in conference with Mr Grattan and Lord Fitzwilliam, and to the former of whom he had used these very remarkable words, "I have taken office, and I have done so be-

cause I knew there was to be an entire change of system,"—this Duke of Portland, in his letter to Lord Fitzwilliam, says that "to defer the Catholic question was not only a thing to be desired for the present, but the means of doing a greater service to the British empire than it has been capable of receiving since the Revolution, or at least since the Union."

On the receipt of this letter, Lord Fitzwilliam immediately acted with a spirit and resolution worthy of him. He wrote to Mr Pitt, defended the dismissal of Mr Beresford, as necessary to the efficacy of his government, and left the minister to choose between him and Mr Beresford. He wrote the same night to the Duke of Portland, stating his surprise at their resisting a question that had been long since agreed upon, and this at the expiration of such an interval of time—namely, from the 8th of January, when he first wrote about the Catholic question, to the 8th of February, when it was first objected to by the English ministers.

He stated the danger of hesitation or resistance, and he refused to be the person to raise a flame in the country, that nothing short of arms could keep down; and left him to determine whether, if he was not to be supported, he ought not to be removed.⁶

⁶ *Life of Grattan*, vol. iv. p. 193.—The Beresfords knew their power well. They knew also, though they raised a "No Popery" cry, that the leaders and first movers of the United Irishmen, whom they styled

On the 25th of February 1795, Mr Forbes wrote to Mr Sergeant Adair. He concluded his letter thus: "It is reported that Pitt intends to overturn the Irish Cabinet by rejecting Catholic claims. Should he pursue that line, England will be involved in inextricable confusion, and it will end in the total alienation of Ireland."

Burke wrote to Mr Grattan, expressing his indignation at the way in which he had been treated. In the English Parliament, there was a scene of mutual recrimination concerning the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, but no one concerned himself much about the effect that this would have in Ireland.

The truth was that the Beresfords had determined from the first to get rid of the Lord-Lieutenant, and they suc-

"devils," were Protestants. It mattered little to them how Ireland suffered so they held place and pension. On the 4th Sept. 1796, Mr Beresford wrote to his friend Lord Auckland:—

"The United Irishmen of the north, *alias* the Dissenters and the Defenders, and the Papists would join them; these two classes are bound by oaths, &c., whilst the mob and common people, not sworn, would take advantage, and plunder everybody, and commit murders and such extravagances as are always the consequences of letting loose the rabble. The utmost pains have been taken by these devils, the United Irishmen, to prepare the minds of the different classes of the people for mischief. The public prints are of the most seditious and inflammatory species. They have a vast number of emissaries constantly going through the country, to seduce every person they can, and swear them; they have songs and prophecies, just written, stating all late events and what is to happen, as if made several years ago, in order to persuade the people that, as a great part of them has already come to pass, so the remainder will certainly happen."

ceeded.⁷ Lord Fitzwilliam was perfectly aware of the cause of his dismissal, but he seems to have felt the deception which had been practised on the Irish nation far more than the injury done to himself.

Lord Camden succeeded, and as the Government had some apprehensions lest the Catholics should avenge themselves in any way for the duplicity with which they had been treated, it was proposed to establish the College of Maynooth. The excuse to those who objected to granting even the least favour to Catholics, had the advantage of being a plausible one. It was evident that no amount of penal laws would prevent Catholics from becoming priests ; it was evident, it was indeed a matter of fact, that if they were not allowed to be educated in Ireland, they would be educated abroad. It was said that being educated abroad tended to render them disloyal ; and certainly to deny a man education in his own country, and oblige him to endure the labour and expense of expatriation in order to obtain it, was

⁷ Lord Auckland worked up the Beresford interest in London quietly, and with the steady determination which generally insures success. The Beresfords held their power solely on a "No Popery" cry. Any liberality—or, to speak more correctly, justice to Catholics—was fatal to their continuance in power, because they had made their political success depend on their religious bigotry. Mr Beresford, of course, denied his great political power, but even in the letter which he wrote himself to Lord Auckland, who acted as his ambassador in the affair, he wrote so strongly of his "power of embarrassing Government," that Lord Auckland thought it best to keep back that part of his letter even from his patron, Mr Pitt.—*Beresford Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 56-84.

not naturally the best method of inducing affection for the power which compelled this course. It was, moreover, believed that if Government endowed Maynooth the Irish hierarchy would feel bound in return to support Government. It was at least certain to all but the most obtuse, that a rebellion was imminent in Ireland, and this seemed a probable means of enlisting the Catholic clergy on the side of England.

The times were becoming daily more and more troubled, principally because the condition of the people was becoming daily worse. When men are starving, when they know that their starvation is caused by injustice, they are seldom slow to redress their wrongs. How patiently the Irish can suffer when famine comes to them as a direct visitation from God, has been proved in later years. It is probable the poor Irish Catholics of the south would have suffered as patiently if they had not been roused to resistance by the stern Presbyterians of the north, and if the newly-formed Orange Society had not been allowed to attack them with impunity.

The state of Ireland at this period was certainly fearful, and an eternal disgrace to those by whom it was governed. A Protestant writer says :—

“The Government thought, at least, to retain the Church of England faction by uniting the interest of the ‘Peep-of-Day Boys’ with that of the Church of England gentry, from which curious union sprung, in 1796, the Orange Society, sworn to maintain the Protestant ascendancy of 1688. But the Orangemen were as

lawless as the Defenders. Lord Gosford, who had been appointed joint lord-lieutenant of the county of Armagh with the Earl of Charlemont, in 1791, to counterpoise the Whiggism of the latter, found it necessary in December 1795, to convene a meeting of the magistrates of that county, and call on them to put a stop to the barbarous practices of the Orange Society. It sufficed for a man to profess the Roman Catholic religion to have his dwelling burnt over his head, and himself, with his family, banished out of the county. Nearly half the inhabitants of the county of Armagh had been thus expatriated. To check these outbreaks of Defenders and Orangemen, Parliament, early in 1796, passed an Insurrection Act. Persons administering unlawful oaths were to suffer death, and those who took them transportation. But in the terrible times which ensued, this evil was allowed to work only one way. The Orangemen, and other Protestant insurrectionists, were allowed to bear arms, and to use them as they pleased. The penalties all fell upon the unhappy Catholics, and on such Protestants as had joined the United Irishmen, a numerous and powerful body."

The high sheriff of Galway, Charles Blake, addressed Grattan on the alarming state of affairs, in the name and by the desire of the gentlemen and freeholders of the county. They declared it "highly honourable" to him, though not to the age, that his dismissal from office was considered "a necessary and previous stage to the return of some that are not reported to love the people." The letter was short, manly, intelligent, and worthy of the men of Galway.

The students of Dublin University addressed him, and, with a liberality quite beyond the age, declared most truly "that the harmony and strength of Ireland will be

founded on the solid basis of Catholic Emancipation, and the reform of those grievances which have inflamed public indignation.”⁸

Even at that moment, if the least effort had been made in the direction of justice to Catholics, and if even a trifling instalment of the justice which has since been done to them had been attempted, the rebellion of 1798 might never have been, and a legacy of hatred to England might have been averted.

The Catholic clergy were wholly on the side of order; but what could they do with a starving people? England had destroyed Irish trade; they could not excuse this; they could not say it is your own fault, that you are starving, bear it as a calamity which you have brought on yourselves. England still persecuted their religion, and what was worse, permitted, if she did not actually encourage, Irish Protestants to massacre their fellow-subjects because they were Irish Catholics. Could this be defended? Yet they did what they could; they practised patience, they practised submission, they preached practical Christianity; and if their lessons had no effect, it was not because Irish Catholics were less faithful to the teaching of their holy faith than they had been in former ages, but because they believed that their cause was a just one.⁹

⁸ Life of Grattan, by his Son, vol. iv. pp. 222, 223.

⁹ On the 10th March 1798, Dr Lanigan, the Catholic Bishop of Ossory, wrote thus to Dr Troy, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin:—

Negotiations were opened with the French Government by the United Irishmen in 1796. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, a gentleman of property in the county of Cork, and Theobald Wolfe Tone, a barrister, were the persons selected for this undertaking.

O'Connell's son, in writing his father's Memoir, was naturally anxious to screen his father from the discredit

"BALLYRAGGET, *March 10, 1798.*

"MOST REV. SIR,—I was absent from Kilkenny these eight days, and was a great part of that time occupied with the priests that border on the Queen's County, in consulting them, and concerting measures with them in order to prevent, if possible, the introduction of United Irishmen and their principles into this county. The letter you honoured me with was sent after me, and I received it there. I could make this short but true answer to it, that the charges mentioned there against the priests and me are false, malicious, and groundless. It is necessary, perhaps, to prove this more at large. I beg your patience, then, while I state the facts as they happened.

"A sermon was preached in St James's chapel, about a month ago, on faith, its necessity, its utility, and the conditions required for true faith. The preacher had in view only to confute the lax principles of the richer Roman Catholics, who, under pretext of liberality of sentiment, wished to establish an indifference about all religion and all religious modes of worship."—*Memoirs of Viscount Castlereagh*, vol. i. p. 161.

The upper classes of Catholics were sorely tempted to apostatise. The cause of this temptation has been already fully explained. The consequence was that they kept very much aloof from their former Catholic brethren. Mr Grattan says, in his "Life of his Father," vol. iv. p. 50: "In late as well as in early times the Irish aristocracy have attached themselves too much to party in England, and have forgotten the real interests of their own nation. The wise policy would have been to have attended exclusively to their own country—a course more politic, though less profitable." The treatment which the upper classes had received during the Irish revolution tended to strengthen this feeling still greater.

of being a United Irishman. That he was there is not the slightest doubt, for he has left the fact on record himself. His naturally enthusiastic temperament led him to throw himself eagerly into any scheme likely to benefit his country. He joined the artillery corps on his arrival in Dublin; and the division to which he belonged, known as the "Lawyers' Artillery," was said to have been the best got up, and the best equipped in Dublin.¹

He also joined a debating society which met in Eustace Street, where the stirring events of the times were freely canvassed. Here, he says:—

"I had many good opportunities of acquiring valuable information, upon which I very soon formed my own judgment. It was a terrible time. The political leaders of the period could not conceive such a thing as a perfectly open and above-board political machinery. My friend, Richard Newton Bennett, was an adjunct to the Directory of United Irishmen. I was myself a United Irishman. As I saw how matters worked, I soon learned to have no secrets in politics."²

O'Connell lodged in Trinity Place. A gentleman who

¹ The uniform of the lawyers' corps was scarlet and blue, their motto, *Pro aris et focis*; the attorneys' regiment of Volunteers was scarlet and Pomona green; a corps called the Irish Brigade, and composed principally of Catholics (after the increasing liberality of the day had permitted them to become Volunteers) wore scarlet and white; other regiments of Irish brigades wore scarlet faced with green, and their motto was *Vox populi suprema lex est*; the goldsmiths' corps, commanded by the Duke of Leinster, wore blue, faced with scarlet and a professional profusion of gold lace.

² Personal Recollections, by O'Neill Daunt.

knew Dublin well at that period describes it as "an almost unexplored nook." He was very intimate with Mr Murray, a respectable grocer, who resided at No. 3 South Great George Street, and who, like most Irishmen of the period, was in heart a rebel. That O'Connell was then in favour of physical force there can be no doubt, however he may have wished in later years to throw a veil of oblivion over his boyish ardour. A rising was expected literally every night, and Major Sirr was patrolling Dublin eager to exercise his bloody mission on the suspected.

On one memorable evening O'Connell, excited partly by drink and partly by patriotism, and always ready to be first in the fray, was eager to join a meeting of United Irishmen that very night, and to swear in new members, but his host, more prudent, though by no means less patriotic,³ induced the enthusiastic youth to accompany him to

³ Mr Murray's son, who must have been thoroughly well-informed on the subject, has left the following account of the affair on record, which I quote from the "Sham Squire," with the author's permission :—"We are indebted to the late Mr Peter Murray, of the Registry of Deeds Office, Dublin, a man of scrupulous veracity, for the following curious reminiscence of O'Connell in 1798 :—"My father, a respectable cheesemonger and grocer, residing at 3 South Great George Street, was exceedingly intimate with O'Connell, when a law student, and during his earlier career at the bar. Mr O'Connell, at the period of which I speak, lodged in Trinity Place adjacent, an almost unexplored nook, and to many of our citizens a *terra incognita*. I well remember O'Connell, one night at my father's house during the spring of 1798, so carried away by the political excitement of the day, and by the ardour of his innate patriotism, calling for a prayer-book to swear in some zealous

the canal bridge at Leeson Street, where he saw him safely on board a turf boat, and out of harm's way. It was well that this had been accomplished, for Mr Murray's house was searched that night by Major Sirr.

In one of O'Connell's communications to Mr O'Neill Daunt, he mentions leaving Dublin in June 1798 in a boat, and having paid the pilot half a guinea to put him on shore at Cork. Indeed, it was impossible at that time to travel in any other way. Bands of armed men were marching in every direction through the country, and as neither party was very particular as to identity, the most peaceful traveller was not free from danger. It would appear probable

young men as United Irishmen at a meeting of the body in a neighbouring street. Counsellor — was there, and offered to accompany O'Connell on his perilous mission. My father, although an Irishman of advanced liberal views and strong patriotism, was not a United Irishman, and endeavoured, but without effect, to deter his young and gifted friend from the rash course in which he seemed embarked. Dublin was in an extremely disturbed state, and the outburst of a bloody insurrection seemed hourly imminent. My father resolved to exert to the uttermost the influence which it was well known he possessed over his young friend. He made him accompany him to the canal bridge at Leeson Street, and after an earnest conversation, succeeded in persuading the future Liberator to step into a turf boat which was then leaving Dublin. That night my father's house was searched by Major Sirr, accompanied by the attorneys' corps of yeomanry, who pillaged it to their hearts' content. There can be no doubt that private information of O'Connell's tendencies and haunts had been communicated to the government.'—*The Sham Squire ; or, The Rebellion in Ireland*, page 305. Dublin : Kelly.

Mr John O'Connell gives an account of the affair which was evidently "revised." He says :—"On one occasion, however (perhaps the

that O'Connell remained in the peaceful wilds of Kerry during the most eventful period of the Rebellion. It was at that time that he contracted the fever previously mentioned. But even then news travelled to that remote locality, and the terrible Revolution of '98 was read, not as we read it now, as a tale of horrors long past, but as a terrible tragedy then being enacted hour by hour, and of which the end was not known yet.

only one of his life), at the table of Mr Murray, already mentioned, about the month of March of the year 1798, he was betrayed, by the heat of a political discussion, into some forgetfulness of his constant habit of temperance ; and took what to him was inconvenient, although to the well-soaked brains of most of his compeers it would have been of no consequence. Returning that night full of self-reproach and annoyance at the unaccustomed sensations he had subjected himself to, his interposition to save a wretched female from the blows of some cowardly ruffians, in the garb of gentlemen, drew upon him the attack of the whole party ; but for a while (owing to his great strength and activity) with signal discomfiture to themselves, three being knocked down by him in succession. However, one of the latter, on getting up, came behind and pinioned him, and so he was overpowered—receiving, while in this defenceless position, and ere he could free himself, several blows on the face, by which it was so disfigured as to render a few days' confinement to the house advisable. While under this irksome restraint, his landlord, a most respectable tradesman (well known long afterwards to the theatre-going folk as Regan the fruiterer), then purveyor to the Castle of Dublin, took the liberty of his years, and permitted but respectful familiarity, to warn his young lodger from committing himself politically—detailing the dark hints rife in the purlieus of the Castle, of the deep and fearful game the government were playing in allowing the insurrection to mature, while they kept themselves ready, and had it in their power to lay hands upon its leaders at any moment.”—*Memoirs of O'Connell*, by his Son, vol. i. p. 15.

Grattan withdrew from politics, hopeless of inducing the Government to do justice, or the people to bear injustice. The United Irishmen only numbered two men of rank amongst their leaders, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor. Lord Edward belonged to the noble house of Leinster, and had learned to desire liberty, not for a class, but for all, first in America,⁴ where he had served under Lord Cornwallis, and then in France, where he had attended

⁴ Lord Edward Fitzgerald's letters to his mother from America show the singular tenderness of his nature, and his delicate thoughtfulness for others, and especially for his good mother. He wrote, "She has a rope about my neck that gives hard tugs at it, and it is all I can do not to give way." How terrible was the last "giving way" of that fond heart, can only be realised by natures as sensitive as his. Writing about some business, he says—"I believe there is *un bien clique* of fellows in that country. Pray do not let any of them into Kilrush, for they will only distress and domineer over the poor tenants."—*Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, vol. i. p. 124. Lord Edward was treated most cruelly after his capture, notwithstanding his high rank. It is said that Lord Clare urged him to escape, and said every port in the country would be left open to him, but his nature was far too chivalrous to seek his own safety while others were in danger.

The late Lord Holland furnishes, in his "Memoirs," many interesting illustrations of Lord Edward's sweet and gentle disposition :—"With the most unaffected simplicity and good nature he would palliate, from the force of circumstances or the accident of situation, the perpetrators of the very enormities which had raised his high spirit and compassionate nature to conspire and resist. It was this kindness of heart that led him, on his deathbed, to acquit the officer who inflicted his wounds of all malice, and even to commend him for an honest discharge of his duty. It was this sweetness of disposition that enabled him to dismiss with good humour one of his bitterest persecutors, who had visited him in his mangled condition, if not to insult his misfortunes, with the idle hope of extorting his secret. 'I would shake hands willingly with you,'

a political dinner, at which he accepted the title of "citizen." O'Connor was nephew and heir to Lord Longueville, by whom he was brought into Parliament in 1790.

Fifteen leaders of the United Irishmen were seized in Belfast on the 14th of April 1797. They were all Protestants, and of the number there were seven Presbyterian ministers, and three Covenanters. Their papers were examined, and afforded an excuse for fresh cruelties. In the very face of the fact, that these men, who were the real originators of the revolt, were Protestants, the fiercest punishments were inflicted on the Catholics. When Lord Cornwallis arrived in Ireland, he found his difficulty was not so much to repress the rebellion as to quiet those who were exciting and increasing it by their blood-thirsty rage. Every one who had a grudge against a neighbour denounced him as a rebel. Every one who wanted to gain favour with government sent in a list of suspected persons. This was often done secretly; no name was given, and yet government, or those who were acting in the name of government, proceeded at once to hang, shoot, or torture the unhappy victims.⁵

said he, 'but mine are cut to pieces. However, I'll shake a toe, and wish you good-bye.'"

His family felt his treatment bitterly. His brother, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, wrote to Lord Camden reproaching him with his cruelty; but it was useless, cruelty was the order of the day.—See *Memoirs of Grattan*, vol. iv p. 387.

⁵ Mr Dundas forwarded one of these lists from a man "who would

The excesses committed by the army were so horrible that we cannot defile these pages with them. On the 31st of

not come forward," to Sir Ralph Abercrombie. The list is a curiosity, and shows how such matters were arranged.

RETURN OF SUSPECTED PERSONS.

Names.	Residence.	Characters of the Men.
Stephen Garry . .	Kildare . .	Treasurer to the County meeting.
Waller Mooney . .	Friarstown . .	{ Representative to Surgeon Cummings.
Michael Lee . . .	Kildare. . .	
James Kelly . . .	Do.	{ A Committee-man, and knows much.
Patrick Burne. . .	Ballysax . .	
Hugh Toole . . .	Conlanstown. .	Treasurer Kildare Meeting.
Patrick Conlan . .	Do.	{ A supposed assassin.
John Conlan . . .	Do.	
Dominick Conlan .	Brownstown.	
Maurice Conlan . .	Do.	
Matthew Conlan. .	Ballysax.	
—Conlan, his son .	Do.	
Thomas Gannon. .	Ballyfair . .	Deep in the secret.
Michael Barnes . .	Do.	{ Used to be much with Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
Edward Burne . . .	Landcroft.	
Christopher Flood .	Cut Bush.	
—Deering	Maddenstown	{ His son a Captain, and now in jail.
Edmund Bell . . .	{ Hond Home on the Cur- ragh . . . }	
Thomas Kelly . . .	{ Postmaster of Kilcullen . }	{ A Captain, and swears in many.
Patrick Doyle . . .	Do.	
—Flood.	Do.	{ A Captain, and deeply concerned.
—Daly, son to Ed- ward Daly . . . }	Do.	
Lawrance Byrne. .	Ballysax . .	{ A blacksmith, and supposed to have made most of the pikes.

August 1798, Lord Cornwallis issued general orders in the vain hope of improving their conduct; he might as well have tried to control the west wind.

“BALLINAMORE, *August 31st*, 1798.

“It is with very great concern that Lord Cornwallis finds himself obliged to call on the General Officers and the Commanding Officers of regiments in particular, and in general on the officers of the army, to assist him in putting a stop to the licentious conduct of the troops, and in saving the wretched inhabitants

It will be seen that whole families were marked out for slaughter—that in many cases *no reason whatever* is given for the accusation, and that in many more the unhappy men were only “supposed” to be guilty. Mr Dundas concludes this letter by saying:—“Everything goes on quietly, but we have been obliged to destroy a large quantity of whisky, without which the troops would have got drunk, and done much mischief.” The yeomen and military were drunk half their time, and those wretches were the men to whom full liberty was granted to kill and torture any one on mere suspicion, or even without that excuse.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie was too gallant an officer to encourage, or if he could help it, to practise such atrocities, but no one had control over the army, which he declared “was formidable to every one but the enemy.” Lord Castlereagh wrote to General Lake, who succeeded Sir Ralph on the same subject.

“DUBLIN CASTLE, *April 25th*, 1798.

“SIR,—It having been represented to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, that much evil may arise to the discipline of the troops from their being permitted for any length of time to live at free quarters, that the loyal and well-affected have in many instances suffered in common with the disaffected, from a measure which does not admit in its execution of sufficient discrimination of persons, I am directed by his Excellency to request that you will advert to these inconveniences, and adopt such *other vigorous and effectual measures* for enforcing the speedy surrender of arms as in your discretion you shall think fit, and which shall appear to you not liable to these objections.”—*Memoirs of Viscount Castlereagh*, vol. i. p. 187.

from being robbed, and in the most shocking manner ill-treated, by those to whom they had a right to look for safety and protection.

“Lord Cornwallis declares, that if he finds that the soldiers of any regiment have had opportunities of committing these excesses from the negligence of their officers, he will make those officers answerable for their conduct ; and that if any soldiers are caught either in the act of robbery, or with the articles of plunder in their possession, they shall be instantly tried, and immediate execution shall follow their conviction.

“A Provost-Marshal will be appointed, who will, with his guard, march in the rear of the army, and who will patrol about the villages and houses in the neighbourhood of the camp.”

Lord Cornwallis has been accused of partiality to Ireland because he would not countenance cruelty, though he could not prevent it. We therefore give other testimony—Captain Taylor wrote from Ballinamore on the 31st of August 1798 :—

“We halt here this day to give the Queen’s and 29th time to join us : they have made a most expeditious march from Wexford, and will be at Ballinasloe this day. We shall proceed towards Tuam to-morrow, and they will march in the same direction. As far as we can learn as yet, the French are still at Castlebar, entrenching themselves, and drilling those of the inhabitants who have joined. Among the latter I fear there are some of the Longford and Kilkenny : those regiments marched to this place yesterday, and upon our arrival were immediately ordered on towards Athlone. Their conduct, and that of the Carabineers and Frazers, in action on the retreat from Castlebar and Tuam, and the depredations they committed on the road, exceed, I am told, all description. Indeed, they have, I believe, raised a spirit of discontent and disaffection which did not before

exist in this part of the country. Every endeavour has been used to prevent plunder in our corps, but it really is impossible to stop it in some of the regiments of militia with us, particularly the light battalions."

With the intelligence of a master mind, and the clearness of an unprejudiced mind, Lord Cornwallis studied and fathomed the "Irish difficulty." It would have been well for both countries if counsels like his had prevailed. He saw that the system hitherto pursued was bad;⁶ certainly it had been thoroughly tested, and as certainly it had entirely failed.

⁶ The following letter deserves consideration even at the present day :—

" *Marquis Cornwallis to the Duke of Portland.*

[Secret and Confidential.]

" DUBLIN CASTLE, *Sept. 16, 1798.*

"MY DEAR LORD,—If I have not appeared to give my sentiments to your Grace with the utmost freedom, and to speak with the most perfect openness of heart on the subject both of men and measures in this country, I most earnestly request that you will believe that such apparent reserve has not proceeded from a want of the most affectionate regard personally to yourself, or the most entire confidence in your uprightness and honour, but in truth from my not being able to give you opinions which I had not formed, or to explain things which I was not sure that I understood.

"The quick succession of important events during the short period of my Lieutenancy has frequently diverted my attention from the pursuit of that great question—How this country can be governed and preserved, and rendered a source of strength and power, instead of remaining a useless and almost intolerable burthen to Great Britain.

"Your Grace will not be so sanguine as to expect that I am now going to tell you that I have succeeded in making this discovery. Sorry am I to say, that I have made no further progress than to satisfy myself that, a perseverance in the system which has hitherto been pursued, can

Protestant ascendancy had been allowed full swing, yet Ireland was not prosperous. Trade had been suppressed vigorously, yet England was not benefited. A few individuals certainly gained by the public loss, and these individuals contrived to impress the English nation with a

only lead us from bad to worse, and after exhausting the resources of Britain, must end in the total separation of the two countries.

"The principal personages here who have long been in the habit of directing the counsels of the Lords-Lieutenants are perfectly well-intentioned, and entirely attached and devoted to the British connection; but they are blinded by their passions and prejudices, talk of nothing but strong measures, and arrogate to themselves the exclusive knowledge of a country, of which, from their mode of governing it, they have, in my opinion, proved themselves totally ignorant.

"To these men I have shown all civility and kindness in my power, and have done for them all ordinary favours which they have asked, but I am afraid that they are not satisfied with me, because I have not thrown myself blindly into their hands. With the Chancellor, who can with patience listen to the words *Papist* and *Moderation*, I have invariably talked on all public points which have occurred, and I have shown no marks of confidence to any other set of men, and have particularly given no countenance whatever to those who opposed the former government. I have at all times received the greatest assistance from Lord Castlereagh, whose prudence, talents, and temper, I cannot sufficiently commend.

"No man will, I believe, be so sanguine as to think that any measures which government can adopt would have an immediate effect on the minds of the people, and I am by no means prepared to say what those should be, which slowly and progressively tend to that most desirable object.

"I have hitherto been chiefly occupied in checking the growing evil, but so perverse and ungovernable are the tempers here, that I cannot flatter myself that I have been very successful.

"With regard to future plans, I can only say that some mode must be adopted to soften the hatred of the Catholics to our government."

terrible fear of losing Ireland, if they were not permitted to carry out their selfish policy. Unfortunately, the great mass of Englishmen were utterly ignorant of the true state of Ireland, and had a traditional belief, not easily shaken, that the worst which could be said of her was probably far short of the truth.

There were men, even of rank and station, whom nothing could satisfy except a universal massacre of the Irish, who prayed for a second Cromwell; men who were too completely blinded by prejudice to be capable of reasoning either on the past or the present,—men who could not see, or who would not see, that Cromwell's policy was being enacted, not in one part of Ireland alone, but from the east to the west, wherever English soldiers could be sent. And what had Cromwell's policy done—we will not say for Ireland, because Ireland was not for a moment considered by such persons,—but what had his policy effected in Ireland for English interests? Had it decreased the population of Ireland? For a time, certainly; while the land ran rivers of blood, and women and children lay writhing in death-throes of agony beneath the sword of men who took on them to commit the deadliest crimes in the name of the God of mercy.

Was Ireland more contented, more easily satisfied with injustice? Had the great end been gained of making her submit in silence to her oppressor? By no means. All history refutes the supposition. What, then, did Crom-

well's policy do for English interests in Ireland? It simply made them a thousand times more precarious than ever,—it simply left a legacy of undying hatred to those who assisted him in doing his evil will. "The curse of Cromwell on you," is to the present day the bitterest imprecation that one Irish peasant can use to another, and the curse of that man's evil deeds will never cease to lie dark and heavy between the English and Irish shores. A century of honest, manly, justice to Ireland might, indeed, help to repair it,—might blot out the darker shades of its iniquity, but it would need some such remedy. If Irish rebels burned and pillaged English yeomen, they had learned the lesson from Cromwell. He massacred the defenceless from the pure love of blood and cruelty; they did but strive to defend the defenceless in such fashion as they could.⁷

⁷ We happen to know that the Cromwell theory has not died out yet. It has, at least, the merit of simplicity, but it would be a little difficult of execution in this nineteenth century, when there would be some millions of Irish in America,

"To know the reason why."

On the 27th July 1798, Lord Clifdon wrote from Dublin to the Speaker of the English House of Commons :—

"There certainly is a great want of discipline, and the strongest spirit of plunder, in the troops. The north is quiet, and will, from all I hear, remain so. They don't like to have their throats cut by the southern Catholics. Some good priests there are, and many loyal Catholics, but the mass of them are rebels, and the priests who are infected with this villany excite them to massacre the Protestants as a means, together with the hope of plunder, to drive them on in the rebellion. It is a

How defenceless the unhappy Irish peasantry were at this period, is evident from a letter of the Marquis of Cornwallis to the Duke of Portland, dated Dublin Castle, June 28, 1798, in which he says:—

“The accounts that you see of the numbers of the enemy destroyed in every action, are, I conclude, greatly exaggerated; from my own knowledge of military affairs, I am sure that a very small proportion of them only could be killed in battle; and I am much afraid that any man in a brown coat, who is found within several miles of the field of action, is butchered without discrimination.

“It shall be one of my first objects to soften the ferocity of our troops, which I am afraid, in the Irish corps at least, is not confined to the private soldiers.

“I shall use my utmost exertions to suppress the folly which has been too prevalent in this quarter, of substituting the word *Catholicism* instead of Jacobinism, as the foundation of the present rebellion.”

On the 1st of July he wrote—

“The violence of our friends, and their folly in endeavouring

miserable thing to say, but, from all I have seen and know, I am perfectly convinced that while everything round them has improved, the minds and feelings of the lower class of the Catholics of Ireland are exactly what they were in 1641. This is possible, and what I could not have believed four months ago, nor at all, had I not seen the proof with my own eyes. They are, however, to be brought to reason, as Cromwell brought them then, and by no other means, as the event will prove. In my opinion, a union would be the salvation of both islands.”—*Diary of Lord Colchester*, vol. i. p. 160.

It is difficult to understand how the Irish peasantry could have improved, when they were neither allowed education nor commerce.

to make it a religious war, added to the ferocity of our troops who delight in murder, most powerfully counteract all plans of conciliation.

“The Irish militia are totally without discipline, contemptible before the enemy when any serious resistance is made to them, but ferocious and cruel in the extreme when any poor wretches, either with or without arms, come within their power ; in short, murder appears to be their favourite pastime.

“The principal persons of this country, and the members of both Houses of Parliament, are, in general, averse to all acts of clemency, and although they do not express, and perhaps are too much heated to see the ultimate effects which their violence must produce, would pursue measures that could only terminate in the extirpation of the greater number of the inhabitants, and in the utter destruction of the country. The words Papists and Priests are for ever in their mouths, and by their unaccountable policy they would drive four-fifths of the community into irreconcilable rebellion ; and in their warmth they lose sight of the real cause of the present mischief, of that deep-laid conspiracy to revolutionise Ireland on the principles of France, which was originally formed, and by wonderful assiduity brought nearly to maturity, by men who had no thought of religion but to destroy it, and who knew how to turn the passions and prejudices of the different sects to the advancement of their horrible plot for the introduction of that most dreadful of all evils, a Jacobin revolution.”

We have given sufficient English authority to show the state of Ireland at the period of O’Connell’s entrance into public life. Many Irish authorities might have been quoted, but we are so fully aware of English misconception of the whole subject, and of the prejudice which exists against the

accounts even of Irish Protestants, who have given truthful narratives of the times, that we do not introduce their authority here. But there is one authority little known, and seldom, as far as we are aware, quoted, to which few can object, as likely to be prejudiced unduly on either side—it is that of the gentle and gifted Mary Leadbetter, a member of the Society of Friends.

Mr Shackleton, Mrs Leadbetter's father, kept a famous school at Ballitore, in the county Kildare. The village lies on the high road to Cork, about twenty miles from Dublin. It was almost a Quaker settlement, but many Irish gentlemen were glad to confide the education of their sons to the conscientious and able schoolmaster. Mrs Leadbetter wrote, amongst other works, "The Annals of Ballitore," in which she gives a charming description of her home. Edmund Burke was educated there, and kept up a life-long correspondence with the Shackletons, honourable alike to master and pupil. His correspondence forms a considerable and most interesting portion of the volume. All was happy in that happy home till the dread hour when the "Irish rising" was put down with merciless cruelty. With a few extracts from Mrs Leadbetter's narrative, we conclude this painful subject.

The Shackleton family were treated by both sides with consideration, though they had a "green^s cloth" on their

^s The writer knew a lady, since dead, who was unhappy enough to have seen a young man taken up, and hanged without any trial, or

table which they did not remove. We suspect the sympathies of the gentle Friends were rather with the people; but how could it be otherwise, when the people were always eager to serve them in any way? Their house was visited frequently both by the insurgents and the military. The following are some of the many scenes of horror which Mrs Leadbetter records:—

“Every one seemed to think that safety and security were to be found in my brother's house. Thither the insurgents brought their prisoners, and thither also their own wounded comrades. It was an awful sight to behold in that large parlour such a mingled assembly of throbbing, anxious hearts; my brother's own family, silent tears rolling down their faces, the wives of the loyal officers, the wives of the soldiers, the wives and daughters of the insurgents, the numerous guests, the prisoners, the trembling women—all dreading to see the door open, lest some new distress, some fresh announcement of horrors, should enter. It was awful; but every scene was now awful, and we knew not what a day might bring forth.

“Young girls dressed in white, with green ribbons, and carrying pikes, accompanied the insurgents. They had patrols and a countersign, but it was long before they could decide upon the password.

even attempt at a trial, simply because he wore a necktie which was partly green. One of the favourite ballads of the period, and which indeed is still sung by the peasants, alludes to this as a common practice. “The Wearing of the Green” is perhaps one of the most soul-stirring of all the Irish rebel-songs—

“Oh! such a wretched country

As this was never seen,

For they're hanging men and women,

For the wearing of the green.”

"At length they fixed upon the word "scourges." Sentinels were placed in various parts of the village. One day as I went to my brothers, a sentinel called to a man who walked with me not to advance on pain of being shot. The sentinel was my former friend "the Canny." I approached him, and asked, would he would shoot me if I proceeded? "Shoot you!" exclaimed he, taking my hand and kissing it, adding a eulogium on the Quakers.

"I told him it would be well if they were all of our way of thinking, for then there would be no such work as the present. I thought I could comprehend "the Canny's" incoherent answer, "Ay! but you know our Saviour — the scourges, oh! the scourges!"

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Then raising himself in his stirrups, he revoked the orders given to his men to fire upon every man in coloured clothes. Oh, rash and cruel orders, which exposed to such danger lives of such value, which if thus sacrificed no regrets could have restored! Nothing can justify such commands.

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"Soldiers came in for milk; some of their countenances were pale with anger, and they grinned at me, calling me names which I had never heard before. They said I had poisoned the milk which I gave them, and desired me to drink some, which I did with much indignation. Others were civil, and one inquired if we had had any United Irishmen in the house. I told them we had. In that fearful time the least equivocation, the least deception, appeared to me to be fraught with danger. The soldier continued his inquiry—'Had they plundered us?' 'No, except of eating and drinking.' 'Oh, free quarters,' he replied, smiled and went away. A fine looking man, a soldier, came in in an extravagant passion; neither his rage nor my terror could prevent me from observing that this man was strikingly handsome; he asked me the same questions in the same terms, and I made the same answer. He

cursed me with great bitterness, and raising his musket, presented it to my breast. I desired him not to shoot me. It seemed as if he had the will but not the power to do so. He turned from me, dashed pans and jugs off the kitchen table with his musket, and shattered the kitchen window. Terrified almost out of my wits, I ran out of the house, followed by several women almost as much frightened as myself. When I fled my fears gained strength, and I believed my enemy was pursuing ; I thought of throwing myself into the river at the foot of the garden, thinking the bullet could not hurt me in the water. One of our servants ran into the street to call for help. William Richardson and Charles Coote, who kindly sat on their horses outside our windows, came in and turned the ruffian out of the house. That danger passed, I beheld from the back window of our parlour the dark-red flames of Gavin's house, and others, rising above the green of the trees. At the same time, a fat tobacconist from Carlow lolled upon one of our chairs, and talked boastingly of the exploits performed by the military whom he had accompanied ; how they had shot several, adding, ' We burned one fellow in a barrel.' I never in my life felt disgusted so strongly ; it even overpowered the horror due to the deed which had been actually committed."



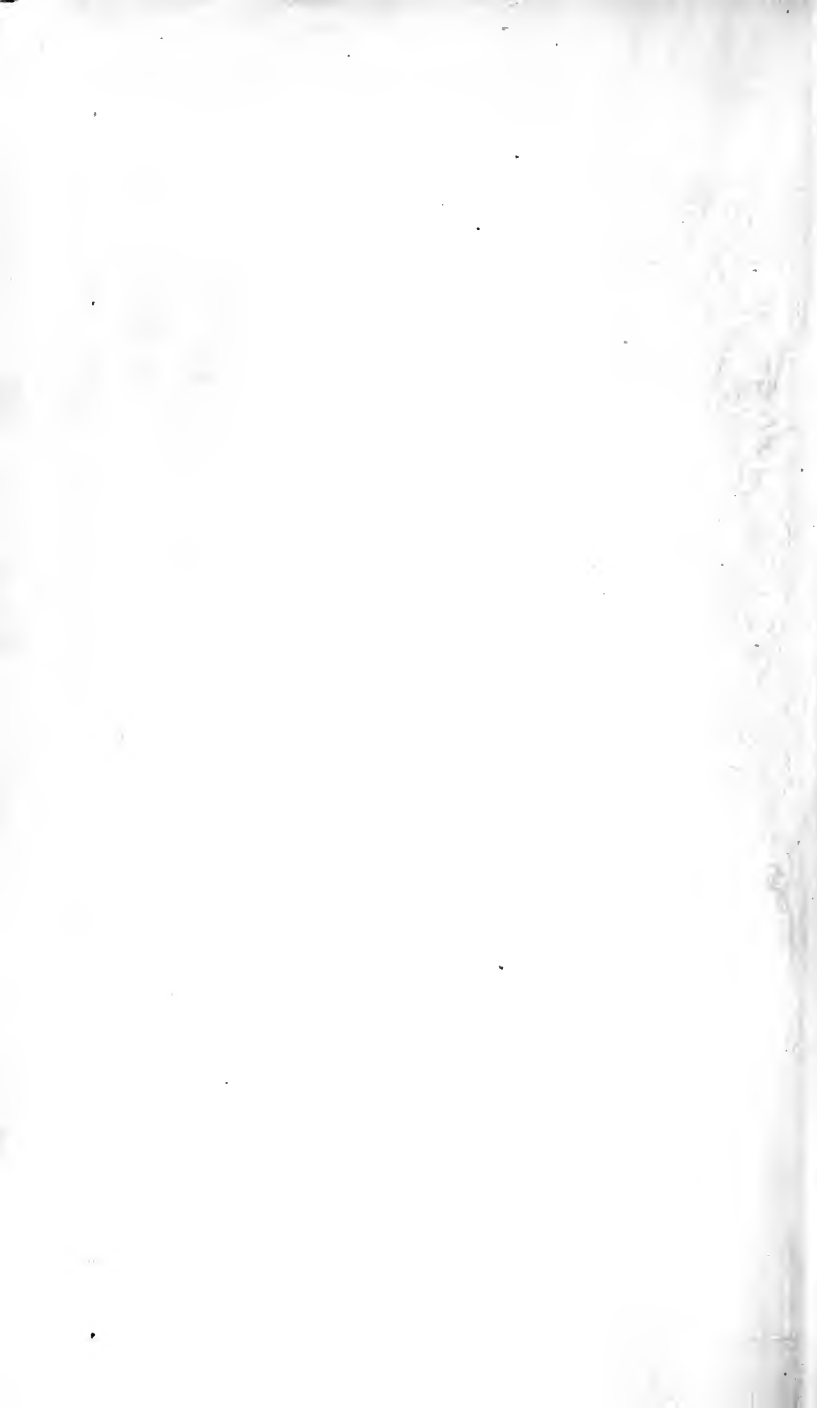
Chapter Fifth.



THE BAR AND POLITICS.

1798-1801.

FIRST CIRCUIT—AT THE BAR—JERRY KELLER—BAR STORIES—PROMISE OF SUCCESS—CLEAR IDEAS OF FOX—THE IRISH PARLIAMENT—THE UNION—POLICY OF PITT—BRIBERY—THE PRIESTS—CONCUSSION IN VOTING—LETTER OF MR LUKE FOX—THE BAR AND THE UNION—"THE ANTI-UNION"—FIRST SPEECH—ANTI-UNION RESOLUTIONS—PERSONAL APPEARANCE—GRATTAN AND PITT—PERSONAL DANGER.





CHAP. V.



'CONNELL went his first circuit in 1798. He had only just recovered from the fever already mentioned, which was so nearly fatal, but his vigorous constitution enabled him to bear both then and in later life what might have proved beyond the strength of others less favoured in that way. We give here his own account of this illness:—

“It was occasioned,” said he, “by sleeping in wet clothes. I had dried them upon me at a peasant’s fire, and drank three glasses of whisky, after which I fell asleep. The next day I hunted, was soon weary, and fell asleep in a ditch under sunshine. I became much worse; I spent a fortnight in great

discomfort, wandering about and unable to eat. At last, when I could no longer battle it out, I gave up and went to bed. Old Doctor Moriarty was sent for ; he pronounced me in a high fever. I was in such pain that I wished to die. In my ravings I fancied at I was in the middle of a wood, and that the branches were in fire around me. I felt my backbone stiffening for death, and I positively declare that I think what saved me was the effort I made to rise up, and show my father, who was at my bedside, that I knew him. I verily believe that effort of nature averted death. During my illness I used to quote from the tragedy of Douglas these lines—

‘Unknown I die ; no tongue shall speak of me ;
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved ;
And think life only wanting to my fame.’

I used to quote those lines under the full belief that my illness would end fatally. Indeed, long before that period—when I was seven years old—yes, indeed, as long as ever I can recollect, I always felt a presentiment that I should write my name on the page of history. I hated Saxon domination. I detested the tyrants of Ireland. During the latter part of my illness, Doctor Moriarty told me that Buonaparte had got his whole army to Alexandria, across the desert. ‘That is impossible,’ said I, ‘he cannot have done so ; they would have starved.’ ‘Oh, no,’ replied the doctor, ‘they had a quantity of portable soup with them, sufficient to feed the whole army for four days.’ ‘Ay,’ joined I, ‘but had they portable water ? For their portable soup would have been of little use if they had not water to dissolve it in.’ My father looked at the attendants with an air of hope. Doctor Moriarty said to my mother, ‘His intellect, at any rate, is untouched.’”

This illness occurred in August 1798, and immediately after his recovery he went on circuit. Of this event he

has also left a record, or rather the record as given by himself has been preserved by his faithful friend Mr Daunt.

Travelling then in Kerry,⁹ or indeed in any part of the world, was by no means the easy and rapid affair it is now. O'Connell left home at four o'clock in the morning on horseback, accompanied by his brother John, who was bound for the more congenial occupation of hunting. O'Connell was passionately fond of sport, and tenderly attached to his whole family, so that the parting had a double pang. We give the remainder of the narrative in O'Connell's own words:—

“I looked after him, from time to time, until he was out of sight, and then I cheered up my spirits as well as I could; I had left home at such an early hour, that I was in Tralee at half-past

⁹ Until the year 1825, when the Limerick mail-coach was established, post-chaises, sometimes of the rudest construction, were the only means of conveyance. Two well-known Tralee characters, Davy Dog and Jack Hackney, kept these coaches, and with rope shrouds rigged under the bodies of them to assist or preserve the springs. They took six or seven hours going from Tralee to Listowel—a distance of eighteen miles—stopped there that night, the next day journeying as far as Newbridge, where another night was spent, and the third day they reached Limerick. The journey between Tralee and Limerick is performed at present by rail in about five hours.

The first four-horse mail was driven into Kerry from Cork on the 11th of August 1810, by old Mich Daly, a famous Jehu, whose chirrup was the delight of his horses, and who made the noble and creditable boast that “a ha’porth of whipcord” would last a twelvemonth. He had a theory, rather old-fashioned, we must fear, that “beating horses was not driving them.” He proved his theory by practice, and we sincerely wish we had a few more imitators. But good driving requires some intellectual effort; and brute force, which the prosecutions of the

twelve. I got my horse fed, and, thinking it was as well to push on, I remounted him, and took the road to Tarbert by Listowell. A few miles further on, a shower of rain drove me under a bridge for shelter. While I stayed there, the rain sent Robert Hickson also under the bridge. He saluted me, and asked me where I was going? I answered, 'To Tarbert.'—'Why so late?' said Hickson. 'I am not late,' said I. 'I have been up since four o'clock this morning.'—'Why, where do you come from?'—'From Carhen.' Hickson looked astonished, for the distance was near fifty Irish miles. But he expressed his warm approval of my activity. '*You'll do, young gentleman,*' said he; '*I see you'll do.*' I then rode on, and got to Tarbert about five in the afternoon—full sixty miles Irish from Carhen. There wasn't one book to be had at the inn. I had no acquaintance in the town; and I felt my spirits low enough at the prospect of a long, stupid evening. But I was relieved by the sudden appearance of Ralph

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shows to be very much in vogue at the other side of the Channel, is within the reach of every man, however degraded, who has a strong arm.

The judges in the eighteenth century at least, travelled direct from Limerick to Tralee, and were particular about the state of the roads, for they fined the county Kerry one hundred pounds for not keeping the "great circuit road" in proper repair.

The first hotel of any importance in Tralee was set up by Dick Thornton, and was styled the Denny Arms. Dick, as usual in such cases, was a retired servant. He had been coachman to Sir Barry Denny, but having become incapacitated for that position by a fall from his seat of authority, the coach-box—he was set up as hotel-keeper, and provided with a wooden leg.

The Blennerhassets, too, had their hotel, conducted by Sam Benner, who was also a post-master, and is said to have advanced the art of locomotion by his strenuous efforts to keep up and improve his business. Paddy Devine represented the Crosbie interest. His hotel, as in duty bound, was called the Crosbie Arms. He is reported to have been an extensive farmer, and, moreover, kept race-horses.

Marshall, an old friend of mine, who came to the inn to dress for a ball that took place in Tarbert that night. He asked me to accompany him to the ball. 'Why,' said I, 'I have ridden sixty miles.' 'Oh, you don't seem in the least tired,' said he, 'so come along.' Accordingly I went, and sat up until two o'clock in the morning, dancing."

A few hours' sleep was sufficient to refresh the hardy youth, and he rode off to the Limerick assizes to make his first public appearance as a barrister. How little he could have anticipated, as he rode quietly and unnoticed into the grand old city of the Violated Treaty,¹ and glanced at the stone which commemorates Irish bravery and English bad faith, how triumphantly he should one day be received there himself!

He at once distinguished himself as a cross-examiner, which was undoubtedly his great *forte* at the bar. This department of the legal profession requires a tact and talent peculiar to itself, and which is often wanting in those who were gifted in other ways with the highest forensic ability. Woe to the unhappy man who gets into the witness box with a secret; he might make a thousand resolutions to keep it to himself,—he might succeed with some cross-examiners, but certainly not when O'Connell was counsel.

He laughed, he cajoled, he rarely threatened, he began a

¹ The particulars of the Violated Treaty are too well-known to need more than a passing allusion. It is certainly one of the worst breaches of faith on record.

cheerful conversation in most confidential terms. The half-pleased, half-bewildered witness "did not know where he was." This agreeable gentleman surely could have no ulterior designs in all this. Precisely when the unhappy man was thoroughly off his guard, out came the question. It was generally answered with a second's hesitation, and O'Connell sat down triumphant.

He had a singular facility, a gift which cannot be acquired by any amount of practice, of seizing the salient points of a subject at one glance. He not only asked well, but he knew exactly what to ask. In ten minutes he would extract as much information from a witness, as a more practised but less gifted barrister would attain in half an hour.

At the Tralee assizes he held a brief from Jerry Keller, a noted attorney. O'Connell had to examine a witness about whose sobriety there was some question. The witness would not convict himself. He declared he had his "share of a pint of whisky." His sobriety depended on the amount of the "share." O'Connell asked him by virtue of his oath, was not *his share all but the pewter*; and amid a roar of laughter the unhappy victim of forensic dexterity was obliged to admit that it was. O'Connell, in relating the story afterwards, said, "The oddity of my mode of putting the question was very successful, and created a general and hearty laugh. Jerry Keller repeated the encouragement Robert Hickson had already bestowed

upon my activity, in the very same words, 'You'll *do*, young gentleman! you'll *do*!'"

Mr Hickson's history was a curious exemplification of the state of the times. He turned Protestant to save his property, and was twice High Sheriff of Kerry. When the penal code was relaxed, he went back to his old faith to save his conscience, having, however, first made very sure that this proceeding would not injure his temporal prosperity.

O'Connell used to tell some capital bar stories.

"The cleverest rogue in the profession that ever I heard of," he said, on one occasion, "was one Checkley, familiarly known by the name of 'Checkley-be-d—d.' Checkley was agent once at the Cork assizes for a fellow accused of burglary and aggravated assault committed at Bantry. The noted Jerry Keller was counsel for the prisoner, against whom the charge was made out by the clearest circumstantial evidence; so clearly, that it seemed quite impossible to doubt his guilt. When the case for the prosecution closed, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence. 'Yes, my lord,' said Jerry Keller, 'I have three briefed to me.' 'Call them,' said the judge. Checkley immediately bustled out of court, and returned at once, leading in a very respectable-looking, farmer-like man, with a blue coat and gilt buttons, scratch wig, corduroy tights, and gaiters. 'This is a witness to character, my lord,' said Checkley. Jerry Keller (the counsel) forthwith began to examine the witness. After asking him his name and residence, 'You know the prisoner in the dock?' said Keller. 'Yes, your honour, ever since he was a gorsoon!' 'And what is his general character?' said Keller. 'Ogh, the devil a worse!' 'Why, what sort of a witness is this you've brought?' cried Keller, passionately, flinging down his brief, and

looking furiously at Checkley; 'he has ruined us!' 'He may prove an *alibi*, however,' returned Checkley; 'examine him to *alibi* as instructed in your brief.' Keller accordingly resumed his examination. 'Where was the prisoner on the 10th instant?' said he. 'He was near Castlemartyr,' answered the witness. 'Are you sure of that?' 'Quite sure, counsellor!' 'How do you know with such certainty?' 'Because upon that very night I was returning from the fair, and when I got near my own house, I saw the prisoner a little way on before me—I'd swear to him anywhere. He was dodging about, and I knew it could be for no good end. So I slipped into the field, and turned off my horse to grass; and while I was watching the lad from behind the ditch, I saw him pop across the wall into my garden and steal a lot of parsnips and carrots; and, what I thought a great dale worse of, he stole a bran-new English spade I had got from my landlord, Lord Shannon. So, faix! I cut away after him, but as I was tired from the day's labour, and he being fresh and nimble, I wasn't able to ketch him. But next day my spade was seen surely in his house, and that's the same rogue in the dock! I wish I had a houl't of him.' 'It is quite evident,' said the judge, that we must acquit the prisoner; the witness has clearly established an *alibi* for him; Castlemartyr is nearly sixty miles from Dantry; and he certainly is anything but a partisan of his. Pray, friend,' addressing the witness, 'will you swear informations against the prisoner for his robbery of your property?' 'Troth I will, my lord! with all the pleasure in life, if your lordship thinks I can get any satisfaction out of him. I'm tould I can for the spade, but not for the carrots and parsnips.' 'Go to the Crown Office and swear informations,' said the judge.

"The prisoner was of course discharged, the *alibi* having clearly been established; in an hour's time some inquiry was made as to whether Checkley's rural witness had sworn informations in the Crown Office. That gentleman was not to be heard of: the prisoner also had vanished immediately on being discharged—and of course resumed his mal-practices forthwith. It needs

hardly be told, that Lord Shannon's *soi-disant* tenant dealt a little in fiction, and that the whole story of his farm from that nobleman, and of the prisoner's thefts of the spade and the vegetables, was a pleasant device of Mr Checkley's. I told this story," continued O'Connell, "to a coterie of English barristers with whom I dined; and it was most diverting to witness their astonishment at Mr Checkley's unprincipled ingenuity. Stephen Rice, the assistant barrister, had so high an admiration of this clever rogue, that he declared he would readily walk fifty miles to see Checkley!"

The Tralee court-house was the scene of some curious episodes. One of these was thus related by O'Connell:—

"O'Grady was on one occasion annoyed at the disorderly noise in the court-house at Tralee. He bore it quietly for some time, expecting that Denny (the High Sheriff) would interfere to restore order. Finding, however, that Denny, who was reading in his box, took no notice of the riot, O'Grady rose from the bench, and called out to the studious High Sheriff, 'Mr Denny, I just got up to hint that I'm afraid the noise in the court will prevent you from reading your novel in quiet.'

"After O'Grady had retired from the bench, some person placed a large stuffed owl on the sofa beside him. The bird was of enormous size, and had been brought as a great curiosity from the tropics. O'Grady looked at the owl for a moment, and then said with a gesture of peevish impatience, 'Take away that owl! take away that owl! If you don't, I shall fancy I am seated again on the Exchequer Bench beside Baron Foster!'

"Those who have seen Baron Foster on the bench, can best appreciate the felicitous resemblance traced by his venerable brother judge between his lordship and an old stuffed owl.'

"Judge O'Grady was by no means deficient in wit. Mr Purcell O'Gorman, previously to emancipation, was one of the most violent out-and-out partisans of the Catholic party. He often declared that I did not go far enough. We were once standing together in

the inn at Ennis, and I took up a prayer-book which lay in the window, and said, kissing it, 'By virtue of this book, I will not take place or office from the Government, until emancipation is carried. Now, Purcell, my man! will *you* do as much?' Purcell O'Gorman put the book to his lips, but immediately put it away, saying, 'I won't swear; I needn't! my word is as good as my oath—I am sure of my own fidelity!' When Chief Baron O'Grady heard this story, he remarked, 'They were both quite right. Government has nothing worth O'Connell's while to take, until emancipation be carried; but anything at all would be good enough for Purcell O'Gorman.'"

Some waggish barrister having accused Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman of being a musician, the charge was stoutly denied by the accused person.

"A jury," said O'Connell, "was thereupon impanelled to try the defendant, who persisted in pleading 'Not guilty' to the indictment for melodious practices. The jury consisted of Con Lyne, under twelve different *aliases*—such as 'Con of the Seven Bottles,' 'Con of the Seven Throttles,' 'Crim-Con,' and so forth. The prosecutor then proceeded to interrogate the defendant:—'By virtue of your oath, Mr O'Gorman, did you never play on any musical instrument?'—'Never, on my honour!' replied Purcell. 'Come, sir, recollect yourself. By virtue of your oath, did you never play second fiddle to O'Connell?'—The fact was too notorious to admit of any defence, and the *unanimous* jury accordingly returned a verdict of guilty."

O'Connell once received a singular compliment from one of his clients whom he had unsuccessfully defended for cow-stealing—

"I was once," said he, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he

had always managed to steal the *fat* cows ; to which he gravely answered :—‘ Why, then, I’ll tell your honour the whole secret of that, sir. *Whenever your honour goes to steal a cow*, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honour. The way you’ll always know the fat cattle in the dark is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places, but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.’ So,” continued O’Connell, “I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client.”

O’Connell visited Limerick, Cork, and Tralee in this circuit. He then posted to Dublin with Harry Deane Grady. The journey was long and dangerous.² The rebellion had been crushed by brute force, but the fire was still smouldering, and bands of hunted men, who were unable to work, because there was no work for them to do, and who could at best sell their lives dearly, haunted the mountains in

² O’Connell often contrasted the rapid mode of modern travelling with the slower movements of past days. “I remember,” said he, “when I left Darrynane for London in 1795, my first day’s journey was to Carhen—my second to Killorglin—my third to Tralee—my fourth to Limerick—two days thence to Dublin. I sailed from Dublin in the evening—my passage to Holyhead was performed in twenty-four hours ; from Holyhead to Chester, took six-and-thirty hours ; from Chester to London, three days. My uncle kept a diary of a tour he made in England between the years ’70 and ’80, and one of his *memorabilia* was ‘This day we have travelled thirty-six miles, and passed through part of five counties.’ In 1780, the two members for the county of Kerry sent to Dublin for a noddie, and travelled together in it from Kerry to Dublin. The journey occupied seventeen days ; and each night the two members quartered themselves at the house of some friend ; and on the seventeenth day they reached Dublin, just in time for the commencement of the session. I remember in 1817 dodging for eight hours about Caernar-

different parts of Ireland. Every man's hand was against them, and their hand was against every man.

A party had taken up their abode in the Kilworth mountains through which O'Connell and his companion were obliged to pass. In the evening, while resting at the Fermoy inn, four dragoons came in, one of whom was a corporal. O'Connell and his companion were anxious to provide themselves with ammunition, but this was by no means easy to obtain. Mr Grady opened negotiations with the corporal—

“Soldier, will you sell me some powder and ball?”

“Sir, I don't sell powder,” replied the corporal, who in his own opinion was no soldier.

“Will you then have the goodness to buy me some?” said Grady; “in these unsettled times the dealers in the article are reluctant to sell it to strangers like us.”

“Sir,” replied the corporal, “I am no man's messenger but the king's—go yourself.”

“Grady,” said O'Connell in a low tone, “you have made a great mistake. Did you not see by the mark on his sleeve that

von Harbour before we could land. When on shore, I proceeded to Capelcarrig, where I was taken very ill; and I was not consoled by reflecting that should my illness threaten life, there was no Catholic priest within forty miles of me.” Among other illustrations of the state of things in the good old days of Tory rule, he recorded the fate of a poor half-witted creature called “Jack of the roads,” who, in the earlier part of the century, used to run alongside the Limerick coaches:—“He once made a bet of fourpence and a pot of porter that he would run to Dublin from Limerick, keeping pace with the mail. He did so, and when he was passing through Mountrath on his return, on the 12th of July 1807 or 1808, he flourished a green bough at a party of Orangemen who were holding their orgies. One of them fired at his face; his eyes were destroyed—he lingered and died—and there was an end of poor Jack.”

the man is a corporal? You mortified his pride in calling him a soldier, especially before his own men, amongst whom he doubtless plays the officer."

Having suffered a few minutes to elapse, O'Connell entered into conversation with the dragoon:

"Did you ever see such rain as we had to-day, *sergeant*? I was very glad to find that the regulars had not the trouble of escorting the judges. It was very suitable work for those awkward yeomen."

"Yes, indeed, sir," returned the corporal, evidently flattered at being mistaken for a sergeant, "we were very lucky in escaping those torrents of rain."

"Perhaps, sergeant, you will have the kindness," continued O'Connell, "to buy me some powder and ball in town. We are to pass the Kilworth mountains, and shall want ammunition. *You* can, of course, find no difficulty in buying it; but it is not to every one they sell these matters."

"Sir," said the corporal, "I shall have great pleasure in requesting your acceptance of a small supply of powder and ball. My balls will, I think, just fit your pistols. You'll stand in need of ammunition, for there are some of those out-lying rebelly rascals on the mountains."

"Dan," said Grady, in a low tone, "you'll go through the world successfully, that I can easily foresee."³

And Dan did go through the world successfully.

³ The last remaining robber was shot about the year 1810, by the postmaster of Fermoy. Several persons had been robbed a short time previously; whereupon the postmaster and another inhabitant of Fermoy hired a chaise and drove to the mountains of Kilworth. The robber spied the chaise, came to rob, upon which the postmaster shot him dead.

"There was," said O'Connell, "a narrow causeway thrown across a glen, which formed a peculiarly dangerous part of the old road; it was

O'Connell's first speech was made in opposition to the union. Fortunately a copy of this most important document has been preserved. It was the key-note to O'Connell's political life, and from this first declaration of his principles he never departed or swerved for a second. His family were against him, and especially his uncle Maurice, to whom he owed his education. Political life was a dangerous game, and a losing one, and old "Hunting-cap," though he lived all his life in the wilds of Kerry, knew

undefended by guard-walls, and too narrow for two carriages to pass abreast. The post-boys used to call it 'the delicate bit;' and a ticklish spot it surely was on a dark night, approached at one end from a steep declivity."

O'Connell used to tell a good story of his friend Harry Grady—"I remember a good specimen of his skill in cross-examination at an assizes at Tralee, where he defended some still-owners who had recently had a scuffle with five soldiers. The soldiers were witnesses against the still-owners. Harry Grady cross-examined each soldier in the following manner, out of hearing of his brethren, who were kept out of court:—'Well, soldier, it was a murderous scuffle, wasn't it?'—'Yes.'—'But *you* weren't afraid?'—'No.'—'Of course you weren't. It is part of your sworn duty to die in the king's service if needs must. But, if *you* were not afraid, maybe others were not quite so brave? Were any of your comrades frightened? Tell the truth now.'—'Why, indeed, sir, I can't say but they were.'—'Ah, I thought so. Come, now, name the men who were frightened—on your oath, now.'

"The soldier then named every one of his four comrades. He was then sent down, and another soldier called upon the table, to whom Grady addressed precisely the same set of queries, receiving precisely the same answers; until at last he got each of the five soldiers to swear, that *he alone* had fought the still-owners bravely, and that all his four comrades were cowards. Thus Harry succeeded in utterly discrediting the soldiers' evidence against his clients."

quite enough of public affairs to make him anxious to keep Darrynane in the family, and to keep young Dan's head on his shoulders. But young Dan was thoroughly capable of taking care of himself, and he continued to steer through the difficult period of the Union without any personal inconvenience.

The Union was formally brought before the English Houses of Parliament by messages from the Crown on the 22d of January 1799, but Mr Pitt had laid his plans for it as far back as 1784, when he came into office. He set himself to work with that steady determination which is the best promise of success, and with that unscrupulous disregard of justice which generally serves for a time. The difficulties he met with, and probably the steady opposition of his powerful rival, Fox, were a further incentive.

Fox had very clear ideas of Irish policy for an English statesman. He saw that the divisions of the Irish themselves—those divisions with which they have been so frequently taunted, and which are so little understood—were the principal cause of the misfortunes of this unhappy country. He could not understand why Irish politicians would not work together,⁴ and forgot that English poli-

"February 8th, 1799.

⁴ "If the Irish would stick to one another, they might play a game that would have more chance of doing good, than any that has been in question for a long time. They might win the battle that we lost in 1784, and which after all is the pivot upon which everything turns. They ought

ticians were equally, though not so disastrously divided. He did not understand, what we fear has never yet been thoroughly understood, the state of government in Ireland, and why Irishmen were disunited, or only united in parties to oppose each other.

The only attempt at a Republican government in Ireland had been the Parliament of Kilkenny, held by the Confederates in 1645. It was certainly some sort of satisfaction to the nation at large to feel that they had any kind of national representation; the meeting of a Parliament in Dublin gave a certain appearance of status to the country, but it was only an appearance. The members of both Houses were, with a very few exceptions, members of the English Government; the nation was not represented. Ireland was a Catholic nation, yet not one single Catholic could raise his voice in that assembly. Irishmen were allowed to vote, and after a time Catholics were allowed to vote nominally; but the vote was only nominal, it was little more than a badge of slavery; for woe to the freeholder who dared to have an opinion of his own! woe to the "independent elector" who availed himself of his supposed independence.

The majority, the vast majority, of those who sat in the

to be very careful to confine themselves, however, to Irish ministers, and great officers in Ireland, and they would be in no danger (unless I am very much deceived indeed) of being deserted by the people, as we were."—*Fox's Letters*, vol. iv. p. 157.

Irish House of Lords, and the Irish House of Commons, were men who had no Irish interests whatever, who, far from having such interests, actually hated and scorned the men whom they were supposed to represent. They had one god, and they worshipped him with unflinching devotion—for him they were ready to sacrifice honour, principle, and self-respect; for him they were willing to imbrue their hands in the very life-blood of the unhappy men whose interests they were supposed to represent.⁵

Pitt knew perfectly well the difficulties he would have to meet in effecting his purpose. He had four classes to deal with, and he dealt with them one by one with a masterly ability worthy of a better cause.

⁵ Fox wrote to Lord Holland on the 19th of January 1799 :—

"I own I think, according to the plan with which you have set out, that you ought to attend the Union; nor do I feel much any of your objections, I mean to attendance, for in all those to the Union I agree with you entirely. If it were only for the state of representation in their House of Commons, I should object to it; but when you add the state of the country, it is the most monstrous proposition that ever was made. What has given rise to the report of my being for it I cannot guess, as exclusive of temporary objections I never had the least liking to the measure, though I confess I have less attended to the arguments *pro* and *con* than perhaps I otherwise should have done, from a full conviction that it was completely impossible. You know, I dare say, that my general principle in politics is very much against the *one* and *indivisible*, and if I were to allow myself a leaning to any extreme it would be to that of Federalism. Pray, therefore, whenever you hear my opinion mentioned, declare for me my decided disapprobation; not that I would have my wish to have this known a reason for your attendance, however, if otherwise you wish to stay away."—*Fox's Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 150.

He had to deal with the people of Ireland, with those units who are considered so insignificant when counted by ones, who are so terribly formidable when you come to add the ones, and discover that they amount to millions. A multitude is terribly formidable even without leaders, even when they are held in chains. The English minister knew this, and crushed the multitude. If it did cost some millions of money, what matter! his was an extravagant administration, and he hoped to revenge himself after the Union. As to the lives, the agony, the legacy of hatred, all that "went without saying." Perhaps he deplored the blood and crime a little, not having the brutal nature of Cromwell, who delighted in it, but he consoled himself with the reflection that state policy requires sacrifice.

The benefit of England was the one grand object.⁶ It

⁶ This was no secret. In 1699, Sir Richard Cox wrote a work, entitled "The English Interest in Ireland," proposing a Union in the following words:—

"It is your interest to unite and incorporate us with England; for by that means *the English interest will always be prevalent here*, and the kingdom as secure to you as Wales, or any county in England. *Your taxes will be lessened when we bear part of the burden. . . . All our money will still centre at London*; and our trade and communication with England will be so considerable, that we shall think ourselves at home when there; and where one goes thither now, then ten will go when all our business is transacted in your Parliament, to which, if we send sixty-four knights for our thirty-two counties, ten lords, and six bishops, *they may spend our money, but cannot influence your councils to your disadvantage. . . . By the Union, England will get much of our money, and abundance of our trade.*"

This man was a specimen of the class of men who carried the Union

was right, it was more than justifiable that Englishmen should seek the advancement of their own nation above all things, but they were equally bound in common honesty either to treat Irish interests as synonymous with their own, or to leave Ireland perfectly free to look after her own interests. It was not just to treat her as a dependency, or rather as a country which was to be used solely for the interests of those who had made themselves her masters by force of arms.

Fox was probably the only English statesman of his time who had thoroughly clear ideas as to the duty and the good policy of making English and Irish interests coincide. He held and expressed strong views as to the power of *the people*, and was decidedly of opinion that Parliament could not make a Union between the two countries either with legal or moral right, unless Parliament had the sanction of the people.

“Supposing the Stamp Act were beneficial to America, or who represented Ireland. Though Irish by birth, his interests were wholly English.

In 1751, Sir Matthew Dicker wrote “*Essays on Trade*,” in which he said :—

“By a union with Ireland the taxes of Great Britain will be lessened.” In 1767, Postlethwayte wrote a work, entitled “*Britain’s Commercial Interest*,” in which he said : “By the Union, Ireland would soon be enabled to pay a million a year towards the taxes of Great Britain ; the riches of Ireland would chiefly return to England, she containing the seat of empire ; the Irish lairds would be little better than tenants to her, for allowing them the privilege of making the best of their relations.”—P. 203.

Parliament was not competent in any sense of the word to enact it. Supposing a Union would be beneficial to Ireland, Parliament again is not competent to enact it, because it is not within its commission to destroy the constitution which it is instituted to support, even though it should place a better in its stead; and here comes in with propriety what Locke says, that Parliament is to make laws and not legislatures. I cannot think, for instance, that Parliament is competent to declare Great Britain an absolute monarchy, or a republic, though it should be of opinion that the change would be for the better. For such revolutions there must be a known opinion of the people, and though such opinion be difficult to collect legally, yet for practical purposes it may be collected in a practical way, as I contend that it was, or at least that it was pretended to be, in 1688 and 1706. It is said that this reasoning goes to say, that Parliament, which is instituted to *improve*, cannot be competent to *impair* the Constitution; the answer is, that whether a projected alteration be an *improvement* or an *injury*, is a question upon which Parliament is commissioned to judge, but annihilation (which Union must be allowed to be) is not within their commission. That it is annihilation, I, of course, suppose proved, before I deny the competence."

We have seen how Mr Pitt dealt with the people. His mode of dealing with the upper classes was far more simple

and effective. They wanted money, and he flung it about with reckless prodigality. The sale of boroughs was always a profitable source of income to Anglo-Irish noblemen. They were a needy race, and by no means satisfied with their poverty. In their folly and infatuation they encouraged the rebellion, forgetting that they were but impoverishing themselves. They soon learned their fatal mistake, but they had not the wisdom to discern the remedy.

It was always hard for the Irish tenant to pay his rent, because he was not allowed a straw for his bricks, though the bricks were required all the same; but after the rebellion there was a deficiency of tenants, and no amount of torture could wring money from the hapless few who remained to till the impoverished soil. The circulation of the Bank of Ireland also was discredited, and, of course, the poor were the sufferers. The tenants were obliged to pay in gold when they could be made pay at all, but the scarcity was so great that the tradesmen were paid in paper money, thus throwing the burden still on the people.⁷

⁷ On the 8th June 1799, Lord Devonshire wrote to Lord Castlereagh. "Whilst I have the pen in my hand, I beg leave to trespass upon your Lordship a little longer, to state a great grievance that this part of the world labours under, which, if possible, ought to be stopped—that is, the sale of the gold coin. When Government thought fit, two or three years ago, to encourage the circulation of bank paper, that traffic began. I gave all the assistance I could to Government in their object, and took bank paper in my office for rent, which I still continue to do, which,

The bribery system was not made any secret. Gentlemen knew their worth, and were by no means modest in proclaiming it. If they were to sell honour and conscience, at least they meant to have the full value of both.

Lord Cornwallis wrote to Major-General Ross on the 23d November 1798, and gave some charmingly *naïve* descriptions of how affairs were being managed. He was obliged to talk a great deal, and found it a bore. He thought the Catholics might as well have got the benefit of what was going, they, at the very time, being kept under the delusion that they were to be included. He declared the Lords-Lieutenant had been idle and incapable, yet Irish men were wildly blamed if they were not loyal to them,

I believe, none of my neighbours do. I understand Lord Hertford, Lord Donegal, Lord Londonderry, &c., never have and do not take any paper for their rents ; but now I cannot pay a bill to any tradesman in Belfast or the country, in bank notes, without allowing from threepence to eightpence in every guinea. I understand it is the same in the pay of the army. The conduct of the Bank of Ireland is so illiberal, if not illegal, and, besides, take so little pains to stop forgeries upon them, that I shall no longer take their paper as rent in my office. There is scarce a remittance made to Dublin but two or three notes are returned as forged. They have left off defacing the note, indeed, as they used to do, by which a poor honest man lost eight five-pound notes that my agent recovered for him ; but he had not taken the same precaution my agent did, as the notes were so defaced by an oiled red stamp that he could not swear to the paper, and those that he thought had paid them to him denied that these notes were those they paid him. I have ordered no notes to be taken, till some means are devised to prevent the gross imposition of paying for gold."

and he declared the whole manner of governing Ireland was founded on the "grossest corruption."

On the 27th of April 1799, Lord Cornwallis wrote to the Bishop of Lichfield, giving a wretched picture of the state of Ireland.

"This wretched country remains much in the same state,—the seeds of disaffection, of hatred of England, and in particular (and, I am sorry to say, in general with more reason) of their own landlords, are as deeply rooted as ever, and frequently break out in various shapes, such as the murder of magistrates, or the houghing of cattle: our politicians of the old leaven are as much occupied with their dirty jobs as ever. Those who think at all of the great question of the Union, confine their speculation to the simple question of its either promoting or counteracting their own private views, and the great mass of the people neither think or care about the matter. Under these circumstances, you will easily conceive how unpleasant my situation must be, and how little I can flatter myself with the hopes of obtaining any credit for myself, or of rendering any essential service to my country. Sincerely do I repent that I did not return to Bengal."^s

The interested parties were soon satisfied. A sum of £1,260,000 was expended in buying up the boroughs, and with the addition of a few peerages and pensions, the

^s *Cornwallis Correspondence*, vol. 3, p. 93.

"My time has lately been much taken up with seeing, and breaking to the principal persons here, the projected Union, and when you send for a man on such business, he must stay with you and talk to you as long as he likes. I have no great doubts of being able to carry the measure here, but I have great apprehensions of the inefficacy of it after it is carried, and I do not think it would have been much more difficult to have included the Catholics.

"Those who are called principal persons here, are men who have been

work was done. Lord Devonshire got £52,500, and Lord Ely £45,000. Three or four powerful families had the representation of Ireland completely in their power, either by the possession of large property, or by intermarriages. The Ponsonbys had no less than twenty-two seats under their complete control. The Devonshire and Beresford families had almost the same number. Lord Longueville ruled Cork and Mallow with six other places.

The principal difficulty was with the Catholic clergy, who could not be bribed, but whom it was quite possible to deceive. The managers of the Union were not particular how the work was effected, with perhaps the exception of Lord Cornwallis, who had some idea of honour even where Papists were concerned. It is to be regretted that the Catholic Bishops, who worked for the Union, did not see some of the private correspondence in which they were mentioned, and did not hear some of the private conversations which have been recorded, and sent down to posterity.

Sir J. Hippisley, who was specially employed to cajole the Catholics, wrote to Lord Castlereagh:—

“The Speaker told me, some time before, that Mr Pitt had much approved the suggestions I had offered, with respect to the

raised into consequence, only by having the entire disposal of the patronage of the Crown in return for their undertaking the management of the country, because the Lords-Lieutenant were too idle or too incapable to management it themselves. They are detested by everybody but their immediate followers, and have no influence but what is founded on the grossest corruption.”—*Cornwallis' Correspondence*, vol. 3, p. 445.

distinctions and checks on the *Monastic* Clergy. Your Lordship will permit me to quote a vulgar Italian proverb, which is this:—"One must be aware of a bull *before*, of an ass at his *heels*, and of a friar *on all sides*." Seven years' experience on Catholic ground convinced me that this adage was well imagined."

On the 5th of June 1799, the Earl of Altamont wrote from Westport House—"The priests have all appeared to sign, and though I am not proud of many of them as associates, I will take their signatures to prevent a possibility of a counter declaration."⁹

On the 3rd of June 1799, Lord Castlereagh wrote to

⁹ "If the Roman Catholics stand forward, it will be unwillingly; they are keeping back decidedly, but many will be influenced, and some few who connected themselves with the Protestants during the disturbance will be zealously forward on the present occasion. The priests have all offered to sign; and, though I am not proud of many of them as associates, I will take their signatures, to prevent a possibility of a counter-declaration. I hear the titular Archbishop has expressed himself inclined to the measure. This day, I have sent round to all the Catholics of property in the country: I may be mistaken, but, in my judgment, the wish of the most of them would be to stand nenter; or, perhaps, if they had any countenance, to oppose it—that is the fact. Several will sign from influence, some from fear; but the majority, I believe, will pretend that they have given opinions already, and can't decently retract them. You shall know exactly when I get to Dublin. Every man applied to, of all persuasions, wants to make it personal compliment."—*Memoir of Viscount Castlereagh*, vol. ii. p. 328.

Mr Cook wrote to Lord Castlereagh at the close of 1798 to inform him of public opinion in Dublin:—

"The Dublin argument is this:—Absenteeism will increase—interest of the debt to England will increase—and we cannot bear the drain. Our manufactures will be ruined by putting an end to duties between the two countries. All the proprietors in Dublin must be injured. We shall be liable to British debts," &c.

the Duke of Portland that the rebellion "was managed by the inferior priests." There were certainly some of the Catholic clergy who united with the rebels in self-defence, but a careful examination of the correspondence of the times will show at once that they were few in number, and that the Government relied much on the co-operation of the priests, even at the very time that many of them were being treated with inhuman cruelty.

On the 20th of July 1799, Lord Cornwallis wrote to the Duke of Portland, that the "clergy of the Church, particularly the superior, countenance the measure," and that the linen merchants of the north were much too busy with their trade to think much on the subject.¹ If the Catholic

¹ These letters are so important an illustration of the state of Ireland at this period that we give further extracts:—

"Within these few days, the Catholics have shown a disposition to depart from their line of neutrality, and to support the measure. Those of the city of Waterford have sent up a very strong declaration in favour of Union, at the same time expressing a hope that it will lead to the accomplishment of their emancipation, as they term it, but not looking to it as a preliminary. The Catholics of Kilkenny have agreed to a similar declaration; and, as the clergy of that Church, particularly the superiors, countenance the measure, it is likely to extend itself.

"In the North, the public opinion is much divided on the question. In Derry and Donegal, the gentry are in general well-disposed. The linen merchants are too busily employed in their trade to think much on the subject, or to take an active part on either side; but I understand they are, on the whole, rather favourable, wishing to have their trade secured, which they do not feel, notwithstanding the Speaker's argument, to be independent of Great Britain."—*Memoirs of Viscount Castlereagh*, vol ii. p. 351.

south had been allowed to trade as well as the Protestant north, and permitted the same liberty of conscience, England might have saved herself some millions of money.

There was some difficulty in Tipperary, and Lord Castle-reagh wrote to the Duke of Portland complaining that the country members had voted against the Government, which he declared to be a "a very unconstitutional practice," and but too prevalent in Ireland. Thus, while the tenant was compelled to vote as his landlord pleased, his representative was to vote as the Government pleased. This, of course, was only in the Irish Parliament, where tenants and members should alike be deeply grateful for the privilege of being allowed to vote at all, and were bound, according to English views of Irish constitutional liberty, to vote as their masters ordered them. Certainly, under the circumstances, it ought not to have been so difficult to carry the Union. Neither would it have been difficult, had not a number of the members discovered that a good deal of capital could be made of their votes.²

One of the most remarkable and able letters of the whole

² Lord de Clifford wrote an elaborate letter to Mr Townsend, 23d July 1799, in which he puts forward very strong objections to the Union, manifestly for the purpose of enhancing his price. With a candour almost too transparent for laughter, he concludes by saying that, if he believed the measure for the public good, he would sacrifice his boroughs; *but as he does not*, he cannot be unmindful of his private interests. One can scarcely believe it possible that any educated man could coolly write his own shame so openly.

series was written by Mr Luke Fox, afterwards a judge of Common Pleas, to Lord Castlereagh. He grasped the whole subject with resolute precision.³ The population of Ireland, he estimated at more than five millions five hundred thousand. Of these only 500,000 were Protestants. This population was again divided into three classes, who "composed three distinct nations, as different in character and principles and habits of life as the antipodes."

"The object is to form them into one *united* people under the

³ The following extracts from his letter will prove that he did this:—

"With regard to the measure itself, supposing the nation, or *even* the Parliament, should be induced to adopt it, I much fear that the great number of absentees which would immediately follow its being carried into execution would be much more likely to occasion the rebellion's breaking out afresh, than it would tend to restoring peace and quietness, even were the majority of the well-affected in favour of it. It is a well-known fact to those that are at all acquainted with the interior of Ireland, that a very great majority of the people look upon the proprietors of the land of the country as a set of usurpers, and have been ready (time immemorial) to rise and wrest their property from them on the first opportunity. I am perfectly convinced that we owe the salvation of the country during the late rebellion (which, by the by, I fear is not suppressed, but barely smothered) more to the personal exertions of the country gentlemen in devoting their whole time, their lives, and their properties, to keeping their tenantry and neighbours in order, than we do to the great military force that was brought into the kingdom. If, by forcing a Union upon this country, you disgust one-half of these gentlemen and convert the other half into absentees, you will leave the country a prey to the machinations of the disaffected, and the consequence I fear would be fatal."

He then alludes to the Scotch Union, and says Scotland would have improved just as fast if left independent:—

"The very reverse appears to me to be the best policy for Ireland.

rule of the British constitution, and to unite, by sentiment and interest, that people to Great Britain. Our fleets may display their triumphant flags in every quarter of the globe ; our troops may conquer, but barren are their laurels and futile their triumphs, when compared to the advantages likely to result to Great Britain and Ireland from this measure in a military, commercial, and financial point of view. But, to proceed to delineate the mode—it is material to observe how these three distinct bodies, the Protestants, the Presbyterians, and the Catholics, stand affected to the question of Union.

“The Protestants, composing about 50,000 souls, the descendants of English colonists, possess the whole power and patronage, and almost the whole landed property of the country.

“They are, of course, political monopolists, and can only be gained by influence.

“The Catholics, composing the mass of the population, amounting at least to three millions—four would have been more correct—of souls, descendants of the original inhabitants, or of colonists who degenerated, and, in the language of the historian, not very

The landed interest you have already attached to you, both from principle and interest. The great body of the people are against you, and I should therefore think that, instead of holding out inducements to them to leave it, you ought rather to give them every encouragement to reside upon their estates, and guard the mutual interests and connection of the two kingdoms, where they have most power to do it with effect.

“Lord Castlereagh informs me that ‘it is intended that the counties should return two members, as at present ; that the populous cities and towns should return one member each, and the rest of the boroughs be classed as in Scotland, making a proportionate compensation to the proprietors.’ Though I solemnly declare I would not hesitate a moment sacrificing my borough interest if I was convinced the measure was for the public good, I cannot be expected (entertaining the doubts that I do respecting it), to be wholly unmindful of my private interests, and I should wish much to know in what light my boroughs would be looked upon according to this plan.”

classical but strong, became *Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores*, are, for the most part, poor, uneducated, and ignorant, deriving weight almost solely from their numbers, added to a natural vigour of body and astuteness of mind, capable, under a proper regimen, of being modelled to the most beneficial ends, both civil and military. They are at present in the lowest state of political depression, in a semi-barbarous state (as has been truly observed), and thereby eminently qualified to answer the continual drains on a great commercial empire to supply her fleets and armies in every accessible quarter of the globe. These are to be gained by *concession*.

"The Protestants are, from every motive of a monopolising interest, determined opponents to the scheme of Union, by which they must lose that monopoly of power and profit, which it is not in human nature voluntarily to resign when once possessed. Does any man think that Mr Foster and Mr Ponsonby are actuated by such motives? Religion is a mere pretence—the true bone of contention is the monopoly of Irish power and patronage."

Never was a truer word said. Not only did these monopolists sell "power and patronage," but they actually made every effort to depress Irish industry, because, if the Irish once began to be an independent nation, their gain was gone.⁴

Such was the state of public affairs when O'Connell made his first speech. The bar were nearly all against the Union,

⁴ The Beresford family were amongst the most rapacious and unscrupulous of this class. Lord Auckland wrote to Mr Beresford, that England "ought to check that system of liberality and fostering protection which tended to increase Irish capital and prosperity, and give extended means of mischief." So that all that has been done to ruin Ireland was not considered sufficient by those men who wished to build their fortunes on her misery.

and even Mr Saurin, who was the father of the bar, and a conscientious hater of Catholics, was warmly opposed to it. The bar held their first meeting on the 9th of December 1798. Mr Saurin had been elected some years before to the command of the Lawyers' Volunteer Corps, and now issued the following order:—

“LAWYERS’ INFANTRY.—The corps is ordered to parade at twelve at noon at the new court in the new regimentals. A punctual attendance is requested, as business of the utmost importance is to be transacted.

“(Signed) STEWART KING, *Adjutant.*”

The majority of the bar,⁵ however, suggested that a discussion in an armed assembly was unsuitable, and the result was a meeting as civilians. At this meeting Mr Saurin moved—

“That the measure of a legislative union of Great Britain, is an innovation which it would be highly dangerous and improper to propose at the present juncture of affairs in this country.”

Mr Plunket said—

“Should the administration propose that measure now, it will be carried. For animosity and want of time to consider coolly its

⁵ Lord Cornwallis wrote to the Duke of Portland :—“The bar have been most forward in their opposition, and have been this day assembled as a corps, it is understood, with an intention of taking up the question. Should that learned body be so intemperate as to set an example to the yeomanry at large, unconstitutional in the extreme, and dangerous to the public safety, I shall feel myself called on, in the outset, to meet this attempt to overawe the King’s Government and the legislature with decision.”—*Cornwallis’ Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 5.

consequences, and forty thousand British troops in Ireland, will carry the measure. But in a little time the people will awaken as from a dream, and what consequences will follow I tremble to think. For myself, I declare that I oppose a union principally because I am convinced that it will accelerate a total separation of the two countries."

The determined conduct of the bar was certainly annoying to the Government, and on the 15th December Lord Cornwallis wrote to the Duke of Portland:—

[“Secret and confidential.”]

“DUBLIN CASTLE, Dec. 15, 1798.

“MY LORD,—Your Grace will probably have seen in the papers an account of the violence which disgraced the meeting of the barristers, and of the miserable figure which the friends of Union made on a division of 32 against 162.

“The bankers and merchants are to meet on Tuesday next, and I do not expect a more favourable division on that occasion. In point of indecency of manners and language, they cannot surpass the gentlemen of the learned profession.

“Our reports of the reception of the measure in the North are not favourable, especially about Belfast, and the principal Catholics about Dublin begin to hold a much less sanguine language about the probable conduct of their brethren, and are disposed to think that, in this part of the kingdom at least, the greater number of them will join in the opposition to the Union.”

In a confidential and friendly letter to Major-General Ross, he said—

“The opposition to the Union increases daily in and about Dublin, and I am afraid, from conversations which I have held with persons much connected with them, that I was too sanguine when I hoped for the good inclinations of the Catholics. Their disposition is so completely alienated from the British Govern-

ment, that I believe they would even be tempted to join with their bitterest enemies, the Protestants of Ireland, if they thought that measure would lead to a total separation of the two countries. My thoughts may be more gloomy, as a black north-east wind is blowing with great violence, and darkening the hemisphere; but I think, from the folly, obstinacy, and gross corruption which pervade every corner of this island, that it is impossible that it can be saved from destruction. I tremble likewise for the spirit of enterprise which prevails on your side of the water, without troops, and in defiance of the seasons."⁶

On the 27th of December 1798, the first number of the *Anti-Union* newspaper was published. Plunket, Grattan, and Burke were the chief contributors; they were the men of the day. How little did any one anticipate that the young barrister, whose maiden speech is recorded in one of its earliest numbers, would at a future time wield a power, and possess an influence far superior to theirs—that this youth would obtain the justice so long asked for by Catholics, and which was denied even to their eloquence and patriotism.

These meetings were carefully watched, and Major Sirr, but too well known for undertaking any mean office required by Government, clattered into the Royal Exchange Hall when Mr Moore had taken the chair, and O'Connell

⁶ The fact seems to be that the Government either deceived themselves or were thoroughly deceived about the Irish Catholics. The latter suggestion seems to be the more correct, though the deceit was the result of their opposition and not of guile. The upper classes of Catholics took on themselves to be spokesmen for the rest. They expected emancipation, and believed the promises of Government. The middle classes were by no means so sanguine, and judged far more correctly.

was preparing to speak. He had a look at the resolutions, which were drawn up by O'Connell himself, probably his first effort in that direction, but he could not find anything in them to condemn. He dashed out as he had dashed in, and O'Connell spoke :—

“Counsellor O'Connell rose, and in a short speech prefaced the resolutions. He said that the question of Union was confessedly one of the first importance and magnitude. Sunk, indeed, in more than criminal apathy, must that Irishman be, who could feel indifference on the subject. It was a measure, to the consideration of which we were called by every illumination of the understanding, and every feeling of the heart. There was, therefore, no necessity to apologise for the introducing the discussion of the question amongst Irishmen. But before he brought forward any resolution, he craved permission to make a few observations on the causes which produced the necessity of meeting as Catholics—as a separate and distinct body. In doing so, he thought he would clearly show that they were justifiable in at length deviating from a resolution which they had heretofore formed. The enlightened mind of the Catholics had taught them the impolicy, the illiberality, and the injustice of separating themselves on any occasion from the rest of the people of Ireland. The Catholics had therefore resolved, and they had wisely resolved, never more to appear before the public as a distinct and separate body ; but they did not—they could not—then foresee the unfortunately existing circumstances of this moment. They could not then foresee that they would be reduced to the necessity, either of submitting to the disgraceful imputation of approving of a measure, as detestable to them as it was ruinous to their country, or once again, and he trusted for the last time, of coming forward as a distinct body.

“There was no man present but was acquainted with the industry with which it was circulated, that the Catholics were

favourable to the Union. In vain did multitudes of that body, in different capacities, express their disapprobation of the measure; in vain did they concur with others of their fellow-subjects in expressing their abhorrence of it—as freemen or freeholders, electors of counties or inhabitants of cities—still the calumny was repeated; it was printed in journal after journal; it was published in pamphlet after pamphlet; it was circulated with activity in private companies; it was boldly and loudly proclaimed in public assemblies. How this clamour was raised, and how it was supported, was manifest; the motives of it were apparent.

“In vain had the Catholics (individually) endeavoured to resist the torrent. Their future efforts, as individuals, would be equally vain and fruitless: they must then oppose it collectively.

“There was another reason why they should come forward as a distinct class—a reason which he confessed had made the greatest impression upon his feelings. Not content with falsely asserting that the Catholics favoured the extinction of Ireland, this, their supposed inclination, was attributed to the foulest motives—motives which were most repugnant to their judgments, and most abhorrent to their hearts; it was said that the Catholics were ready to sell their country for a price, or what was still more depraved, to abandon it on account of the unfortunate animosities which the wretched temper of the times had produced;—can they remain silent under so horrible a calumny? This calumny was flung on the whole body; it was incumbent on the whole body to come forward and contradict it. Yes, they will show every friend of Ireland that the Catholics are incapable of selling their country; they will loudly declare that if their emancipation was offered for their consent to the measure, even were emancipation after the Union a benefit, they would reject it with prompt indignation. (*This sentiment met with approbation.*) Let us,” said he, “show to Ireland that we have nothing in view but her good, nothing in our hearts but the desire of mutual forgiveness, mutual toleration, and mutual affection; in fine, let every man who feels

with me proclaim, that if the alternative were offered him of Union, or the re-enactment of the Penal Code in all its pristine horrors, that he would prefer without hesitation the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable evil ; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren the Protestants of Ireland, who have already liberated him, than lay his country at the feet of foreigners. (*This sentiment met with much and marked approbation.*) With regard to the Union, so much had been said—so much had been written—on the subject, that it was impossible that any man should not before now have formed an opinion on it. He would not trespass on their attention in repeating arguments which they had already heard, and topics which they had already considered. But if there was any man present who could be so far mentally degraded as to consent to the extinction of the liberty, the constitution, and even the name of Ireland, he would call on him not to leave the direction and management of his commerce and property to strangers, over whom he could have no control.”

The following resolutions were then proposed and passed unanimously :—

“ROYAL EXCHANGE, DUBLIN, *January 13th, 1800.*

“At a numerous and respectable meeting of the Roman Catholics of the city of Dublin, convened pursuant to public notice, Ambrose Moore, Esq., in the chair—

“Resolved—‘That we are of opinion that the proposed incorporate union of the legislature of Great Britain and Ireland is, in fact, an extinction of the liberty of this country, which would be reduced to the abject condition of a province, surrendered to the mercy of the minister and legislature of another country, to be bound by their absolute will, and taxed at their pleasure by laws, in the making of which this country would have no efficient participation whatsoever.’

“Resolved—‘That we are of opinion that the improvement of Ireland for the last twenty years, so rapid beyond example, is to

be ascribed wholly to the independency of our legislature, so gloriously asserted in the year 1782, by virtue of our Parliament co-operating with the generous recommendation of our most gracious and benevolent sovereign, and backed by the spirit of our people, and so solemnly ratified by both kingdoms as the only true and permanent foundation of Irish prosperity and British connection.'

"Resolved—'That we are of opinion, that if that independency should ever be surrendered, we must as rapidly relapse into our former depression and misery ; and that Ireland must inevitably lose, with her liberty, all that she has acquired in wealth, and industry, and civilisation.'

"Resolved—'That we are firmly convinced, that the supposed advantages of such a surrender are unreal and delusive, and can never arise in fact ; and that even if they should arise, they would be only the bounty of the master to the slave, held by his courtesy, and resumable at his pleasure.'

"Resolved—'That, having heretofore determined not to come forward any more in the distinct character of Catholics, but to consider our claims and our cause not as those of a sect, but as involved in the general fate of our country—we now think it right, notwithstanding such determination, to publish the present resolutions, in order to undeceive our fellow-subjects who may have been led to believe, by a false representation, that we are capable of giving any concurrence whatsoever to so foul and fatal a project ; to assure them we are incapable of sacrificing our common country to either pique or pretension ; and that we are of opinion, that this deadly attack upon the nation is the great call of nature, of country, and posterity upon Irishmen of all descriptions and persuasions, to every constitutional and legal resistance ; and that we sacredly pledge ourselves to persevere in obedience to that call as long as we have life.'

"Signed, by order, JAMES RYAN, Sec."

How little O'Connell could have anticipated his future

when he expressed so ardent a hope that this occasion might be the last, as well as the first, on which Catholics should come forward publicly as a body! How little he anticipated the thousand times on which his thrilling words should arouse the slumbering soul of the Irish celt, and animate him to new efforts for his religion and his nationality! How little he anticipated that his voice should one day rouse British statesmen to consider the past and present wrongs of Ireland, and obtain from the manly justice of the noble-minded amongst them, or from the cringing fear of the base, the rights which had been so long asked and so long denied.

With a liberality beyond the age, he declared himself ready to confide in the justice of Irish Protestants rather than in the doubtful mercies of English rulers.

It would be well, indeed, that those who accuse O'Connell of exceptional bitterness in his way of speaking when English rule was in question, should remember his early life—should remember that he witnessed all the horrors of the rebellion, that he had personal experience of all the treachery of Government.⁷ He was precisely at the age

⁷ An important instance of how the memory or tradition of past wrongs excites men to seize the first opportunity of revenge, if not of redress, has occurred in our own times. It is a circumstance which should be very carefully pondered by statesmen who have the real interest of the whole nation at heart. It is a circumstance, as a sample of many other similar cases, which should be known to every Englishman who wishes to understand the cause of "Irish disturbances." "One

when such impressions would be taken most vividly—would be stereotyped upon the memory most indelibly. If he spoke at times in rude language, and told plain truths in the plainest words, it was because he had wit-

of the men who was shot by the police during the late Fenian outbreak in Ireland, was a respectable farmer named Peter Crowley. His history tells the motive for which he risked and lost his life. His grandfather had been outlawed in the rebellion of '98. His uncle, Father Peter O'Neill, had been imprisoned and *flogged most barbarously with circumstances of peculiar cruelty*, in Cork, in the year 1798. The memory of the insult and injury done to a priest, who was entirely guiltless of the crimes with which he was charged, left a legacy of bitterness and hatred of Saxon rule in the whole family, which, unhappily, religion failed to eradicate. Peter Crowley was a sober, industrious, steady man, and his parish priest, who attended his deathbed, pronounced his end 'most happy and edifying.' Three clergymen and a procession of young men, women, and children, scattering flowers before the coffin, and bearing green boughs, attended his remains to the grave. He was mourned as a patriot, who had loved his country, not wisely, but too well; and it was believed that his motive for joining the Fenian ranks was less from a desire of revenge, which would have been sinful, than from a mistaken idea of freeing his country from a repetition of the cruelties of '98, and from her present grievances."

Arthur Young had, several years previously, made the following sensible observations on the probable effects of the Union :—

"In conversation upon the subject of a Union with Great Britain, I was informed that nothing was so unpopular in Ireland as such an idea, and that the great objection to it was increasing the number of absentees. When it was in agitation, twenty peers and sixty commoners were talked of to sit in the British Parliament, which would be the residence of eighty of the best estates in England. Going every year to England would by degrees make them residents; they would educate their children there, and in time would become mere absentees; becoming so, they would be unpopular; and others would be elected who, treading in the same steps, would yield the places still to others."

nessed cruel deeds, for which no apology was or could be made.

O'Connell's personal appearance at this time has been described somewhat invidiously by Sir Jonah Barrington, but the likeness given of him at the head of the following chapter shows that his appearance must have been singularly pleasing.

The bright, kindly, blue eyes flashed with intelligence and that dash of humour which seems inherent to the Irish character. His action was gentle, but sufficiently marked. His form was strong and muscular, but devoid of that portliness which gave dignity to his later years. The features were clearly cut and tolerably regular. It was not a handsome face, but it was a kindly one, and scarcely told all the power of mind that lay hidden within.

However he may have disliked Pitt as a politician, he admired him as an elocutionist. Already O'Connell had so far anticipated his future career, as to take special pains with his address in public, but only with a view to success at the bar. He did not, he could not, have anticipated how his voice would roll thunder tones at historic Clontarf and Muldaghmast.

O'Connell spoke thus of Grattan to Mr Daunt:—

"Pitt," he said, "had a grand majestic march of language, and a full melodious voice. Grattan's eloquence was full of fire, but had not the melody or dignity of Pitt's; yet nobody quoted Pitt's sayings, whereas, Grattan was always saying things that everybody quoted and remembered. 'I did not,'" said Mr O'Connell,

"hear Grattan make any of his famous speeches ; but I have heard him in public. He had great power, and great oddity—he almost swept the ground with his odd action.'

"His conversation contained much humour of a dry antithetical kind ; and he never relaxed a muscle, whilst his hearers were convulsed with laughter. He abounded with anecdotes of the men with whom he politically acted, and told them very well. I met him at dinner at the house of an uncle of O'Connor Don, and the conversation turned on Lord Kingsborough, grandfather to the present Earl of Kingston, a very strange being, who married at sixteen a cousin of his own, aged fifteen—used to dress like a roundhead of Cromwell's time, kept his hair close shorn, and wore a plain coat without a collar. Grattan said of this oddity, 'He was the strangest compound of incongruities I ever knew ; he combined the greatest personal independence with the most crouching political servility to ministers ; he was the most religious man, and the most profligate ; he systematically read every day a portion of the Bible, and marked his place in the sacred volume with an obscene ballad.'

"'I dare say,' said Mr O'Connell, after a pause, 'that Grattan told O'Connor to ask me to dinner. I was then beginning to be talked of, and people like to see a young person who acquires notoriety.'

O'Connell had a very high opinion of Grattan's son. One day, in pointing him out to an English friend, he said—

"That is Henry Grattan, son of the great Irish patriot. He inherits all his father's devotion to Ireland. If you presented a pistol at his head, and if he were persuaded his own immediate death would secure the Repeal of the Union, he would say, 'In the name of heaven, fire away !'"

The speech was certainly characteristic of the man who made it.

Speaking of Pitt, O'Connell observed—

“He struck me as having the most majestic flow of language and the finest voice imaginable. He managed his voice admirably. It was from him I learned to throw out the lower tones at the close of my sentences. Most men either let their voice fall at the end of their sentences, or else force it into a shout or screech. This is because they end with the upper instead of the lower notes. Pitt knew better. He threw his voice so completely round the House, that every syllable he uttered was distinctly heard by every man in the House.”

Mr Daunt inquired if he had heard Fox in the same debate. He replied—

“Yes, and he spoke delightfully ; his speech was better than Pitt's. The forte of Pitt as an orator was majestic declamation, and an inimitable felicity of praise. The word he used was always the very best word that could be got to express his idea. The only man I ever knew who approached Pitt in this particular excellence, was Charles Kendal Bushe, whose phrases were always admirably happy.”⁸

O'Connell expressed himself very strongly on the subject of the Union in the Report of the Repeal Association, April

⁸ O'Connell had a great dislike to being shown as a “lion” at *public private* dinners. On such occasions he rarely spoke. Mr Daunt says—“I was once at a dinner party in Dublin, when our host proposed O'Connell's health in a complimentary speech, which he ended by saying that he abstained from warmer eulogy through fear of wounding the modesty of his distinguished guest. O'Connell rose to return thanks, and commenced his speech by saying :—‘My friend has alluded to my modesty. Whatever my original amount of that quality may have been, I certainly have never worn any of it out by too frequent use ; so that I have the whole original stock quite ready for service on the present occasion.’”

1840. This record of his impressions after the lapse of forty years is valuable and important:—

“The second means for carrying the Union were—‘the deprivation of all legal protection to liberty or life—the familiar use of torture—the trials by courts-martial—the forcible suppression of public meetings—the total stifling of public opinion—and the use of armed violence.’

“All the time the Union was under discussion, the HABEAS CORPUS ACT was SUSPENDED — no man could call one hour's liberty his own.

“All the time the Union was under discussion, COURTS-MARTIAL had power unlimited over life and limb. Bound by no definite form or charge, nor by any rule of evidence, the COURTS-MARTIAL threatened with DEATH those who should dare to resist the spoliation of their birthrights.

“There was no redress for the most cruel and tyrannical imprisonment. *The persons of the king's Irish subjects were at the caprice of the king's ministers. The lives of the king's Irish subjects were at the sport and whim of the boys, young and old, of the molley corps of English militia, Welsh mountaineers, Scotch fencibles, and Irish yeomanry. At such a moment as that, when the gaols were crammed with unaccused victims, and the scaffolds were reeking with the blood of untried wretches—at such a moment as that, was it, that the British minister committed this act of SPOILIATION and ROBBERY, which enriched England but little, and made Ireland poor indeed.*

“Besides the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the consequent insecurity to personal liberty—besides the existence of courts-martial, and the consequent insecurity of human life; besides all these, actual force was used—meetings of counties, duly convened to deliberate on the measure, were dispersed by military force. It was not at Maryborough or Clonmel alone that the military were called out—horse, foot, and artillery—to scatter, and they did scatter, meetings convened by the legal authorities to

expostulate, to petition against the Union. Force was a peculiar instrument to suppress all constitutional opposition.

“Why should we dwell longer on this part of the subject, when in a single paragraph we have, in eloquent language, a masterly description, which easily supersedes any attempt of ours? Here are the words of PLUNKET—‘I will be bold to say, that licentious and impious France, in all the unrestrained excesses that anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy, than is now attempted by the professed champion of civilised Europe against Ireland—a friend and ally—in the hour of her calamity and distress. At a moment when our country is filled with British troops—whilst the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended—whilst trials by courts-martial are carrying on in many parts of the kingdom—while the people are made to believe that they have no right to meet and deliberate, and whilst the people are palsied by their fears—at the moment when we are distracted by internal dissensions, dissensions kept alive as the pretext of our present subjugation, and the instrument of our future thralldom,—such is the time in which the Union is proposed.’”

O'Connell was in great personal danger at this period on more than one occasion. While doing duty in the Volunteer corps, he was posted as a sentry near one of the canal bridges, and was ordered by his officer to fire on some unarmed country people who were passing at the other side of the canal after the hour at which martial law permitted persons to be about. He positively refused to perform this act of wanton cruelty, and in consequence was in danger of being himself the victim. On another occasion he was one of a party who had orders to search a hotel in James's Street, for suspected parties who were thought to have

arrived there by the canal boat; he had singly to oppose the wanton and licentious violence of his comrades, who sought to drag an inoffensive stranger and his wife from their beds. His son observes:—

“His experience in these sad times has left an indelible impression upon him of the danger of entrusting civilians with arms; the tendency, in his own words, that a man has, ‘when he has arms in his hands, to be a ruffian,’ being uncontrolled by that custom of bearing them under strict restraints and practices of long discipline, which makes the soldier patient and forbearing. The ‘lawyers’ infantry’ were, of course, composed of gentlemen. The education for the arduous profession of the bar should, one would have thought, have tended to refine the mind, and teach restraint over the brute impulses; and yet, among some, there was a spirit of licence and outrage prevailing, that the most reckless and disordered soldiery could scarcely equal.”

He was in danger again in trying to save the life of a defenceless man from a member of the attorneys’ corps, who was trying to cut him down simply because he was alone and helpless. O’Connell received the sword cut on the barrel of his musket, and the deep indentation which it made proved how fatal the blow would have been if it had been received by the person for whom it was intended.

Mr Wagget, afterwards Recorder of Cork, was O’Connell’s sergeant, and, happily for him, happened to come up at the moment. A few words explained matters, and he at once took O’Connell’s part, but he only got rid of the attorney by charging him with his halbert.

The Union passed, and the Catholics were not emanci-

pated. The state of the country was alarming. The harvest had failed in the autumn of 1799, yet Mr Pitt would not allow any corn to be exported to Ireland, until Lord Cornwallis had made the most urgent representations on the subject. He wrote to Major-General Ross, stating, "that every Catholic of influence was in danger." On the 22d November 1799, he wrote to the Duke of Portland—

"I most earnestly hope that your Grace and His Majesty's other confidential servants will see this matter in the same light with me, and that you will allow the Roman Catholic peers to vote for the representatives of the peerage, on their taking the same oaths that are required from the electors of their communion when they give their votes for members of the House of Commons. I have had a most difficult line to pursue, but amidst the violence of factions and religious prejudices, I have gone steadily to my point, and I think I may now venture to say that I have, in a great measure, gained the confidence and good-will of the Catholics without losing the Protestants. But if the former see cause to believe that I am disposed to adopt the ancient system, or that I am a man of straw, without weight or consideration, things will soon revert to their former course, and I shall, perhaps, be the most improper man to hold my present station."

On the 28th November, Lord Castlereagh wrote to the Duke of Portland—

"Your Grace and Mr Pitt will, I trust, both have an opportunity of satisfying Lord Clare's feelings in respect to the line hereafter to be pursued towards the Catholics before he leaves London. Of course, no further hopes will be held forth to that body by the Irish Government without specific directions from your Grace, and I fairly confess I entertain very great doubts whether any more distinct explanation than has already been given would

at present be politically advantageous; it is enough to feel assured that we are not suffering them to form expectations which must afterwards be disappointed, under the disadvantage of having dexterity, if not duplicity, imputed to Government in the conduct of the measure."

No "further hopes" were held out because the work was done; but, undoubtedly, both "dexterity" and "duplicity" were attributed with every reason to the English Government. Ministers were perfectly well aware that they had acted with "duplicity," but they found a convenient excuse—the king, they said, would not hear of emancipation. This was quite true; but the king was honest as well as obstructive, and at least spoke out, and declared that he had not been a party to the promise.⁹

⁹ "THE KING TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY DUNDAS.

"WINDSOR, *February 7th*, 1801.

"I cannot but regret that on the late unhappy occasion I had not been treated with more confidence previous to forming an opinion, which, to my greatest surprise, I learnt on Thursday from Earl Spencer, has been in agitation ever since Lord Castlereagh came over in August, yet of which I never had the smallest suspicion till within these very weeks; but so desirous was I to avoid the present conclusion, that, except what passed with Earl Spencer and Lord Grenville, about three weeks past, and a hint I gave to Mr Secretary Dundas on Wednesday sevensnight, I have been silent on the subject, and, indeed, hoping that Mr Pitt had not pledged himself on what I cannot with my sentiments of religious and political duty think myself at liberty to concur. Mr Secretary Dundas has known my opinions when he corresponded with the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and at least will do me the justice to recollect that both then, and when afterwards brought forward by the Earl Fitzwilliam, my language perfectly coincided with my present conduct.

GEORGE R."

Lord Castlereagh wrote a "most private" letter to the Right Honourable William Pitt, on the 1st of January 1801, in which he puts the whole state of the case into the plainest possible language, in which he showed *how absolutely necessary the assistance of the Catholic body was in order to carry the Union, and how he had been ordered to draw the Catholics on.* The object was gained, and if there was not another document in existence besides this letter to show how shamefully the Catholics were duped, it would be more than sufficient.

At last, and with considerable difficulty, the upper class of Catholics were made to understand how they had been treated. It might have been supposed that they had learned a life-long lesson, but there are persons on whom experience is wasted.

Mr Pitt tried to save his character by resigning, being fully aware that he would be at once recalled to office, having already intimated that he would not "press the measure" under the present circumstances.¹ The Catholics

¹ Lord Castlereagh sent the following letter of instruction from London, July 9, 1801, to Lord Cornwallis:—

"Mr Pitt will take the first opportunity of the question being regularly before the House to state his opinion at length upon it, but he does not think that it will be expedient either with reference to the success of the question itself, or the predicament in which the King stands, for him to press the measure under the present circumstances. The inclination of his mind, after having argued the question, is, not to vote at all. He is of opinion that to try the question now, would only pledge people against it; that we should have no chance of success in

were to be “made to feel” that there were obstacles, or rather that there was *one* obstacle which the King’s ministers could not surmount, and the King’s ministers supposed, or believed, or hoped, that the Catholics would have the good sense to “see that it was their duty to be thankful for what was intended to be done for them; and also, and beyond all, that they would not be so inconsiderate as to annoy or embarrass Government in any way under the circumstances.

O’Connell joined the Freemasons in 1779. He was not aware that it was against Catholic principles for him to do so, and has given the following account of the matter himself:—

“I was a Freemason and master of a Lodge: it was at a very

the Lords, and that if we carried it through both Houses, the King would at all risks refuse his assent. But a still stronger reason operates in his mind for not so pressing it, which he particularly desires that I may represent to your Excellency—namely, the conviction that were the question so carried it would be deprived of all its benefits. Under these considerations, it is his wish that your Excellency, without bringing forward the King’s name, should make the Catholics feel that an obstacle which the King’s ministers could not surmount, precluded them from bringing forward the measure whilst in office; that their attachment to the question was such that they felt it impossible to continue in administration under the impossibility of proposing it with the necessary concurrence, and that they retired from the King’s service, considering this line of conduct as most likely to contribute to the ultimate success of the measure; to represent to them how much their future hopes must depend upon strengthening their cause by good conduct; in the meantime, that they ought to weigh their prospects as arising from the persons who now espouse their interests, and compare them with those

early period of my life, and either before an ecclesiastical censure had been published in the Catholic Church in Ireland prohibiting the taking of the Masonic oaths, or at least before I was aware of that censure. Freemasonry in Ireland," adds O'Connell, "may be said to have (apart from its oaths) no evil tendency, save as far as it may counteract the exertions of those most laudable and useful institutions, the temperance societies. The important objection is the profane taking in vain the awful name of the Deity in the wanton and multiplied oaths—oaths administered on the book of God—without any adequate motive."

O'Connell's movements have not been very accurately recorded during the early part of his life, but it would appear that he visited Darrynane immediately after the passing of the Union, as he has recorded his impressions while travel-

which they could look to from any other quarter. . . . They must distinctly understand that he could not concur in a hopeless attempt at this moment to force it, and that he must at all times repress, with the same decision as if he held an adverse opinion, any unconstitutional conduct in the Catholic body. This will give your Excellency the outline of that communication which he thinks himself alone authorised to make to them. To look to any specific time to which they might attach their hopes, is so indefinite and so delicate a consideration as your Excellency will feel is scarcely to be touched upon. From what has already passed, the prospect of a change of sentiment on the part of the King seems too hopeless to be held out in promise to the Catholics as any ground of hope, and his death is that solution of the difficulty which all parties must equally deprecate. The prospect is, therefore, not very encouraging in itself, yet, unpromising as it is, we must endeavour to make them feel that *their* particular interests, as well as their duty, will be best consulted rather by a temperate and loyal conduct than by giving way to those feelings connected with disappointment and despair. Such are the principles we must practise, and I wish it were reasonable to expect that they would be implicitly acted upon."—*Cornwallis Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 335.

ling among the wild mountainous districts between Kenmare and Killarney—

“The year of the Union I was travelling through the mountain district from Killarney to Kenmare—my heart was heavy at the loss that Ireland had sustained, and the day was wild and gloomy. That desert district, too, was congenial to impressions of solemnity and sadness. There was not a human habitation to be seen for many miles; black, giant clouds sailed slowly through the sky, and rested on the tops of the huge mountains; my soul felt dreary, and I had many wild and *Ossianic* inspirations as I traversed the bleak solitudes.

“It was the Union that first stirred me up to come forward in politics. My uncle Maurice was scarcely pleased at my taking a public part; not that he approved of the Union, but politics appeared to him to be fraught with great peril.”

O’Connell got some lessons in prudence during this eventful period which served him well in his after life. Young men, who only knew traditionally of the terrible scenes in which he had been a personal actor, reproached him with cowardice, but a coward he never was. His friend, Mr Daunt, has faithfully recorded his own reasons for prudence—

“I learned from the example of the United Irishmen the lesson, that in order to succeed for Ireland, it was strictly necessary to work within the limits of the law and constitution. I saw that fraternities, banded illegally, never could be safe; that invariably some person without principle would be sure to gain admission into such societies; and either for ordinary bribes, or else in times of danger for their own preservation, would betray their associates. Yes; the United Irishmen taught me that all work for Ireland must be done openly and above-board.”

We find O'Connell in Dublin again in the winter of 1801, and dining with a party of Freemasons at their tavern in Golden Lane. As he returned home there was a cry of fire, then a cry for water to stop the devouring flames. O'Connell seized a pick-axe from an incompetent labourer, and continued working with a will. The excitement and the potations in which he had indulged at the Freemasons' banquet were too much for his head. He worked on, regardless of threats or entreaties, and would soon have had the whole pavement ripped up, had a soldier not run a bayonet at him. This pointed argument had its effect, but it would have terminated O'Connell's career abruptly, only for the cover of his hunting-watch which he happened to wear. "If it had not been for the watch," O'Connell used to say, when relating this adventure, "there would have been an end of the agitator."

O'Connell's extraordinary talents were soon recognised, and, though the pitiful illiberality of the times would not allow a Catholic a silk gown, he could not complain of public neglect. One or two of his amusing and successful cross-examinations got talked about, and his professional fortune was made—

"O'Connell's cross-examination consisted of a series of attacks and retreats, which gradually clouded the minds of the judge and jury with serious doubts as to the witness's credibility, and this even when the witness was veracious. As a necessary consequence, he became the favourite lawyer in the criminal court of the Munster circuit, and often rescued the victim of agrarian

oppression from the fangs of law and the ignominy of the gallows.

"O'Connell, on one occasion, was engaged in a will case. It was the allegation of the plaintiffs that the will, by which considerable property had been devised, was a forgery. The subscribing witnesses swore that the will had been signed by the deceased while 'life was in him'—a mode of expression derived from the Irish language, and which peasants who have ceased to speak Irish still retain. The evidence was altogether in favour of the will, and the defendants had every reason to calculate on success, when O'Connell undertook to cross-examine one of the witnesses. He was struck by the persistency of this man, who, in reply to his questions, never deviated from the formula, 'the life was in him.'

"On the virtue of your oath, was he alive?"

"By the virtue of my oath, the life was in him," repeated the witness.

"Now I call on you in the presence of your Maker, who will one day pass sentence on you for this evidence; I solemnly ask—and answer me at your peril—was there not a live fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed on the will."

"The witness was palsied by this question; he trembled, shivered, and turned pale, and faltered out an abject confession that the counsellor was right—a fly had been introduced into the mouth of the deceased to enable the witnesses to swear that life was in him!"²

There were some curious scenes in the law courts at the commencement of the present century. Men were not unfrequently sentenced to death with a joke,³ and were

² Fagin's Life of O'Connell.

³ "What is your calling or occupation, my honest man?" said Lord Norbury to a witness. "Please your lordship, I keep a racket court." "So do I," rejoined Lord Norbury, chuckling in exulting allusion to the

hung for the merest suspicion. It was little wonder that O'Connell's skill in cross-examination made him the favourite of the multitude. To have O'Connell for counsel was, in the majority of cases, to secure a verdict for his client.

Lord Norbury threw aside every attempt at decency in his judicial career. He was the descendant of a Cromwellian soldier, and had managed, by considerable talent, not of the highest order, to seat himself on the bench.

O'Connell has described him thus :—

“He had a considerable parrot-sort of knowledge of law—he had upon his memory an enormous number of cases, but he did not understand, nor was he capable of understanding, a single principle of law. To be sure, his charges were the strangest effusions. When charging the jury in the action brought by Guthrie *versus* Sterne, to recover damages for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, Norbury said—‘Gentlemen of the jury, The defendant in this case is Henry William Godfrey Baker Sterne—and there, gentlemen, you have him from stem to Sterne. I am free to observe, gentlemen, that if this Mr Henry William Godfrey Baker Sterne had as many Christian virtues as he has Christian names, we never should see the honest gentleman figuring here as defendant in an action for *crim. con.*’”

noise, uproar, and *racket* which his witticisms constantly awakened in court.

“When they were burying Norbury,” added O'Connell, “the grave was so deep that the ropes by which they were letting down the coffin did not reach to the bottom. The coffin remained hanging at mid-depth while somebody was sent for more rope. ‘Ay,’ cried a butcher's apprentice, ‘give him rope enough. It would be a pity to stint him. It's himself never grudged a poor man the rope !’”

O'Connell was always ready to help his legal brethren. For the judges, he cared very little. His popularity was already established on the permanent basis of success, and they could do him little harm. On one occasion, when a young barrister, named Martley, rose to make his first motion, he was constantly and rudely interrupted by Judge Johnson, his learned brother, Lord Norbury, joining in the ill-natured interruptions with his usual zest.

The young barrister at last became hopelessly confused. At this moment O'Connell entered the court, ascertained what was going on, urgently entreated some of the older members of the bar to interfere, but they were all unwilling. Lord Norbury was not a person to be bearded with impunity. O'Connell no longer hesitated; whether in a war of words or swords he was equally ready to throw himself between the oppressor and the oppressed, without a thought of self. He addressed the bench fearlessly—

“My lords, I respectfully submit that Mr Martley has a perfect title to a full hearing. He has a duty to discharge to his client, and should not, I submit, be impeded in the discharge of that duty, Mr Martley is not personally known to me, but I cannot sit here in silence while a brother-barrister is treated so discourteously.” “Oh! Mr O'Connell, we have heard Mr Martley,” said Lord Norbury, “and we cannot allow the time of the court to be further wasted.”—“Pardon me, my lord, you have not heard him. The young gentleman has not been allowed to explain his case—an explanation which, I am quite sure, he is capable of giving if your lordships will afford him the opportunity.”—“Mr O'Connell,” said Judge Johnson, with an air of great pomposity, “are

you engaged in this case that you thus presume to interfere?"—"My lord, I am not; I merely rise to defend the privileges of the bar, and I will not permit them to be violated either in my own, or the person of any other member of the profession." "Well, well; well, well," interposed Lord Norbury, "we'll hear Mr Martley—we'll hear Mr Martley. Sit down, Mr O'Connell; sit down."

Having thus carried his point, Mr O'Connell, in obedience to the bench, sat down; and Mr Martley, whose gratitude to O'Connell was sincere and lasting, stated his case so satisfactorily as to obtain his motion.

O'Connell on one occasion was engaged to defend a highwayman, who had committed robbery on the public road in the vicinity of Cork; and, owing to the masterly manner in which O'Connell sifted the evidence and cross-examined the witnesses, the robber was acquitted. The following year, on returning to Cork, O'Connell saw the same hardened face resting on the same well-worn dock, grim and ruffianly, and accused of very nearly the same crime—burglary, accompanied by an aggravated assault, which was proximate to murder. The culprit, as in the former case, was fortunate enough to secure the services of O'Connell, who puzzled the witnesses, perplexed the judge, and bewildered the jury—owing to whose hopeless disagreement the prisoner was discharged. His industrious client, when restored to liberty, had no notion of sitting down in sluggish idleness: he stole a collier-brig, sold the cargo, purchased arms with the price, and cruised along the coast

in quest of booty; and when O'Connell returned to Cork he was once more in the dock charged with piracy. His defence was undertaken by O'Connell for the third time. O'Connell showed that the crime did not come under the cognizance of the court, as it had been perpetrated on the high seas; it came under the cognizance only of the Admiralty. The gratitude of the prisoner was warmly expressed—raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, “Oh! may the Lord spare you *to me!*”

O'Connell was counsel before Judge Day on another occasion, for a man who stole some goats. The fact was proved, whereupon O'Connell produced to Judge Day an old Act of Parliament, empowering the owners of corn-fields, gardens, or plantations, to kill and destroy all hares, rabbits, and goats trespassing thereon. O'Connell contended that this legal power of destruction clearly demonstrated that goats were not property, and thence inferred that the stealer of goats was not legally a thief, or punishable as such. Judge Day was so unacquainted with the law that he charged the jury accordingly, and the prisoner was acquitted.⁴

But O'Connell's practice was not confined to criminal cases. The following case which he has left on record

⁴ However deficient Judge Day may have been in forensic ability, he was an excellent shot—and he knew it. O'Connell used to call Lord Norberry “one of Castlereagh's unprincipled janissaries.”

shows how singularly clear his mind was, and how he grasped a subject at once in all its bearings :—

"I recollect I once had a client, an unlucky fellow, against whom a verdict had been given for a balance of £1100. We were trying to set aside that verdict. I was young at the bar at that time ; my senior counsel contented themselves with abusing the adverse witnesses, detecting flaws in their evidence, and making sparkling points ; in short, they made very flourishing, eloquent, but rather ineffective speeches. While they flourished away I got our client's books, and taking my place immediately under the judge's bench, I opened the accounts and went through them all from beginning to end. I got the whole drawn out by double entry, and got numbers for every voucher. The result plainly was, that so far from there being a just balance of £1100 against our poor devil, there actually was a balance of £700 in his favour, although the poor slovenly blockhead did not know it himself. When my turn came, I made the facts as clear as possible to judge and jury ; and the jury inquired if they could not find a verdict of £700 in his favour. I just tell you the circumstance," continued O'Connell, "to show you that I kept an eye on that important branch of my profession."



Chapter Sixth.

PUBLIC SPIRIT AND POPULARITY.

1802-1810.

ON CIRCUIT—IN COURT—BAR ANECDOTES—MARRIAGE—ON GUARD—FRESH
RISINGS AND REVENGES—CATHOLIC CHURCH—CATHOLIC PRIESTS AND PRO-
TESTANT CLERGY—MAYNOOTH—THE VETO—POLE—WELLESLEY—CASTLE-
REAGH—PLAIN SPEAKING—LOVE OF JUSTICE—RESOLUTION TO PETITION—
EFFECTS OF THE UNION—DEMAND FOR ITS REPEAL—SPEECH—PETITION—
THE HIERARCHY—THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF MEATH—THE EDINBURGH
REVIEW—COBBETT—LIFT INTO POPULARITY.





CHAPTER VI

WRITER of the day has left a most graphic account of O'Connell on circuit, from which we give the following extracts. He describes himself as—

“Sitting at the window of a village inn one evening, when he was suddenly aroused by the thundering of five horses and a chariot, which soon appeared in sight. The moment they arrived at the inn the animals were sharply checked, the door was flung open, and the occupier hurriedly threw himself out.

“‘Bring out four horses, instantly!’ was the command he uttered in the loud voice of haste and authority.

“The inmate of the carriage was about five feet eleven and a half inches high, and wore a portly, stout, hale, and agreeable appearance. His shoulders were broad, and his

legs stoutly built ; and as he at that moment stood, one arm in his side pocket, the other thrust into a waistcoat, which was almost completely unbuttoned from the heat of the day, he would have made a good figure for the rapid but fine-finishing touch of Harlowe. His head was covered with a light fur cap, which, partly thrown back, displayed that breadth of forehead which I have never yet seen absent from real talent. His eyes appeared to me, at that instant, to be between a light blue and a grey colour. His face was pale and sallow, as if the turmoil of business, the shade of care, or the study of midnight, had chased away the glow of health and youth. Around his mouth played a cast of sarcasm, which, to a quick eye, at once betrayed satire ; and it appeared as if the lips could be easily resolved into *risus sardonicus*. His head was somewhat larger than that which a modern doctrine denominates the 'medium size : ' and it was well supported by a stout and well-founded pedestal, which was based on a breast—full, round, prominent, and capacious.

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"He was dressed in an olive-brown surtout, black trousers, and black waistcoat. His cravat was carelessly tied—the knot almost undone from the heat of the day ; and as he stood with his hand across his bosom, and his eyes bent on the ground, he was the very picture of a public character hurrying away on some important matter which required all of personal exertion and mental energy. Often as I have seen him since, I have never beheld him in so striking or pictorial an attitude.

" 'Quick with the horses ! ' was his hurried ejaculation, as he recovered himself from his reverie and flung himself into his carriage. The whip was cracked, and away went the chariot with the same cloud of dust and the same tremendous pace.

"I did not see him pay any money. He did not enter the inn. He called for no refreshment, nor did he utter a word to any person around him ; he seemed to be obeyed by instinct. And while I marked the chariot thundering along the street, which had all its

then spectators turned on the cloud-enveloped vehicle, my curiosity was intensely excited, and I instantly descended to learn the name of this extraordinary stranger.

"Most *malapropos*, however, were my inquiries. Unfortunately the landlord was out, the waiter could not tell his name, and the hostler 'knew nothing whatsoever of him, oney he was in the most uncommonest hurry.' A short time, however, satisfied my curiosity. The next day brought me to the capital of the county. It was the assize time. Very fond of oratory, I went to the courthouse to hear the forensic eloquence of the 'home circuit.' I had scarcely seated myself when the same greyish eye, broad forehead, portly figure, and strong tone of voice arrested my attention. He was just on the moment of addressing the jury, and I anxiously waited to hear the speech of a man who had already so strongly interested me. After looking at the judge steadily for a moment, he began his speech exactly in the following pronunciation—'My Lurrd,—Gentlemen of the jury.'

"'Who speaks?' instantly whispered I.

"'Counsellor O'Connell,' was the reply.

"Counsel in a case in which his client was capitally charged, O'Connell undertook the defence, although the attorney considered the chances as utterly hopeless. O'Connell knew it was useless to attempt a defence in the ordinary way, the evidence being more than sufficient to insure a conviction. Serjeant Lefroy, then very young, happened to preside, in the absence of one of the judges who had fallen ill. Knowing the character of the judge, O'Connell put a number of illegal questions to the witness, which the crown prosecutor immediately objected to. The learned sergeant decided rather peremptorily that he could not allow Mr O'Connell to proceed with his line of examination. 'As you refuse me permission to defend my client, I leave his fate in your hands,' said O'Connell—'his blood will be on your head if he be condemned.'" O'Connell flung out of the court in apparent displeasure, and paced up and down on the flagway outside for half-an-hour. At the end of this time he saw

the attorney for the defence rushing out in a great hurry without his hat. 'He 's acquitted ! he 's acquitted !' exclaimed the attorney, in breathless haste and joyous exultation. O'Connell smiled with a peculiar expression at the success of his stratagem—for such it was. He knew that a judge so young as Lefroy must naturally shrink in horror from the terrible responsibility of destroying human life. He therefore flung the onus upon the judge, who, in the absence of O'Connell, took up the case, and became unconsciously the advocate of the prisoner. He conceived a prejudice in favour of the accused, cross-examined the witnesses, and finally charged the jury in the prisoner's favour. The consequence was the complete and unexpected acquittal of the accused. 'My only chance,' said O'Connell, 'was to throw the responsibility on the judge, who had a natural timidity of incurring a responsibility so serious.'"

If O'Connell was the hope of clients, he was certainly the terror of judges. It was useless to attempt to put a man down who, in nine cases out of ten, knew more law than they did, and whose assurance, right or wrong, was illimitable. It was scarcely wise to provoke an encounter. He was fond of relating anecdotes of his bar life, and as they were all full of interest, and generally full of wit and humour, his friends were never weary of listening to him. Fortunately their authenticity, even in detail, has been secured by the faithful record made of them from day to day, by the gentleman who for many years accompanied him in his journeys.

Before referring to O'Connell's political life, we give a few more of these reminiscences :—

"On one occasion, O'Connell was asked by Mr Daunt, if the Irish bar had not a higher reputation for wit in the last century than

the present? He said they had now no such wit as Curran; but that other members of the bar participated in a great degree in the laughter-stirring quality. 'Holmes,' said he, 'has a great share of very clever sarcasm. . . . Plunket had great wit; he was a creature of exquisite genius. Nothing could be happier than his hit in reply to Lord Redesdale about the *kites*. In a speech before Redesdale, Plunket had occasion to use the phrase *kites* very frequently, as designating fraudulent bills and promissory notes. Lord Redesdale, to whom the phrase was quite new, at length interrupted him, saying: 'I don't quite understand your meaning, Mr Plunket. In England, kites are paper playthings used by boys; in Ireland they seem to mean some species of monetary transaction.' 'There is another difference, my lord,' said Plunket. 'In England, the wind raises the kites; in Ireland, the kites raise the wind.'

"Curran was once defending an attorney's bill of costs before Lord Clare. 'Here now,' said Clare, 'is a flagitious imposition; how can you defend *this* item, Mr Curran?—"To writing innumerable letters, £100."' 'Why, my lord,' said Curran, 'nothing can be more reasonable. *It is not a penny a letter.*' And Curran's reply to Judge Robinson is exquisite in its way. 'I'll commit you, sir,' said the judge. 'I hope you'll never commit a worse thing, my lord!' retorted Curran.

"'Wilson Croker, too,' said Mr O'Connell, 'had humour. When the crier wanted to expel the dwarf O'Leary, who was about three feet four inches high, from the jury-box in Tralee, Croker said, 'Let him stay where he is—*De minimis non curat lex*' (Law cares not for small things). And when Tom Goold got retainers from both sides, 'Keep them both,' said Croker; 'you may conscientiously do so. You can be counsel for one side, and of use to the other.'

"Speaking of Judge Day while he was yet alive, O'Connell said: 'No man would take more pains to serve a friend; but as a judge they could scarcely have placed a less efficient man upon the bench. . . . He once said to me at the Cork assizes, 'Mr O'Connell,

I must not allow you to make a speech ; the fact is, I am always of opinion with the last speaker, and therefore I will not let you say one word.' 'My lord,' said I, 'that is precisely the reason why I'll let nobody have the last word but myself, if I can help it.' I had the last word, and Day charged in favour of my client. Day was made judge in 1798. He had been chairman of Kilmainham, with a salary of £1200 a-year. When he got on the bench, Bully Egan got the chairmanship.

" 'Was Bully Egan a good lawyer ?'

" 'He was a successful one ; his bullying helped him through. He was a desperate duellist. One of his duels was fought with a Mr O'Reilly, who fired before the word was given ; the shot did not take effect. 'Well, at any rate, my honour is safe,' said O'Reilly. 'Is it so?' said Egan ; 'egad, I'll take a slap at your honour for all that ;' and Egan deliberately held his pistol pointed for full five minutes at O'Reilly, whom he kept for that period in the agonies of mortal suspense.

" 'Did he kill him ?'

" 'Not he,' replied O'Connell ; 'he couldn't hit a hay-stack. If courage appertained to duelling, he certainly possessed it. But in everything else he was the most timid man alive. Once I stated, in the Court of Exchequer, that I had, three days before, been in the room with a man in fever 120 miles off. The instant I said so, Egan shuffled away to the opposite side of the court through pure fear of infection.

" 'Judge Day was a simpleton, but Judge Boyd was worse—he was a drunkard. 'He was so fond of brandy,' said O'Connell, 'that he always kept a supply of it in court, upon the desk before him, in an ink-stand of peculiar make. His lordship used to lean his arm upon the desk, bob down his head and steal a hurried sip from time to time through a quill that lay among the pens ; which manœuvre he flattered himself escaped observation.

" 'One day it was sought by counsel to convict a witness of having been intoxicated at the period to which his evidence referred. Mr

Harry Deane Grady laboured hard upon the other hand to show that the man had been sober. 'Come now, my good man,' said Judge Boyd, 'it is a very important consideration; tell the court truly, were you drunk or were you sober upon that occasion?'

"'Oh, quite sober, my lord,' broke in Grady, with a very significant look at the ink-stand—'as sober as a judge.'"

If O'Connell was addicted to cajoling witnesses, he seems to have been equally happy in protecting unfledged professionals. We have already given one instance of his interference on their behalf. He happened to be in court when a young attorney was called upon to make an admission which might have been injurious to his client. O'Connell at once stood up and told him to make no admission. Baron M'Clelland, who was trying the case, asked if Mr O'Connell had a brief in the case. Mr O'Connell had no brief, except the very general one, of an ardent desire to benefit the whole human race as far as it was possible for him to do so. He replied:—

"I have not, my lord; but I shall have one when the case goes down to the assizes."

"When *I* was at the bar, it was not *my* habit to anticipate briefs."

"When *you* were at the bar, I never chose *you* for a model; and now that you are on the bench, I shall not submit to your dictation."

"There was a barrister of the name of Parsons at the bar in my earlier practice," said O'Connell, "who had a good deal of humour. Parsons hated the whole tribe of attorneys; perhaps they had not treated him very well—but his prejudice against them was eternally exhibiting itself. One day, in the hall of the Four Courts, an attorney came up to him to beg his subscription towards burying a brother

attorney, who had died in distressed circumstances. Parsons took out a pound note. 'Oh, Mr Parsons,' said the applicant, 'I do not want so much; I only ask a shilling from each contributor.' 'Oh, take it—take it,' replied Parsons; 'I would most willingly subscribe money any day to put an attorney underground.' 'But really, Mr Parsons, I have limited myself to a shilling from each person.' For pity's sake, my good sir, take the pound—and bury twenty of them.'

"One of the most curious things I remember in my bar experience," said O'Connell, "is Judge Foster's charging for the acquittal of a homicide named Denis Halligan, who was tried, with four others, at the Limerick assizes many years ago. Foster totally mistook the evidence of the principal witness for the prosecution. The offence charged was aggravated manslaughter, committed on some poor wretch, whose name I forget. The first four prisoners were shown to be criminally abetting; but the fifth, Denis Halligan, was proved to have inflicted the fatal blow. The evidence of the principal witness against him was given in these words: 'I saw Denis Halligan, my lord (he that's in the dock there), take a *vacancy*⁵ at the poor soul that's kilt, and give him a wipe with a *cleh-alpeen*,⁶ and lay him down as quiet as a child.' The judge charged against the first four prisoners, and sentenced them to seven years' imprisonment each; then proceeding to the fifth, the rascal who really committed the homicide, he addressed him thus: 'Denis Halligan, I have purposely reserved the consideration of your case for the last. Your crime, as being a participator in the affray, is doubtless of a grievous nature; yet I cannot avoid taking into consideration the mitigating circumstances that attend it. By the evidence of the witness it clearly appears that *you* were the only one of the party who showed any mercy to the unfortunate deceased. You took him to a vacant seat, and you wiped him with a clean napkin, and (to use the affecting and poetic language of the witness) you laid him down with the gentleness one shows to a little child. In consideration of these circumstances, which considerably miti-

⁵ *Vacancy*, an aim at an unguarded part. ⁶ *Cleh-alpeen*, a bludgeon.

gate your offence, the only punishment I shall inflict on you is an imprisonment of three weeks' duration.' So Denis Halligan got off by Foster's mistaking a *vacancy* for a vacant seat, and a *cleh-alpeen* for a clean napkin."

O'Connell married in the summer of 1802. His early life had not been in all respects a model of virtue, but from this period his habits were exemplary. In later years, he was not only attached to his religion theoretically, as he had always been, but he was also a most edifying and practical Catholic.

His bride was a namesake and cousin of his own; and as she was destitute of worldly goods, his uncle Maurice, with characteristic prudence, objected to the match; but O'Connell took his own way in this as in other matters, and he never regretted his choice. He used to speak of her affectionately, and perhaps with a little of the garrulousness of age in later years. It would appear to have been entirely a love-match; and the old man used to say, his Mary "gave him thirty-five years of the purest happiness that man ever enjoyed."

His profession made him independent. During the first year he was at the bar, he made £58; the second year, £150; the third year, £200; and the fourth, about £300. From which time he advanced rapidly, and made as much as £9000 in one year. Mrs O'Connell had been educated in Tralee, and he used to tell the following anecdote of her childhood:—

"When my wife was a little girl, she was obliged to pass, on her

way to school, every day, under the arch of the gaol; and Hands, the gaoler of Tralee, a most gruff, uncouth-looking fellow, always made her stop and curtsey to him. She despatched the curtsey with all imaginable expedition, and ran away to school, to get out of his sight as fast as possible."

O'Connell took great delight in relating the following of his wife's grandmother:—

"It was my delight to quiz the old lady, by pretending to complain of her grand-daughter's want of temper. 'Madam,' said I, 'Mary would do very well, only she is so cross.' 'Cross, sir? My Mary cross? Sir, you must have provoked her very much! Sir, you must yourself be quite in fault!—Sir, my little girl was always the gentlest, sweetest creature born.'"

O'Connell was very fond of children, and used not unfrequently to commence a conversation with them by asking them, if they knew that it was he who obtained emancipation for them? A friend once spoke to him about sending his little girl to school; he replied with some warmth—

"Oh, no! never take the child from her mother, never!"

The same friend made an apology for bringing in his children.

"Your time is so limited," said he; "and I fear they must tease you."

"Your apology," returned O'Connell, "reminds me of my friend Peter Hussey, who was not remarkable for suavity. 'Dan,' said Peter to me, 'you should not bring in your children after dinner, it is a heavy tax upon the admiration of the company.' 'Never

? "Personal Recollections," by Mr Daunt, vol. ii. p. 135.

mind, Peter,' said I ; ' I admire them so much myself, that I don't require any one to help me.' "

O'Connell's marriage took place on the 23d of June 1802. The ceremony was strictly private, but two of his brothers were present. It took place in Dame Street, Dublin, at the house of Miss O'Connell's brother-in-law, Mr James Connor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr Finn, then parish priest of Irishtown.

O'Connell still continued a member of the Lawyers' Corps, and his life must have been constantly in danger. When passing St James Street, Dublin, he used to point out a house which he had searched in 1803. It was then the Grand Canal Hotel. The canals were then to Ireland what the railways are now, and at that period travelling by water was preferred for many reasons.

After O'Connell had stood sentry for three successive nights, Mr Purcell O'Gorman's turn came. O'Connell observed that he had been recently ill, and saw that exposure to the night air would probably kill him :—

" ' I shall be in a sad predicament,' he said, ' unless you take my turn of duty for me. If I refuse, they'll accuse me of cowardice or croppysm ; if I mount guard, it will be the death of me ! ' So I took his place, and thus stood guard for six consecutive nights. One night a poor boy was taken up in Dame Street after midnight ; he said in his defence that he was going on a message from his master, a notary-public, to give notice for protest of a bill. The hour seemed a very unlikely one for such a purpose, and we searched his person for treasonable documents. We found in his waistcoat pocket a sheet of paper, on which were rudely scrawled several draw-

ings of pikes. He turned pale with fright, and trembled all over, but persisted in the account he had given us of himself. It was easily tested, and a party immediately went to his master's house to make inquiry. His master confirmed his statement, but the visitors, whose suspicions were excited by the drawing, rigidly searched the whole house for pikes—prodded the beds to try if there were any concealed in them—found all right, and returned to our guard-house about three in the morning.”

The reign of terror in Ireland by no means concluded with the Rebellion of 1798. Indeed, recent risings, or attempts at rising, which took place soon after, was a sufficient evidence that no amount of severity could put down such attempts, however hopeless. Another reminiscence of this period was given thus by the Liberator. The subject was a schoolmaster, named O'Connor, who was hanged in 1797, and whose head was left for many years over the gaol at Naas—

“He made,” said O'Connell, “a wicked speech in the dock. He complained of taxes, and oppressions of various descriptions, and then said, ‘Before the flesh decays from my bones—nay, before my body is laid in the earth, the avenger of tyranny will come. The French are on the sea while I utter these words ; they will soon effect their short and easy voyage, and strike terror and dismay into the cruel oppressors of the Irish people.’ When the prisoner concluded, Judge Finucane commenced his charge, in the course of which he thus attacked the politics, predictions, and arguments of the unhappy prisoner : ‘O'Connor, you're a great blockhead for your pains. What you say of the French is all nonsense. Don't you know, you fool, that Lord Howe knocked their ships to smithereens last year ? And therefore, O'Connor, you shall return to the place from whence you came, and you shall be delivered into the hands of the common

executioner, and you shall be hanged by the—— Oh! I must not forget, there was another point of nonsense in your speech. You talked about the tax on leather, and said it would make us all go barefoot. Now, O'Connor, I've the pleasure to inform you that I have got a large estate in Clare, and there is not a tenant upon it that hasn't got as good boots and shoes as myself. And therefore, O'Connor, you shall return to the place from whence you came, and you shall be delivered into the hands of the common executioner, and you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and your body shall be divided into quarters; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.' But O'Connor's reply was characteristic—'If you are kind to your tenants, my lord, may God bless you.'"

Few Irishmen, indeed, except the unhappy infidel leaders of the Rebellion, had died with words of anger or revenge upon their lips. Their own lives they were willing to sacrifice; they only asked in return some little amelioration of the misery of those whom they left after them. But these men were driven to deeds of desperation "by a tyranny worse than that of Robespierre."⁸

⁸ "The greatest difficulty which I experience is to control the violence of our loyal friends, who would, if I did not keep the strictest hand upon them, convert the system of martial law (which, God knows, is of itself bad enough) into a more violent and intolerable tyranny than that of Robespierre. The vilest informers are haunted out from the prisons to attack, by the most barefaced perjury, the lives of all who are suspected of being, or of having been, disaffected; and, indeed, every Roman Catholic of influence is in great danger. You will have seen by the addresses, both in the north and south, that my attempt to moderate that violence and cruelty which has once driven, and which, if tolerated, must again soon drive, this wretched country into rebellion, is not reprobated by the voice of the country, although it has appeared so culpable in the eyes of the absentees."—*Cornwallis' Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 145.

The most important political work of O'Connell's early life was his connection with the Catholic Association. His earliest, and some of his most brilliant, speeches were made in connection with that movement. He was a leader without the name of a leader, and with the serious disadvantage of acting under men who had neither his disinterestedness, his intellect, nor his patriotism.

In 1793 the forty-shilling freeholders were permitted to vote, simply because they could swell the number of slaves who enhanced the value of the borough held by their masters. The few Irish Catholic peers were neither allowed voice nor vote in electing their representatives. They were still timid, hesitating, cautious, thankful for the little they had, and terribly afraid of losing it by the least effort to obtain more.

The subjects in dispute between the Catholic party and the Government were, with some few modifications of circumstances, very much what they are now. The Government, having permitted the Catholic to educate his children, wished to have the control of that education. The same battle is being continued, under more liberal destinies, at the present day and hour. Protestant statesmen have yet to learn that the Catholic Church does not change—that the principles which she held in the first century are precisely the same as those which she holds in the nineteenth. Circumstances, of which she alone is the judge, may require some alteration in the application of these principles, but

circumstances do not alter the principles themselves. The Church is divinely appointed to "teach all nations," and she cannot permit her children to receive secular instruction, if that instruction is given in such a way as to interfere with the Divine teaching which belongs exclusively to her. She does not indeed depreciate or undervalue human learning; on the contrary, even in religious orders, if special gifts are developed, these gifts are encouraged and cultivated with a care and assiduity of which the world knows but little, even while it obtains the benefit of its results.⁹

⁹ We give one or two instances. In science, we would mention Father Secchi, the eminent Jesuit, whose fame as an astronomer is more than European, whose life is devoted to the science for which he has such manifest talent. In the early part of the seventeenth century, the "Annals of the Four Masters" were compiled by a Franciscan friar; and this work has been republished, and translated in eight octavo volumes, by a Protestant historian, within the last few years. His religious superiors, so far from preventing or depreciating his labours, were the first to forward them. Out of their poverty they supplied sufficient funds for his journeys and the purchase of old manuscripts; while his monastic brothers waited on him and aided him in all possible ways, so as to forward and lighten his labour.

Nor has the Church failed to encourage even cloistered nuns in literary labour, where there has been a manifest talent for such work. A glance at M. Dapunloup's "Studious Women" will give ample evidence of this. Of St Lisba he writes that St Boniface admired her on account of her solid learning—"eruditionis sapientia," and that "he took time, which he did not consider lost, from his apostolic labours, to correct her Latin verses." In the twelfth century, St Hildegarde, a cloistered nun, and a canonised saint, astonished her contemporaries by her learned cosmological works; and in the sixteenth century, Eleanore Cornaro was admitted doctor at Milan, and died in the odour of sanctity.

The Government, or should we not rather say the world, has been always desirous of secularising the priesthood. Practically, the attempt seems abandoned in our own times, because the attempt has been found simply hopeless. The priesthood are not intended to be secularised, they are intended to be a distinct class,—they are not intended to exhibit the manners, or habits, or customs of the world. Yet how many, and what futile, efforts have been made by Government to have seculars and aspirants to the priesthood educated together, for the avowed purpose of accomplishing the very end which the Church does not desire to accomplish.

All this arises from one simple cause. Protestants do not believe in a divinely-instituted priesthood,—they do not like to see a class of men set apart from their fellows, in profession, in habits of life, and in exterior being. But such a class has existed since the foundation of Christianity, and will exist to the end of time. To fight against it, or against the circumstances of its being, is hopeless, and being hopeless, is unwise.

Amongst liberal Protestants, who are not irreconcilably prejudiced, there is, if I may use the expression, a good-natured desire that priests should be “more like other people.” But this is precisely what priests are not intended to be. Such Protestants naturally point to their own clergy, to that indefinable, and therefore indescribable, polish which is given to them by a university educa-

tion, to that fashionable manner which makes them undistinguishable from other gentlemen, so that their profession is only indicated by some trifling difference of dress, not sufficient to mark them as a distinct class, just sufficient to give a little appearance of distinction in position. This they accept as a badge of office, in the same way as they accept a lawyer's wig or gown ; and they ask, often with the most kindly feeling, why Catholic priests cannot play the *rôle* of fashionable gentlemen also? The answer is simple ; it is because Catholic priests are not intended to be in the world, or to be of the world, as Protestant clergymen must necessarily be.

They are men who are to live alone and apart from their fellows. They are men vowed neither to possess houses nor lands, wife nor child. They are men who have solemnly and permanently sacrificed all the pleasures of life. Blame them for this if you will, but do not blame them for being faithful to what they have vowed.

O'Connell set himself steadfastly against every attempt to secularise the Catholic clergy ; and how frequent and how persistent these attempts were, history has recorded. He had, as we have said before, a peculiar aptitude for taking in the whole bearings of a case. He had a rapid power of comprehension. Had he been a soldier, we suspect his army would not have been very easily defeated ; for he saw in a moment what was weak and required strengthening, what was threatened by the enemy, no matter how

insidiously it might be disguised. O'Connell had to deal with men whose perceptions were by no means so clear as his own, and who were incapacitated, to a certain extent, either by position or education, from seeing the dangers which threatened them.

The Catholic laity of the upper classes were only anxious to obtain any concession that might be offered, and were seldom able to understand that a concession might be a disadvantage. The Government, while willing to render certain concessions, was unwilling to render them generously. Securities were demanded of such a nature as to make the concession either positively injurious or simply useless. The majority of Catholics looked only at the concession which was good in itself. O'Connell looked at the concomitant circumstances, which were sometimes evil.

To the upper classes, who were unable to take his large view of public affairs, he opposed himself with an energy which sometimes bordered on contempt; but he rarely allowed himself to pass the line of decorum.

His position with the Catholic hierarchy was unfortunately very difficult; but he conducted himself in their regard with a tact and respectful delicacy, which was so perfect, as to warrant the conclusion that it arose more from his deep sense of religion, and his firm faith in the hierarchy of the Church, than from any worldly policy.

The two great subjects of discussion were the Veto, and the arrangements to be made for the College of Maynooth.

The College of Maynooth was founded originally for the priesthood ; but as the English Government were extremely anxious that lay students should be admitted also, some lay students were admitted. No sooner was this accomplished than a dispute arose ; one party of Protestants wishing that the number of lay students should be increased, and every facility afforded for their accommodation, the other party declaring that the laity should not be admitted at all. With these disputes O'Connell had little connection. We shall, therefore, pass to the consideration of the Veto question, after giving a few extracts from the private correspondence of the times on the subject of Maynooth College.¹

¹ The Earl of Hardwick wrote thus to the Right Hon. Henry Addington on the 21st December 1801 :—"It would be very curious if, after all that has passed, Lord Clare should be attempting to acquire popularity with the Catholics at the expense of the Government. He seems to me, with a great share of cleverness and vivacity, to be very deficient in consistency and precision in his ideas ; for at the very moment that he is contending for the policy of a mixed education of lay boys with those intended for the priesthood, he asserts that it is the fixed system of the priests not to suffer such mixed education, and, moreover, cannot deny the greater probability of the lay scholars, under priestly discipline and with priestly associates, becoming monastic, than of the clerical pupils acquiring from their lay schoolfellows the more liberal habits of those who are not secluded from the world. In considering the policy of this measure, it may be worthy of observation, that any such establishment necessarily tends to perpetuate the distinction, which, so far as education is concerned, was intended to be done away, by giving an equal admission to Catholic and Protestant pupils at Trinity College, Dublin."

There can be no doubt whatever that the object of Government in pressing the Veto was to obtain a complete control over the Catholic clergy. The advance was made with the utmost caution, and the attempt was continued from time to time with rare prudence. It seems little short of miraculous that the Catholic Church should not have yielded to an offer which looked so fair, which was made with such an appearance of good will and generosity.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATION between the RIGHT HON. CHARLES ABBOT and LORD KILWARDEN at CORK ABBEY, Dec. 25, 1801.

In the course of this conversation, which lasted above an hour, the following points were distinctly stated and re-stated by Lord Kilwarden :—

1. *The original purpose* of the College of Maynooth was to educate only priests. The proofs of it are—1. That it originated in the circumstances of the times which had revolutionised the Continent, and rendered the former places of educating the Irish priests (viz., St Omer, Paris, &c.) unfit and unsafe, and rendered it desirable to educate them at home.

2. The speech of the Minister (Mr Pelham), in opening the measure to Parliament, pointed only at that object.

3. Lord K., who was then Attorney-General, and commissioned by Mr Pelham to confer with the Catholics, had no conference but with Dr Troy (titular Archbishop of Dublin) and another priest ; and when, under his general instructions to talk with them, he wished them to make the College a joint school for the laity and clergy, they would not hear of it, and stated it to be prohibited by their own rules.

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(Notes then follow of some remarks made on the manners of the students, which were not very complimentary to them.)

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4. As to the abstract policy, Lord K. would advise the Crown and Parliament, with a view only to the present race, to govern by a strong

Undoubtedly, a few of the Irish Catholic bishops were deceived for a time—probably, from not seeing the real drift of the matter. The English Catholics, with the exception of Dr Milner, did their best to place this chain on the necks of their clergy.

military force, and keep down the Catholics by the bayonet ; but with a view to posterity he should wish to educate the Protestants and Catholics together : and such was the object of opening Trinity College to the Catholics.

5. I told him that now at Trinity College the Provost informed me there were many sons of opulent Catholics, and that their numbers of this class increased.

On the 28th December 1801, the Earl of Clare wrote a MEMORANDUM on the original institution of Maynooth, from which we give the following extract. It shows that the Catholic hierarchy were as thoroughly opposed to uniting lay and secular education then as they are now :—
“After a pretty long negotiation with Dr Troy, to which I submitted very reluctantly by Lord Cornwallis’s desire, he consented to receive lay pupils for education according to the original intention of the institution, and he consented also to oblige the ecclesiastical pupils to contribute in part towards the expense of their maintenance and education whilst at college. Both points I consider to be essential to palliate the mischiefs of this institution. For I fear that the utmost we can do will be to palliate its mischiefs, after the strange precipitance and want of forethought which has hitherto marked every stage of its progress. If the Irish priesthood is to be educated at a monastery at Maynooth, secluded from all intercourse with laymen, I cannot see what will be gained by reclaiming them from the foreign Popish universities. And if none but the lowest ranks in the community, who are unable to contribute to the expense of their maintenance and education, are received into the Irish College, I cannot see any one advantage which can result from it. And I can see that it will give a weight of patronage to some few Popish ecclesiastics, which they may use as a powerful engine to annoy the State.”—*Grenville’s Correspondence*, vol. iii. pp. 368-372.

In the year 1899, the Irish Catholic hierarchy passed the following resolution :—

“That, in the appointment of the prelates of the Roman Catholic religion to vacant sees within the kingdom, such interference of Government as may enable it to be satisfied with the loyalty of the person appointed, is just, and ought to be agreed to.”

On the 4th of July 1812, O'Connell thus alludes to the Veto in one of his most masterly speeches :—

“The opposition to Catholic Emancipation has assumed a **new** shape ; bigotry and intolerance have been put to the blush, or covered with ridicule ; everybody laughs at Jack Giffard and Paddy Duignan ; and their worthy compeer and colleague in England, Sir William Scott, does no longer venture to meet, with adverse front, the justice of our cause. He may, indeed, talk of setting our question at rest ; he may declaim upon the moral inferiority of the Irish Catholics ; but let him rest assured that, so long as his children—if he has any—so long as the swarthy race of his Scotts are placed, by law, on any superiority to the Irish Catholics, so long will it be impossible to put the question to rest. It never can—it never shall—rest, save in unqualified, unconditional Emancipation. As to the moral inferiority, I shall not dispute the point with him ; but I trust no Catholic judge will ever be found in this country with such an accommodating disposition as to decide the precise same question in two different ways, as we are told that learned gentleman has done, with the question of ‘ paper blockades.’ Let him, I am sure I consent, direct his sapient opposition, in his present prudent course of retarding the discussion of the right and justice of our claims, by introducing other topics. The points of delay—the resting-places—are obvious ; and when the present are exhausted, I rely on the malignity of our oppressors to invent new terms for this purpose.

“First, there was the Veto. That, indeed, was soon put down by the unanimous voice of the Catholic people, who, besides other reasons, really could not see, in the actual selection made by the

Irish Government of persons to fill the offices belonging of right to them, anything to tempt them to confer on that Government the nomination of upwards of thirty other offices of emolument and honour. If hostility to the Irish people be a recognised recommendation to all other employments, is it likely that, in one alone, virtue and moral fitness should obtain the appointment? It was too gross and glaring a presumption in an administration, avowing its abhorrence for everything Irish, to expect to be allowed to interfere with the religious discipline of the Irish Catholic Church.

"Driven from any chance of the Veto, our enemies next suggested 'the arrangement,' as it was called; but this half measure had but few supporters. It was not sufficiently strong for the zealous intolerants; its advantages were not so obvious to the profligate; it was met by this plain reply—that we knew of no real inconvenience that could possibly arise from the present system of the government of our Church; but if any existed, it were fitter to be treated of by the venerable prelates of that Church, who understood the subject best, than by ministers who wish to turn everything into an engine of state policy.

"'The arrangement' was then soon forgotten, and now, my lord, we have new terms stated—those are 'sanctions and securities.' We are now told we cannot be emancipated without 'sanctions and securities.' What are 'sanctions?' They are calculated, I presume, to do a great deal of mischief, because they are quite unintelligible. As to 'securities,' indeed I can understand that word; and I am quite ready to admit that *securities* are necessary; they are necessary against the effects upon a passive, but high-minded people—of continued insult and prolonged oppression. They are necessary in a sinking state against the domestic disturbances and organised disaffection which prevail in England—against the enormous and increasing power of the enemy—against dilapidated resources, expiring commerce, depreciated currency, and accumulating expenditure—against the folly, the incapacity, the want of character of the administration—against all those evils of which there is courage to

speaking—against that domestic insult, respecting which it is prudent to be silent—against all these, ‘securities’ are necessary, and they are easy to be found ; they are to be found in conciliation and emancipation, their rectitude and justice. The brave, the generous, the enthusiastic people of Ireland are ready to place themselves in the breach that has been made in their country ; they claim the post of honour, that is, the post of utmost danger ; they are ready to *secure* the throne and the constitution, and all they require in return is, to be recognised as men and human beings in this their native land.

“Do not, then, I would say to any minister—do not presume to insult them, by attempting to treat them as maniacs, to be secured only by ropes and chains. Alas ! their only insanity is their devotion to you. Tell them not that the more they are free, the less will they be grateful ; tell them not that the less you have to fear from their discontent, the more strictly will you bind them. Oppress them if you please ; but hesitate before you deem it prudent thus to insult their first, their finest feelings.”

With that withering sarcasm of which he was especially a master, he attacked Mr Wellesley Pole, and the “classic” Castlereagh :—

“Having disposed of ‘Veto, arrangement, sanctions, and securities,’ there remains but one resource for intolerance : the classic Castlereagh has struck it out. It consists in—what do you think ? Why in ‘hitches.’ Yes, ‘hitches’ is the elegant word which is now destined to protract our degradation. It is in vain that our advocates have increased ; in vain have our foes been converted ; in vain has William Wellesley Pole become our warm admirer. Oh, how beautiful he must have looked advocating the Catholic cause ! and his conversion, too, has been so satisfactory—he has accounted for it upon such philosophic principles. Yes, he has gravely informed us that he was all his life a man detesting committees ; you might see by him that the name of a committee discomposed his nerves, and excited his most irritable feelings ; at the sound of a committee

he was roused to madness. Now, the Catholics had insisted upon acting by a committee; the naughty Papists had used nothing but profane committees, and, of course, he proclaimed his hostility. But in proportion as he disliked committees, so did he love and approve of aggregate meetings—*respectable* aggregate meetings! Had there been a chamber at the Castle large enough for an aggregate meeting, he would have given it. Who does not see that it is quite right to doat upon aggregate meetings and detest committees by law, logic, philosophy, and science of legislation? All recommend the one and condemn the other; and, at length, the Catholics have had the good sense to call their committee a board, to make their aggregate meetings more frequent. They, therefore, deserve Emancipation; and, with the blessing of God, he (Mr Pole) would confer it on them! (Laughter and cheers.)

“But, seriously, let us recollect that Wellesley Pole is the brother of one of our most excellent friends—of Marquis Wellesley, who had so gloriously exerted himself in our cause—who had manfully abandoned one administration because he could not procure our liberty, and rejected power under any other, unless formed on the basis of Emancipation; and who had, before this hour in which I speak, earned another unfading laurel, and the eternal affection of the Irish people, by his motion in the House of Lords. The eloquence and zeal and high character of that noble marquis, seemed all that was wanting to ensure, at no remote period, our success. He knows little of the Irish heart who imagines that his disinterested services will ever be forgotten; no, they are graven on the soul of Irish gratitude, and will ever live in the memory of the finest people on the earth. Lord Castlereagh, too, has declared in our favour, with the prudent reserve of ‘the hitches;’ he is our friend, and has been so these last twenty years—our *secret friend*; as he says so, upon his honour as a gentleman, we are bound to believe him. If it be a merit in the minister of a great nation to possess profound discretion, this merit Lord Castlereagh possesses in a supereminent degree. Why, he has preserved this secret with the utmost success.

Who ever suspected that he had such a secret in his keeping? The whole tenor of his life, every action of his, negatived the idea of his being our friend; he spoke against us—he voted against us—he wrote and he published against us; and it turns out now that he did all this merely to show how well he could keep a secret. Oh, admirable contriver! oh, most successful placeman! most discreet and confidential of ministers!"

He then proceeded to show what the "hitches" were:—

"Our legal persecutors, who hunt us with a keenness only increased by their disappointment, and rendered more rancorous by our prospect of success—good and godly men—are at this moment employed in projecting fresh scenes of prosecution. Every part of the press that has dared to be free will surely be punished, and public spirit and liberality will, in every case that can be reached by the arts of state persecution, expiate its offence in a prison. Believe me, my prophetic fears are not vain: I know the managers well, and place no confidence in their *holy seeming*. Again England affords another opportunity of extending the 'hitches,' under the pretence of making laws to prevent rebellion there; the administration will suspend the 'habeas corpus,' for the purpose of crushing emancipation here; and thus will illustrate the contrast between the very words which it would require twelve simpletons to swear meant the same thing. The new laws occasioned by English rioters will pass harmless over their heads, and fall only upon you. It would be inconsistent if Castlereagh, the worthy successor of Clare and John Foster, used any other plan towards Ireland. The 'hitches,' the 'hitches,' plainly mean all that can be raised of venal outcry against us, and all that can be enacted of arbitrary law, to prevent our discussions.

"Still, still we have resources—we have rich resources in those affectionate sentiments of toleration which our Irish Protestant brethren have proudly exhibited during the present year. The Irish Protestants will not abandon or neglect their own work; it is they who have placed us on our present elevation—their support has

rendered the common cause of our common country triumphant. Our oppressors, yielding an unwilling assent to the request of the Protestants of Ireland, may compensate themselves by abusing us in common; they may style us agitators—Mr Canning calls us *agitators with ulterior views*—but those Protestant agitators are the best friends to the security and peace of the country; and to us, Popish agitators,—for I own it, my lord, I am an agitator, and we solemnly promise to continue so, until the period of unqualified emancipation—until ‘the simple repeal;’ as to us, agitators amongst the Catholics, we are become too much accustomed to calumny to be terrified at it; but how have we deserved reproach and obloquy? How have we merited calumny? Of myself, my lord, I shall say nothing—I possess no talents for the office; but no man shall prevent the assertion of my rigid honesty. I am, it is true, the lowliest of the agitators, but there are, amongst them, men of first-rate talents, and of ample fortunes, men of the most ancient families and of hereditary worth, men of public spirit and of private virtue, and, above all, men of persevering, undaunted, and unextinguishable love of their country, of their poor, degraded, insulted country—to that country, will I say of all the agitators, with the exception of my humble self—

“‘Boast, Erin, boast them tameless, frank, and free.’

“Out of the hands of those agitators, however, the Government is desirable to take the people, and the Government is right. Out of the sphere of your influence, my lord, the people can never be taken, for reasons which, because you are present, I shall not mention, but which are recognised by the hearts of the Irish nation. (Loud cheering.) But out of our hands the people may easily be taken. They are bound to us only by the ties of mutual sympathies. We are the mere straws which are borne upon the torrent of public wrongs and public griefs. Restore their rights to the people, conciliate the Irish nation—which is ready to meet you more than half-way—and the power of the agitators is gone in an instant. I do

certainly feel the alarm expressed at the agitation of the question of Catholic rights as a high compliment ; it clearly points out the course we ought to pursue. Let us rouse the Irish people, from one extreme to the other of the island, in this constitutional cause. Let the Catholic combine with the Protestant, and the Protestant with the Catholic, and one generous exertion sets every angry feeling at rest, and banishes, for ever, dissension and division. The temptation to invasion will be taken away from the foreign enemy ; the pretext and the means of internal commotion will be snatched from the domestic foe ; our country, combined in one great phalanx, will defy every assault ; and we shall have the happiness of obtaining real security by that course of conciliation which deserves the approbation of every sound judgment, and must ensure the applause of every feeling heart,—we shall confer an honour on ourselves, and ensure the safety of our country.”

O’Connell has been called an “ Agitator ” in reproach ; we see here why he was an agitator on principle. Long before he began his career of public agitation, he showed the English Government how it could be prevented, or rather how it could be rendered unnecessary. “ Restore their rights to the people, conciliate the Irish nation, which is ready to meet you more than half-way, and the power of the agitator is gone in an instant.” Had O’Connell’s advice been taken in the year 1812, we should not have heard of Fenianism in the year 1868. If England would not oblige the Irish nation to agitate, by making agitation virtually a necessary preliminary to any instalment of justice, there would be more peace at this side of the Channel, and not less prosperity at the other.

In 1804 the Catholics met in Dublin to concert measures

for obtaining the long-promised justice of Emancipation. They met in private at the house of Mr Ryan, and their proceedings were not made public, as the Habeas Corpus Act was in force. Another meeting was held in 1805, when Lord Fitzwilliam, Sir Thomas French, Sir Edward Bellew, Denis Scully, and R. R. Ryan, were appointed to present to Mr Pitt the petition to Parliament which they had agreed on.

The petition was cautiously worded, with a terrible fear of giving offence, since the Catholics were long accustomed to the assurance that either the matter or the manner was in fault, if they desired to express their claims. It was O'Connell who first taught them a wiser and more manly way. He bid them ask for justice as justice. Until now, justice to a Catholic was taken to be a favour which might or might not be granted, or for which, if granted, the recipient should be perfectly grateful; for which, if refused, he should meekly acquiesce. To refuse justice might seem unjust; the refusal of a favour could not be looked on in the same light.

Until now the Catholics had said, in trembling accents, I pray of you to grant me this favour, permit me to worship my God according to the dictates of my conscience, allow me to educate my children, grant me the ordinary rights of a citizen.

But O'Connell thundered out, Give me justice, I ask no more—I shall not be satisfied with less. No wonder

that those who were unwilling to do justice hated the man who demanded it.

The Catholic had hitherto spoken in cautious language, with measured accent, in humble tones, and with words of deprecation.

O'Connell flung his words hither and thither like a Norse giant playing with Scandinavian rocks. If they hit hard sometimes, it was because his aim was true. If the blows were rude, it was because he did not stop to select his missiles very carefully. If O'Connell had not been an Irishman, and had not been a Catholic,—if instead of a little coarseness he had possessed a little Cromwellian brutality,—men like Carlyle would have flung him up into a niche of fame, would have honoured him as a hero, who not only hated shams, but demolished them.

His was no one-sided love of justice. His was no affected cry to humour men who persecuted one class of their fellow-creatures, while they cried out for justice to another; his justice was universal. No man has ever dared accuse O'Connell of intolerance, except to intolerant individuals. No class was ever insulted by his eloquence; no creed was ever vexed. He cried out alike for the slave in America, and the yet more cruelly treated serf in British India. If he demanded justice to Ireland, he also demanded justice for all other peoples; and one of his most thrilling appeals to man to exercise, in his measure, this great attribute of God, was made at a meeting of the British

India Society, where Lord Brougham took the chair, and where O'Connell commenced his speech by exclaiming, "I am here to claim justice for India."

The meetings of the Catholics in Dublin began to be regularly reported from the year 1808. On the 19th of January, they held a meeting for the purpose of submitting certain resolutions, as well as to consider the propriety of presenting a petition to the Imperial Parliament, praying the removal of the disabilities under which the body had so long and so patiently laboured.

The Earl of Fingal was in the chair, and the proceedings were opened by Count Dalton, who, after alluding to the accidental absence of Lord Gormanstown, moved a resolution, expressing anxiety to petition Parliament for a repeal of the Penal Laws, and declaring that to be the "critical juncture when such a petition ought, without delay, to be transmitted."

John Byrne, Esq., of Mullinahack, seconded the motion, and deprecated divisions amongst the Catholics.

An amusing instance of the way in which Catholic divisions arose occurred now. Mr O'Connor, though "forcibly impressed" with the "propriety and necessity for petitioning," was nevertheless terribly afraid of doing it, and begged the meeting to wait until Providence should interfere in their behalf. He forgot that Providence helps those who help themselves.

O'Connell replied—

“Nothing but disunion among themselves could ever retard the Catholic cause. Division, while it rendered them the object of disgust to their friend, would make them the scorn and ridicule of their enemies. He was ready to admit that the present administration were personal enemies of the Catholic cause; yet if the Catholics continue loyal, firm, and undivided, they had little to fear from the barren petulance of the ex-advocate, Perceval, or the frothy declamation of the poetaster, Canning. They might meet with equal contempt the upstart pride of Jenkinson, and with more than contempt the pompous inanity of that Lord Castlereagh, who might well be permitted to hate the country that gave him birth, to her own annihilation. He was also free to confess that he knew of no statute passed since the Union which had for its object to increase the trade or advance the liberties of Ireland; but he thought it impossible, if the Catholics persevered, with undivided efforts, in their loyal and dutiful pursuit of emancipation, that any administration could be found sufficiently daring in guilt to stand between them and the throne of their father and sovereign, and most calumniously and falsely use his name to raise obstacles in the way of good subjects seeking to become free citizens. He did, therefore, conjure the gentlemen to give up their opposition; he respected their talents, and however convinced of their mistake, could not doubt the purity of their motives. They must see that their arguments against the resolution were confined to the ridiculous opposition, in fact, against the noble lord, for his having condescended to ask advice before he acted; and to the equally frivolous difficulty objected to, the form of the notice for calling the meeting. Was it possible that rational beings should govern their conduct by such arguments in the serious pursuit of freedom? They were sons, and might dearly love the parents who gave them birth—let them recollect that it was for their rights that the petition was framed: they were brothers, and should, if they felt the endearing impulses of fraternal affection, sacrifice party, and, of course, mere forms and ceremonies, in a struggle for obtaining the rights of their brethren:

they were parents, and all the sweet charities of life combined in favour of the children who looked up to them for protection. It was the liberties of those children the present petition sought—would they postpone for an hour that sacred blessing? Could they, from any motive, thwart the progress of those who sought it? He knew that was impossible, and he hoped, therefore, there would be no division.”

The result was the withdrawal of the amendment, and the unanimous carrying of a resolution to petition.

On the 23d February 1810, the following letter appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*:—

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE ‘FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.’

“SIR,—I am directed by the Catholic Committee to inform you that the statement contained in a morning paper of this day, respecting their proceedings, is extremely inaccurate and erroneous in many important particulars, more especially as far as relates to the Veto. That question *was not* fixed for discussion, nor was there any *determination* whatsoever on the subject.

“I am also directed to request that you will publish this letter, as the committee consider that such statement, if uncontradicted, may be productive of mischief.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL, *Acting Sec.*

“CROW STREET, February 22, 1810.”

On the 4th May 1810, there was a meeting of the Dublin Corporation, to arrange for a general meeting on a large scale, the object being to petition for the Repeal of the Union.

The social effects of that measure were beginning to be deeply felt. Trade was failing, shops were closing, the once busy streets were almost deserted. There was no

business done in Westmoreland Street, and there were no "fashionables" promenading in Grafton Street. How could there be, when fashion had fled to the seat of fashion, and trade had failed, because there was no capital to support it, and no aristocracy to encourage it? ²

The statement that "four-fifths of the legislature knew very little of the country except by misrepresentation," was only too true; and, unfortunately, any attempt to remove this ignorance was useless.

The Common Council resolved on a petition, in which

² The following extract from the speech made by Mr Willis fill up the melancholy details:—"Mr Willis said he rose under much difficulty, from the insidious and malignant attacks on his character which the House had just listened to. He hoped it would not prejudice them against the motion he would now submit to them on the measure of the Union—a motion so interesting to every Irishman, that it stood in need of little apology. He had no doubt but Dr Whitelaw's pamphlet would be again introduced, to show the prosperity of this city; but he would oppose to that the general and overwhelming bankruptcy with which this unfortunate country was inundated. He asked why Westmoreland Street, Grafton Street, and every other trading part of this city, exhibited such distress—why so many houses and shops were shut? It is because the men of property, the fashion of the country, were inveigled away by this measure to spend their property in another land. He considered a union of the Government absolutely necessary to support our glorious constitution, and the connection between the sister islands, to render the executive strong and powerful, to enable it to bring into action the whole strength of the empire; but a union of legislatures he considered in a very different point of view. A non-resident legislature, four-fifths of which knew little of this ill-fated country but by misrepresentation, be they ever so well inclined to serve us, are liable to imposition, practised by interested or designing men. This had been the case in the Coal Act, the Paving Act, the Insurrection Act, and many others."

they declared that the Union "had not increased their prosperity, comfort, or happiness," — and stated, which could not be contradicted, that Ireland had "suffered extremely in trade and commerce," which was patent to all; and, moreover, that Ireland had not improved in "civilisation" or "manners," from intercourse with England, neither had the "discord of religious sects been extinguished."

The petitioners asked, as Irishmen will ask and continue to ask, for equal laws, for the administration of justice, which should be justice. They might as well have addressed themselves to the North Wind.

"Mr M'Kenzie said he was *obliged*, being instructed by his corporation, to vote for a petition. He conceived his instructions did not go to support such a petition as the one now read; the language was *improper*—it could not be otherwise, coming as it did."

Mr Paterson thought the petition "presumptuous," and Mr Craven said the Catholics, without whom the Union would never have been carried, were "duped." There is not the slightest doubt that the Union would have been carried without the Catholics, at the cost of another rebellion; but the promoters of the plan of Union preferred carrying it quietly, so they duped the Catholics, which was easier, if less honourable.

On the 8th August 1810,³ the grand jurors of the city,

³ See files of the *Freeman's Journal* for the year 1810.

“viewing the distressed and deplorable state” of the Dublin manufactures, and the “great gloom and misery” of their “unfortunate” country, requested the high sheriffs to call a meeting to petition for a Repeal of the Union. This requisition was signed by 150 jurymen. A meeting was held at the Royal Exchange on the 18th September 1810, and Sir James Riddell, the High Sheriff, took the chair. The middle upper class were all eager for Repeal of the Union; the upper class lived principally in England, and so that they got their rents, did not trouble themselves about the state of the country. If an agitation was threatened, or a tythe-proctor carded, they called out for, martial law; they knew nothing of, and cared nothing for, the unhappy people whose last farthing was wrung from them before they attempted to avenge themselves.

It has been generally believed, or taken as an accepted fact, that Irishmen acquiesced generally in the Union, that the agitation in O’Connell’s later years, and at the present day, for repeal, or a federal government, is the work of a few designing politicians. This opinion or belief is one of the many evil results of English ignorance of Irish history. It is true that, for a year or so after the passing of the Union, Ireland lay as one stunned by a heavy and unexpected blow; but she soon recovered herself, and her first act was, to protest both against the blow and the manner in which the blow was given. A glance over the

files of Irish newspapers, from the year 1808 to the present day, will give ample evidence of the truth of this assertion.⁴

We shall give a few extracts from the speeches at this aggregate meeting as an evidence of the public opinion of the day.

Mr Hutton, who moved the first motion, said:—

"Sir, We have now had the experience of ten years, since the passing of the Act of Union, and let me ask, had the Irish manufactures had a fair competition in the British markets? Have the manufactures of Ireland been protected and encouraged, or have those of Dublin flourished, as we were promised? Let me ask, have the poor of the land had their education properly attended to? Every man that is a well-wisher to the prosperity of Ireland will answer me in the negative. Have the Roman Catholics met with any acknowledgment of the justice of their claims? If they have, let any man who now hears me stand forward and avow it. On the contrary, the Catholics, in their rights, ever since the passing of

⁴ The following extract from the *Dublin Evening Post* of 26th March 1808, is an evidence of the opinion advanced above:—

"**REPEAL OF THE UNION.**—The corporation of skinners and glovers have the honour of being the first to come forward to express their sentiments on the policy and necessity which exists for a Repeal of the Act of Union. These worthy and spirited citizens met yesterday, when they entered into resolutions which will be found in another column. Other corporations are preparing to follow up with spirit the example of the skinners and glovers. They will not be deterred by the assertion that the effort is useless. They recollect, that although it was proposed in the Irish House of Commons, that the petition from Belfast for the repeal of Poyning's law should be burned by the hangman in College Green, yet, in less than seven years after, the law was repealed: they will also recollect that Lucas was exiled for supporting those principles, which afterwards procured Grattan the thanks of his country, and a vote of fifty thousand pounds."

the Act of Union, have stood, and do stand at present, just where they began. They have endeavoured to get their claims acknowledged and acquiesced in ; but are they not at this instant precluded from holding any superior rank in the army ? I do not, sir, speak of administration, but I contend that the welfare and prosperity of Ireland depend upon the Repeal of the Act of Union."

Mr O'Connell said—

"The Union was, therefore, a manifest injustice—and it continues to be unjust to this day ; it was a crime, and must be still criminal, unless it shall be ludicrously pretended that crime, like wine, improves by old age, and that time mollifies injustice into innocence.

"Alas ! England, that ought to have been to us as a sister and a friend—England, whom we had loved, and fought and bled for—England, whom we have protected, and whom we do protect—England, at a period, when out of 100,000 of the seamen in her service, 70,000 were Irish—England stole upon us like a thief in the night, and robbed us of the precious gem of our Liberty ; she stole from us ' that in which nought enriched her, but made us poor indeed.' Reflect, then, my friends, on the means employed to accomplish this disastrous measure. I do not speak of the meaner instruments of bribery and corruption—we all know that everything was put to sale—nothing profane or sacred was omitted in the Union mart—offices in the revenue, commands in the army and navy, the sacred ermine of justice, and the holy altars of God were all profaned and polluted as the rewards of Union services. By a vote in favour of the Union, ignorance, incapacity, and profligacy obtained certain promotion—and our ill-fated but beloved country was degraded to her utmost limits, before she was transfixed in slavery. But I do not intend to detain you in the contemplation of those vulgar means of parliamentary success—they are within the daily routine of official *management* : neither will I direct your attention to the frightful recollection of that avowed fact, which is

now part of history, that the *Rebellion* itself was fomented and encouraged, in order to facilitate the Union. Even the Rebellion was an accidental and a secondary cause—the real cause of the Union lay deeper, but it is quite obvious. It is to be found at once in the *religious dissensions* which the enemies of Ireland have created, and continued, and seek to perpetuate amongst ourselves, by telling us of, and separating us into, wretched sections and miserable subdivisions; they separated the Protestant from the Catholic, and the Presbyterian from both; they revived every antiquated cause of domestic animosity, and they invented new pretexts of rancour; but above all, my countrymen, they belied and calumniated us to each other—they falsely declared that we hated each other, and they continued to repeat the assertion, until we came to believe it; they succeeded in producing all the madness of party and religious distinctions; and whilst we were lost in the stupor of insanity, they plundered us of our country, and left us to recover at our leisure from the horrid delusion into which we had been so artfully conducted.

“Such, then, were the means by which the Union was effectuated. It has stript us of commerce and wealth; it has degraded us, and deprived us not only of our station as a nation, but even of the name of our country; we are governed by foreigners—foreigners make our laws, for were the one hundred members who nominally represent Ireland in what is called the Imperial Parliament, were they really our representatives, what influence could they, although unbought and unanimous, have over the five hundred and fifty-eight English and Scotch members? But what is the fact? Why, that out of the one hundred, such as they are, that sit for this country, more than one-fifth know nothing of us, and are unknown to us. What, for example, do we know about Andrew Strahan, printer to the king? What can Henry Martin, barrister-at-law, care for the rights or liberties of Irishmen? Some of us may, perhaps, for our misfortunes, have been compelled to read a verbose pamphlet of James Stevens; but who knows anything of one Crile, one

Hughan, one Cackin, or of a dozen more whose names I could mention, only because I have discovered them for the purpose of speaking to you about them ; what sympathy can we, in our sufferings, expect from those men ? What solicitude for our interests ? What are they to Ireland, or Ireland to them ? No, Mr Sheriff, we are not represented—we have no effectual share in the legislation—the thing is a mere mockery ; neither is the Imperial Parliament competent to legislate for us—it is too unwieldy a machine to legislate with discernment for England alone ; but with respect to Ireland, it has all the additional inconvenience that arise from want of interest and total ignorance. Sir, when I talk of the utter ignorance, in Irish affairs, of the members of the Imperial Parliament, I do not exaggerate or mistake ; the ministers themselves are in absolute darkness with respect to this country. I undertake to demonstrate it. Sir, they have presumed to speak of the growing prosperity of Ireland. I know them to be vile and profligate—I cannot be suspected of flattering them—yet, vile as they are, I do not believe they could have had the audacity to insert in the speech, supposed to be spoken by his Majesty, *that expression*, had they known that, in fact, Ireland was in abject and increasing poverty."

Then he appealed to his audience on the subject of religious intolerance, a subject which he lost no opportunity of bringing forward :—

"Who, in 1795, thought a Union possible ? Pitt dared to attempt it, and he succeeded ; it only requires the resolution to attempt its repeal ; in fact, it requires only to entertain the hope of repealing it, to make it impossible that the Union should continue ; but that pleasing hope could never exist whilst the infernal dissensions on the score of religion were kept up. The Protestant alone could not expect to liberate his country, the Roman Catholic alone could not do it, neither could the Presbyterian ; but amalgamate the three into the Irishman, and the Union is repealed. Learn discretion from your enemies ; they have crushed your country by foment-

ing religious discord ; serve her, by abandoning it for ever. Let each man give up his share of the mischief, let each man forsake every feeling of rancour. But, I say not this to barter with you, my countrymen ; I require no equivalent from you ; whatever course you shall take, my mind is fixed ; I trample underfoot the Catholic claims, if they can interfere with the repeal ; I abandon all wish for emancipation, if it delays that repeal. Nay ; were Mr Perceval, to-morrow, to offer me the Repeal of the Union upon the terms of re-enacting the entire penal code, I declare it from my heart, and in the presence of my God, that I would most cheerfully embrace his offer. Let us then, my beloved countrymen, sacrifice our wicked and groundless animosities on the altar of our country ; let that spirit which, heretofore emanating from Dungannon, spread all over the island, and gave light and liberty to the land, be again cherished amongst us ; let us rally round the standard of Old Ireland, and we shall easily procure that greatest of political blessings—an Irish King, an Irish House of Lords, and an Irish House of Commons."

The close of O'Connell's speech was greeted by long and continued applause, but the High Sheriff was nervous. O'Connell had used the words "Irish King," and no one could tell what construction might be put on the expression ; therefore, O'Connell was obliged to explain himself, and to make a special declaration of loyalty.

A declaration and a petition were drawn up this year. The declaration was on the vexed subject of the Veto, the petition was for Repeal.

O'Connell drew up the petition, which ran thus—

"TO THE HONOURABLE THE COMMONS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED,

"We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, on behalf of ourselves and of others, his Majesty's subjects professing the Roman

Catholic religion in Ireland, humbly beg leave to represent to this honourable House—

“That we, your petitioners, did, in the years 1805 and 1808, humbly petition this honourable House, praying the total abolition of the penal laws, which aggrieve the Catholics of Ireland.

“We now feel ourselves obliged, in justice to ourselves, our families, and our country, once more to solicit the attention of this honourable House to the subject of our said petition.

“We state, that the Roman Catholics constitute the most numerous and increasing portion of the inhabitants of Ireland, comprising an immense majority of the manufacturing, trading, and agricultural interests, and amounting to, at least, four-fifths of the Irish population; that they contribute largely to the exigencies of their country, civil and military; that they pay the far greater part of the public and local taxes; that they supply the armies and navies of this empire with upwards of one-third part in number of the soldiers and sailors employed in the public service; and that, notwithstanding heavy discouragements, they form the principal constituent part of the strength, wealth, and industry of Ireland.

“Yet such is the grievous operation of the penal laws of which we complain, that the Roman Catholics are thereby not only set apart from their fellow-subjects as aliens in their native land, but are ignominiously and rigorously proscribed from almost all situations of public trust, honour, or emolument, including every public function and department, from the Houses of legislature down to the most petty corporations.

“We state, that whenever the labour of public duty is to be exacted and enforced, the Catholic is sought out and selected; where honours or rewards are to be dispensed, he is neglected and condemned.

“Where the military and naval strength of the empire is to be recruited, the Catholics are eagerly solicited, nay compelled, to bear at least their full share in the perils of warfare, and in the lowest ranks; but when preferment or promotion (the dear and legitimate

prize of successful valour) are to be distributed as rewards of merit, no laurels are destined to grace a Catholic's brow, or fit the wearer for command.

"We state, thus generally, the grievous condition of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, occasioned solely by the fatal influence and operation of the penal laws ; and though we forbear to enter into greater detail, yet we do not the less trust to the influence of reason and justice (which eventually must prevail) for effecting a full and deliberate inquiry into our grievances, and accomplishing our effectual relief.

"We do beg leave, however, most solemnly, to press upon the attention of this honourable House, the imminent public dangers which necessarily result from so inverted an order of things, and so vicious and unnatural a system of legislation—a system which has long been the reproach of this nation, and is unparalleled throughout modern Christendom.

"And we state it as our fixed opinion, that, to restore to the Catholics of Ireland a full, equal, and unqualified participation of the benefits of the laws and constitution of England, and to withdraw all the privations, restrictions, and vexatious distinctions which oppress, injure, and afflict them in their country, is now become a measure not merely expedient, but absolutely necessary—not only a debt of right due to a complaining people, but perhaps the last remaining resource of this empire, in the preservation of which we take so deep an interest.

"We therefore pray this honourable House to take into their most serious consideration the nature, extent, and operation of the aforesaid penal laws, and, by repealing the same altogether, to restore to the Roman Catholics of Ireland those liberties so long withheld, and their due share in that Constitution, which they, in common with their fellow-subjects of every other description, contribute by taxes, arms, and industry, to sustain and defend.

"And your petitioners will ever pray."

On the 24th of February 1810, the Catholic bishops met in Dublin, and drew up the following resolutions :—

“Resolved—‘That it is the undoubted and exclusive right of Roman Catholic bishops to discuss and decide on all matters appertaining to the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church.’

“Resolved—‘That we do hereby confirm and declare our unaltered adherence to the resolutions unanimously entered into at our last general meeting, on the 14th September 1806.’

“Resolved—‘That we are convinced that the oath of allegiance framed and proposed by the legislature itself, and taken by us, is not only adequate security for our loyalty, but that we know of no stronger pledge that we can possibly give.’

“Resolved—‘That having disclaimed upon oath all right in the Pope, or any other foreign potentate, to interfere in the temporal concerns of the kingdom, an adherence to the practice observed in the appointment of Irish Roman Catholic bishops cannot tend to produce an undue or mischievous exercise of any foreign influence whatsoever.’

“Resolved—‘That we neither seek nor desire any other earthly consideration for our spiritual ministry to our respective flocks, save what they may, from a sense of religion and duty, voluntarily afford us.’

“Resolved—‘That an address, explanatory of these our sentiments, be prepared and directed to the Roman Catholic clergy and laity of Ireland, and conveying such further instruction as existing circumstances may seem to require.’”⁵

⁵ As the *Veto* question is only mentioned incidentally in O’Connell’s history, we shall not enter into this subject. It is one which would merit careful consideration, but such consideration would require more space than can be given to it in the present work.

It is sufficient to observe that, though a few of the Irish bishops were at first disposed to favour it, they opposed it eventually with a steady resolution, which saved the Catholic Church in this country, and in Great Britain, from a danger which was not the less to be apprehended, because it was deeply insidious. Dr Lanigan, the great Irish ecclesiastical historian, was one of the most energetic and successful opposers of this scheme.

The Irish Catholic hierarchy, with a trusting confidence which was honourable to them, however misplaced, had long believed that to protest and solemnly declare their loyalty would insure a belief in it. They had at last begun to learn that men who did not believe their word would be equally unwilling to believe their oath. They had learned that a dignified statement of loyalty, or of their intentions, was the best policy. They began to see that all these demands for securities were mere excuses, the excuses of those who wished to evade granting justice; first by asking securities against dangers which existed only in their own imagination, then by refusing the securities, no matter what solemn pledges might be made of their authenticity.

That the one object of the Veto was to wean the Catholic clergy from the Holy See, is plainly evident from the private correspondence of the times. The great complaint against the Irish priesthood was its devotion to Rome. The Veto was to undermine their loyalty, and was to secure devotion to English interests as a substitution for devotion to the chair of Peter. Of course, something should be offered in return, and Emancipation was proposed. It is to be feared that, if the Veto had been agreed upon, Emancipation would have been refused.⁶

The Protestant Bishop of Meath wrote on this subject to

⁶ The English Government, who had the nomination of the bishops for the Protestant Church in Ireland, took care that their nominees should be all English.

Lord Castlereagh in November 1800. A few extracts from this letter will show the objects avowedly contemplated :—

“ *First*, The Catholic clergy were to be made more independent of the people, and the bishops were to be brought into contact with the Government.—‘So early as the year 1782, I entertained the idea of the policy and necessity of making an established provision for the Roman Catholic clergy, that would make them independent of their people. I necessarily connected this measure with that of bringing their bishops more in contact with the Government, and giving the Castle an interference and influence in their appointment.’

“ *Secondly*, Care was to be taken, and a plan arranged, with what would have been called Jesuitical skill and duplicity, and the plan emanated from a Catholic bishop, that the priest should be so educated as to be made as English as possible, not only in politics but in religion.—‘In France, Spain, and the Low Countries, the superiors of the different seminaries for the English, Scotch, and Irish Missions, as they expressed it, were always natives of those kingdoms ; but they were persons exactly of the description which Government must ever consider as disqualified for such situations —persons exclusively devoted to the See of Rome, educated in all the principles, and therefore certain to inculcate and teach all the principles, that militate most against the civil authority in every country, and particularly tainted with all the prejudices against our establishment and our constitution, which an education in countries hostile to both cannot fail to inspire.’

“ *Thirdly*, No priest was to be allowed to officiate in Ireland unless he was educated at Maynooth under Government control and supervision ; for those educated in foreign seminaries would be more Roman, and the ‘foreign priest would not fail to reproach the Maynooth priest as half a heretic, as a Government instead of a Roman priest !’⁷

“ *Fourthly*, The doctrines taught at Maynooth were to be such as

⁷ *Castlereagh Correspondence*, vol. iii.

the English Government shall approve. The legislators of the day were quite indifferent to points of doctrine ; the Protestant parson or the Catholic priest might teach what they pleased on such subjects ; but Cæsar's interests were to be looked after very carefully. They were ordered to be the first object ; for the rest it mattered little."

The Protestant Bishop of Meath had very distinct and very practical ideas on this subject. He was by no means unjust or unfair to the Catholic clergy ; he would allow them to teach what they pleased, so long as they taught submission to the Government. He seems to have been an honest, honourable man with one idea. Why could not these men do as he did?—why could not these men teach as he taught? The king or Government, as the case might be, was the head of his Church, and the ultimate source of his doctrine. Those men who would not act as he did, were either stupid or perverse, in which case he pitied them ; but he was beyond his age in liberality, and he would not persecute or suggest persecution.⁸

⁸ "Great precautions should be taken against any doctrines being taught in the College that might militate against or undermine the establishment, or the constitution and government of the country."

The doctrine taught by the Catholic clergy did not concern the Protestant bishop, except in so far as it interfered with what he considered "loyalty." The whole letter, *mutatis mutandis*, is curiously like a charge given by the Bishop of Ely on the 20th July 1872, on the Bennett judgment, in which he says, "that the (Protestant) Church allows a fair liberty of prophesying, but that ritual and ceremonial must be 'some-what exact.' " In fact, so long as there was an attempt at exterior conformity, their interior conformity mattered very little. It is curious to observe the similarity of opinion, or shall we say indifference to "doctrine," between the bishop of 1800 and the bishop of 1872.

On the 5th January 1811, a meeting was held for the purpose of "appointing proper persons in aid of the Earl of Fingal, for the charge of the petition to England."

O'Connell, practical as usual, informed the committee that considerable progress had been made in the investigation of the existing penal laws, and the oppressive consequences resulting therefrom. As the statement occupied nearly three hundred folio pages, it would not, from its voluminous nature, be perfectly ready for their inspection before Saturday next. Notice would then be given to have it printed, in order to place it in the hands of the members of both Houses ; and it would be a subject of consideration with the committee, whether the statement should be confined to the members of Parliament alone, or obtain a more general publicity. He had no hesitation in saying that, in his opinion, the preferable mode would be to have it published in the usual manner, in order that the people of the United Kingdom might be enabled to entertain no doubt whatever on the subject ; for it has been said that the people suffer not from any actual or positive oppression, but because they are told so. He had no difficulty in saying that this was an evil they ought to encounter, and the importance of informing every person in England of the real condition of the Catholics, should supersede any fastidious notions of delicacy or forbearance. .

O'Connell was always anxious for publicity ; he had no idea of concealment, and certainly was far beyond his age

in his policy. Hitherto concealment had been necessary, and cautious language had been advisable. It needed a man like the *Liberator* to break down the barriers which were no longer necessary, but which were preserved, or attempted to be preserved, by those who thought more of their own safety than the public good.

It was at this period that O'Connell made a speech in which he spoke freely of English ignorance of Irish affairs. Speaking of the writers in the *Edinburgh Review*, he said:—

“I differ from them on the subject of the Veto, and would undertake to convince any of them that I am right. I also easily see myself amongst those whom they style ‘bombastic counsellors,’ and I smile to see how happily they have described that fustian and rant, which I am in the habit, as at present, of obtruding upon your meetings. But, notwithstanding this attack, which I admit to be personal, I do most sincerely and cordially thank them for their exertions. It is not in the nature of popular feeling to continue long its gratitude; but I have no hesitation in saying, that the Catholics of Ireland deserve to be slaves, if they ever forget what they owe to the writers of that article. Let me, however, repeat my regret, that its effects should have been weakened by the erroneous view which those writers took of our situation. It is strange enough, that when they contributed so considerably to the repeal of the slave trade, they were found to be perfectly conversant with the savage tribes of Raarta and Bambana; and that they were able to give dissertations on the police of the barbaric cities of Sego and Timbuctoo, and yet are so deplorably ignorant of the condition of the white slaves of Ireland. We have another excellent advocate in England—an advocate whom we could bribe only one way, with the justice of our cause—I mean William Cobbett. It is truly impor-

tant to us that his exertions should not be paralysed by ignorance of our wants. The moment we can show him the extent of our oppressions, we furnish him with materials to ensure our triumph—and it must be admitted that we could not have a more useful advocate. When he is right, he is irresistible; there is a strength and clearness in the way he puts every topic; he is at once so convincing, and yet so familiar, that the dullest can understand, and even the bigot must be convinced. But what has deservedly raised him high in public estimation is the manly candour with which he avows and retracts any opinion that he discovers to be erroneous.”

Perhaps the characteristic we should most admire at this period of O'Connell's career, was his uncompromising honesty. He knew the faults of his countrymen, he was far too keen-sighted not to see them; but many a man, both before his time and since, has seen them, and has not dared to denounce them. Disunion, the curse of Ireland and of Irish politics, threatened the extinction of the Catholic body, when it was working successfully; and O'Connell, at the risk of his rising prosperity, set himself not only to make peace, but to denounce this fatal error.

“The old curse of the Catholics is, I fear, about to be renewed; division, that made us what we are and keeps us so, is again to rear its standard amongst us; but it was thus always with the Irish Catholics. I recollect that in reading the life of the great Duke of Ormond, as he is called, I was forcibly struck with a despatch of his, transmitted about the year 1661, when he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It was written to vindicate himself from a charge of having favoured the Papists, and having given them permission to hold a public meeting in Dublin. His answer is remarkable. He rejects with disdain the foul calumny of being a favourer of Papists, though he admits he gave them leave to meet: ‘because,’ said he,

'I know by experience, that the Irish Papists never meet without dividing and degrading themselves.' I quote the words of the official despatch ; I can lay my finger on the very spot in 'Carte's Life of Ormond.'"

"One hundred and fifty years have since elapsed, and we are still in thralldom, because no experience can, I fear, cure us of this wretched disposition to divide. He entreated of the respectable gentlemen who that day attended the committee, to consider that their mistakes, if they had made any, ought not to be visited with so grievous a calamity as that of creating dissension amongst them."

The truth was, that the Government were beginning to bribe the upper class of Catholics who were members of the Association, and it is said that some of those gentlemen had been tampered with seriously.

O'Connell himself dated his position as leader of the Catholic party from the year 1810. When speaking of this subject to Mr Daunt, he said—

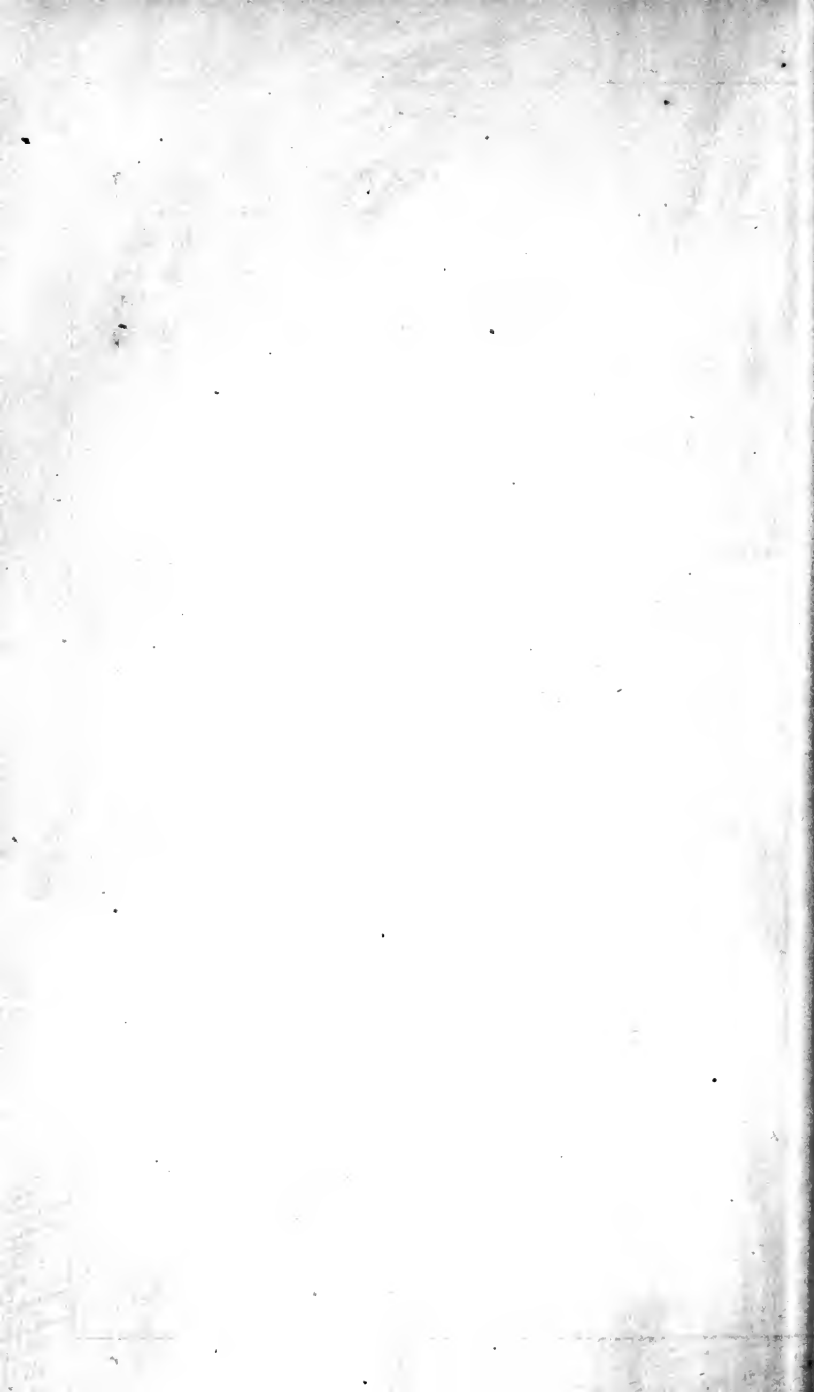
"In 1810, the corporation of Dublin met at the Royal Exchange to petition for the Repeal of the Union. John Keogh attended the meeting and made a speech. I also spoke in support of the Repeal, and thenceforth do I date my great *lift* in popularity. Keogh saw that I was calculated to become a leader. He subsequently tried to impress me with his own policy respecting Catholic affairs. The course he then recommended was a sullen quiescence; he urged that the Catholics should abstain altogether from agitation, and he laboured hard to bring me to adopt his views. But I saw that agitation was our only available weapon; I saw that incessantly keeping our demands and our grievances before the public and the Government, we must sooner or later succeed. Moreover, that period above all others was not one at which our legitimate weapon, agitation, could have prudently been let to rust. It was during the war, and while Napoleon—that splendid madman—made the

Catholics of Ireland so essential to the military defence of the empire ; the time seemed peculiarly appropriate to press our claims. About that period a great Catholic meeting was held. John Keogh was then old and infirm ; but his presence was eagerly desired, and the meeting awaited his arrival with patient good humour. I and another were deputed to request his attendance. John Keogh had this peculiarity—that when he was waited on about matters of business, he would talk away on all sorts of subjects *except* the business which had brought his visitors ; accordingly, he talked a great deal about everything but Catholic politics for the greater portion of our visit ; and when at length we pressed him to accompany us to the meeting, the worthy old man harangued us for a quarter of an hour to demonstrate the impolicy of publicly assembling at all, and ended by coming to the meeting. He drew up a resolution which denounced the continued agitation of the Catholic question at that time. This resolution, proceeding as it did from a tried old leader, was carried. I then rose and proposed a counter resolution, pledging us all to incessant, unrelaxing agitation ; and such were the wiseacres with whom I had to deal, that they passed my resolution in the midst of enthusiastic acclamations, without once dreaming that it ran directly counter to John Keogh's ! Thenceforward, I may say, I was *the* leader. Keogh called at my house some short time after ; he paid me many compliments, and repeated his importunities that I might alter my policy. But I was inexorable ; my course was resolved upon and taken. I refused to yield. He departed in bad humour, and I never saw him afterwards.

“Keogh was undoubtedly useful in his day. But he was one who would rather that the cause should fail, than that anybody but himself should have the honour of carrying it.

“He and his coadjutors made a mistake in 1793. He was a member of a deputation, consisting altogether of five persons, who had an interview with Pitt and Dundas on the subject of the Catholic claims. Pitt asked, ‘What would satisfy the Catholics?’ Keogh replied, ‘Equality.’ Pitt seemed inclined to comply with

the wishes of the deputation, but Dundas started several objections. Pitt then said, 'Would you be satisfied with the bar, the elective franchise, and eligibility to the municipalities?' Keogh replied, 'They would be great boons.' Pitt immediately pinned him to that, and would concede no more."



Chapter Seventh.

PROFESSIONAL AND POLITICAL SUCCESSES.

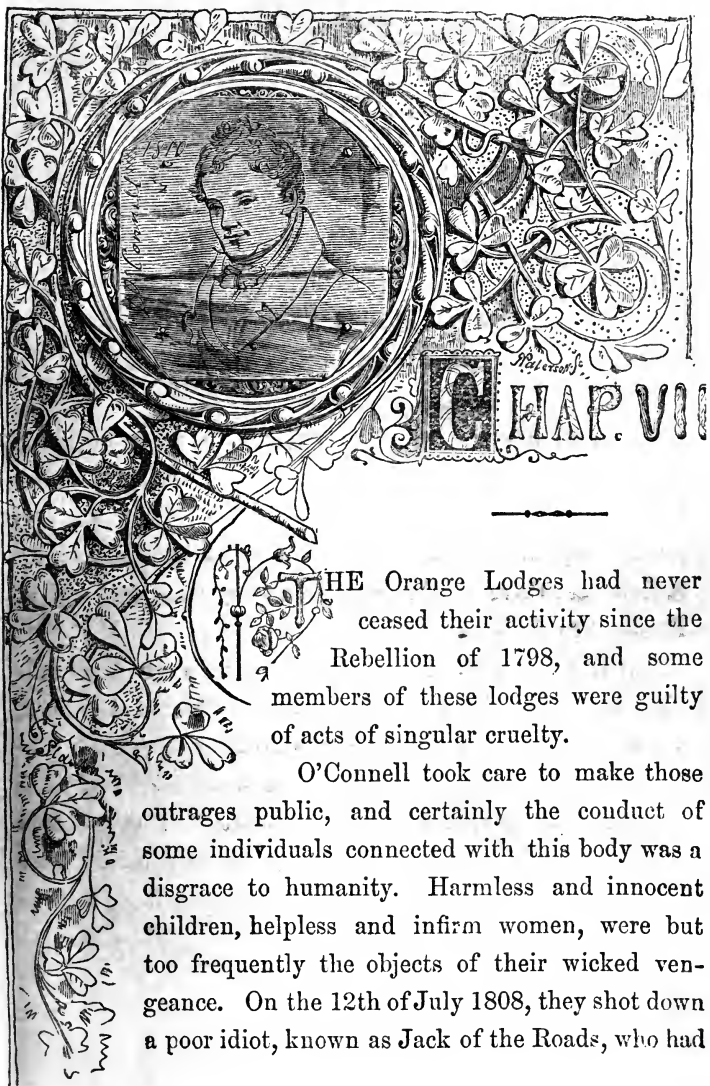
1808-1812.

**ORANGE OUTRAGES—RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION—INTOLERANCE IN THE ARMY—
ADVENTURES ON CIRCUIT—ANOTHER AFFAIR OF HONOUR—PROFESSIONAL
SUCCESSES—SPEECH AT LIMERICK—HAPPY ALLUSIONS—ADDRESS FROM
DINGLE AND REPLY—CATHOLICS ENTERTAINING PROTESTANTS AT THE
FESTIVE BOARD—THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION—MR
WELLESLEY POLE—ADDRESSING THE PRINCE OF WALES—SPEECHES ON THE
ADDRESS AND CONDUCT OF POLE—MR PERCEVAL—POLITICAL DISSENSION
AMONG CATHOLICS—RIGHT OF ASSEMBLY—ARREST OF LORD FINGAL—
SHELLEY—ENGLISH INJUSTICE—FATHER DAN—AT LIMERICK AND CORK.**





JAMES WHITESIDE.



THE Orange Lodges had never ceased their activity since the Rebellion of 1798, and some members of these lodges were guilty of acts of singular cruelty.

O'Connell took care to make those outrages public, and certainly the conduct of some individuals connected with this body was a disgrace to humanity. Harmless and innocent children, helpless and infirm women, were but too frequently the objects of their wicked vengeance. On the 12th of July 1808, they shot down a poor idiot, known as Jack of the Roads, who had

made a bet that he would run from Dublin to Limerick, keeping pace with the mail. The bet was fourpence and a pint of porter. As he passed through Mountrath on his return, he was foolish enough to flourish a green bough at a party of Orangemen. One of them fired at his face; his eyes were destroyed, and they left him to die in torment by the road side.

In Dublin they attacked some poor people, who had made a bonfire and danced round St Kevin's fountain with garlands, and shot them down like dogs. At Newry, eighteen men crept round a party who were enjoying themselves on the eve of St John the Baptist by lighting bonfires, and shot them down in cold blood. All this passed unpunished; but if Catholics had been the guilty individuals, there would have been a cry from one end of England to the other for vengeance.

But this was not all. At the very time when Irish soldiers were dying by hundreds for the defence of England, when the peninsula of Spain was reeking with their life-blood, they were not only refused the consolations of their religion, but were cruelly punished if they even dared to ask for them. It was no wonder that they should have little love of the upper classes of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, who, content with their own spiritual advantages, troubled themselves but little for those whose souls were equally precious in the sight of their Creator. It was no wonder that these poor men looked up with all the

reverence of their being to the man who stood up boldly to proclaim their rights, to ask why they should be excepted from the benefits of such religious liberty as the Government of the day permitted.⁹

On the 1st December 1810, O'Connell brought this subject before the Catholic committee. We quote his speech from the files of the *Dublin Evening Post* of that date:—

“Sir, I rise in pursuance of the notice which I gave at our last meeting, for the purpose of stating such information as I have received, respecting the illegal persecution of an Irish Catholic soldier of the militia. And, sir, in my humble judgment, we should be guilty of a dereliction of duty to our fellow-countrymen, if we suffered the perpetrators of the offence, which I am about to state, to go unpunished.

“I conceive we are called on by every social feeling as Catholics and as Irishmen, to drag the bigoted delinquents, whatever may be their exalted rank in life, not only before an enlightened public, but before a court of criminal jurisdiction.

“The facts, as reported to me, are shortly these:—A Roman Catholic private soldier, belonging to a certain regiment of militia, for no other offence than for attending at chapel to discharge those religious duties which he, in common with all mankind, owed to his God, **HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO BE TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE!**—and had actually, like a common convict, proceeded so far on his passage into exile as the Isle of Wight.

⁹ Patrick Spence, a Catholic private in the Dublin militia, was required to attend the Protestant service. He refused, and was at once conveyed to the black hole. He then wrote a respectful expostulation to his commanding officer; for this he was tried by court martial, and sentenced to receive 999 lashes. The barbarous sentence was in the act of execution when he was offered the choice of an exchange into a condemned regiment, which he accepted.

“Sir, there are two courses left for us to adopt in this case ; the first, is to bring the facts, in whatever shape may be thought advisable, before the House of Commons ; the second, to have the business investigated in a court of law, and disposed of by the verdict of a jury. That the law, as it now exists, is sufficiently strong to punish the persons guilty of the crime, there can be no doubt. I shall therefore move that our secretary, Mr E. Hay, do open a subscription for the purpose of defraying the expense of having the matter fully investigated ; and that a sub-committee, consisting of five, be appointed to inquire into the truth of the facts, and to report to the general committee.”

The motion was seconded by Mr Hussey, and Mr Coyle called the attention of the meeting to the injustice done to the Catholics in Roscommon and Fermanagh, where a Catholic was not even allowed to hold the situation of a non-commissioned officer. The colonel of the Fermanagh regiment obliged every officer to take the Orange oath—a most cruel injustice.

A great deal has been said and written by Protestants about the persecuting spirit of the Catholic Church, yet they have curiously overlooked the bitter and relentless persecutions of their own Church. At this very period a Catholic Church was robbed by some Orangemen, and though the robbery was clearly proved, the jury being also Orangemen, refused to convict ; more than probably because they considered robbery under such circumstances as no sin.¹ Well might Mr O’Connell say, when speaking of the

¹ Counsellor Kernan, a Fermanagh gentleman, was appealed to at this meeting to give information on the subject ; he said :—

necessity for proposing a compilation of the penal laws, that Englishmen might know the grievances from which Ireland had long suffered, that "from the unfortunate temper of the times, and the unhappy code of laws which prevailed on these subjects, a jury might possibly be found to strain the law to the worst purposes."²

O'Connell visited Limerick on circuit during the summer of the year 1810. The admirable sketch taken of him in the Court house on this occasion will be found at the head of this chapter. It is the only early likeness of O'Connell in existence. The features express more intelligence than

"Sir, I am not competent to say (because I am ignorant of the fact) whether the private soldiers of the Fermanagh regiment, professing the Catholic religion, are prevented by the Earl of Enniskillen from exerting their religious duties—I should hope the fact is otherwise.

"With respect to the circumstance of the scandalous outrage committed in the Chapel of Enniskillen, the trial had been published in all the newspapers of this city ; and, to such persons as had read the report, it is unnecessary for me to state more than this fact ; namely, that at the trial there was sufficient evidence produced on the part of the Crown to convict the traverser, and that the verdict of acquittal was, therefore, not only contrary to evidence, but to the charge of Mr Justice Fletcher, the learned judge who presided.

"It was not singular in that county, that the jury who tried the officer consisted of Protestants—there being but two instances, as I am informed, since the Revolution, of Catholics serving as jurors at the assizes of Enniskillen."—*Dublin Morning Post*, December 15, 1810.

² From his speech at the Catholic Committee, 15th December 1810.—*Dublin Evening Post*.

All the extracts from newspapers given in this work are taken from the original source, a very large collection having been placed in my hands through the kindness of friends.

power, yet we can trace indications of the more massive expression which developed itself in after life.³

O'Connell was fond of relating his adventures when on circuit; and as he seldom lost sight of a joke, or failed to see one, his repertory of stories was sufficiently amusing. He would tell in after life of the "good old times"—good as far as the comfort of easy travelling was concerned, when a journey was to a great extent a pleasure. At such times, too, he could unburden himself of professional cares; and for a man who worked as he did, such relaxation must have been both necessary and enjoyable.

"'In 1780,' he used to say, 'the two members for the county Kerry, when preparing to visit Dublin, sent to the metropolis for a noddy. The noddy took eight days to get to Kerry, and they, when seated in it, took seventeen days to get to Dublin! Each night the two members, owing to the absence of inns, quartered themselves at the house of some friend; and on the seventeenth day they reached Dublin, just in time for the opening of the session.'

"Speaking of the inn at Mill Street, he said:— The improved roads have injured that inn. I well remember when it was the regular end of the first day's journey from Tralee. It was a comfortable thing for a social pair of fellow-travellers to get out of their chaise at night-fall, and to find at the inn (it was then kept by a cousin of mine, a Mrs Cotter) a roaring fire in a clean, well-furnished parlour, the whitest table-linen, the best beef, the sweetest and tenderest mutton, the fattest fowl, the most excellent wines

³ This likeness was taken by Mr Gubbins, an artist still living at the advanced age of 85. I am indebted to Mr Lenihan, author of the "History of Limerick," for the original, which is in his possession.

(claret and Madeira were the high wines there—they knew nothing about champagne), and the most comfortable beds. In my early days it was by far the best inn in Munster. But the new roads enabled travellers to get far beyond Mill Street in a day ; and the inn, being therefore less frequented than of old, is, of course, not so well looked after by its present proprietor.

" "There was the Coach and Horses Inn at Assolas, in the county Clare, close to the bridge,' said O'Connell. 'What delicious claret they had there ! It is levelled with the ground these many years. Then, there was that inn at Maryborough ; how often have I seen the old trooper who kept it smoking his pipe on the stone bench at the door, and his fat old wife sitting opposite him. They kept a right good house. She inherited the inn from her father and mother, and was early trained up to the business. She was an only child, and had displeased her parents by a runaway match with a private dragoon. However, they soon relented and received her and her husband into favour. The worthy trooper took charge of the stable department, for which his habits well adapted him ; and the in-door business was admirably managed by his wife. Then, there was that inn at Naas, most comfortably kept—and excellent wine. I remember stopping to dine there one day, posting up from the Limerick assizes. There were three of us in the chaise, and one was tipsy ; his eyes were bloodshot and his features swollen from hard drinking on the previous night, besides which he had tiddled a little in the morning. As he got out of the chaise, I called him 'Parson !' to the evident delight of a Methodist preacher, who was haranguing a crowd in the street, and who deemed his own merits enhanced by the contrast with a sottish minister of the Establishment.' "

On one occasion as he travelled from Ashbourne to Dublin, some objects of antiquity which Grose⁴ had

⁴ This is the Captain Grose of whom Burns wrote—

"A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent 'em."

illustrated, recalled that antiquary to the Liberator's mind :—

“ ‘Grose,’ said he, ‘came to Ireland full of strong prejudices against the people, but they gave way beneath the influence of Irish drollery. He was very much teased, when walking through the Dublin markets, by the butchers besetting him for his custom. At last he got angry, and told them all to go about their business; when a sly, waggish butcher, deliberately surveying Grose’s fat, ruddy face and corpulent person, said to him, ‘Well, plaze your honour, I won’t ask you to buy since it puts your honour in a passion. But I’ll tell you how you’ll sarve me.’ ‘How?’ inquired Grose in a gruff growl. ‘Just tell all your friends that its Larry Heffernan that supplies your honour with *mate*, and never fear I’ll have custom enough.’ ”

Passing through Nenagh, he said—

“Some years ago, when this neighbourhood was much infested with robbers, I was travelling on circuit. My horses were not very good, and just at this spot I saw a man whose movements excited my suspicions. He slowly crossed the road, about twenty yards in advance of my carriage, and awaited my approach with his back against the wall, and his hand in the breast of his coat, as if ready to draw a pistol. I felt certain I should be attacked, so I held my pistol ready to fire, its barrel resting on the carriage door. The man did not stir, and so escaped. Had he but raised his hand, I should have fired. Good God! what a miserable guilty wretch I should have been! How sincerely I thank God for my escape from such guilt!”

We find O’Connell in Limerick again in August 1813, and engaged in “an affair of honour.” While occupied in professional business, he got into an altercation with Counsellor Magrath, which, according to the custom of the

day, should be settled by pistols. The combatants met in the old court-mill field, the usual resort in such cases. Mr O'Gorman was O'Connell's second, and Mr Bennet was second to Mr Magrath. Mr Bennet stepped the ground by mutual consent; but at the last moment a party of gentlemen came on the ground to make peace, or, if peace could not be made, to see the fight out. Peace was made eventually. Magrath declared himself sorry for what had occurred, and O'Connell declared he bore no enmity to Magrath. The two gentlemen then shook hands, and drove back to the city in the same carriage, conversing.

Possibly it never occurred to any of the party how very different the end might have been.

O'Connell's fame as a barrister was now increasing daily.⁵ In the autumn assizes of 1813, twenty-six cases were tried in Limerick Court-house, and he held a brief each case. His professional career was a series of successes; and it is no wonder that it was considered a favour when he accepted a retainer.

One case in which he was engaged at this period was painfully characteristic of the times. O'Connell's address to the judge, when moving for a conditional order against

⁵ Sir Joshua Barrington thus describes O'Connell's appearance at this period, in his not very veracious "Personal Sketches," vol. ii. p. 452. "O'Connell at that day was a large, ruddy, young man, with a most savage dialect, an imperturbable countenance, intrepid address, *et præterea nihil*." Sir Joshua was not gifted with much discrimination of character, or he would not have written the last sentence.

the magistrates concerned in the affair, will sufficiently explain the circumstances.

"The facts of the case," he said, "are really curious, and would be merely ludicrous but for the sufferings inflicted on my client. The affidavits stated that a peasant girl named Hennessey had a hen which laid—not golden eggs, but eggs strangely marked with red lines and figures. She, on the 21st April 1813, brought her hen and eggs to the town of Roscrea, near which she lived, and of which the defendant was the Protestant curate. It appeared by the result that she brought her eggs to a bad market, though at first she had some reason to think differently; for the curiosity excited by those eggs attracted some attention to the owner; and as she was the child of parents who were miserably poor, her wardrobe was in such a state that she might almost literally be said to be clothed in nakedness. My lord, a small subscription to buy her a petticoat was suggested by the person who makes the present affidavit, himself a working weaver of the town, James Murphy, and the sum of fifteen shillings was speedily collected. It was a little fortune to the poor creature; she kissed her hen, thanked her benefactors, and with a light heart started on her return home. But *diis aliter visum*; at that moment two constables arrived with a warrant signed by the Rev. William Hamilton. This warrant charged her with the strange offence of a foul imposition. It would appear as if it were issued in some wretched jest arising from the sound, not the sense. But it proved no joke to the girl, for she was arrested. Her hen, her eggs, and her fifteen shillings were taken into custody, and carried before his Worship. He was not at leisure to try the case that day. The girl was committed to Bridewell, where she lay a close prisoner for twenty-four hours, when his Rev. Worship was pleased to dispose of the matter. Without the mockery of any trial, he proceeded at once to sentence. He sentenced the girl to perpetual banishment from Roscrea. He sent her out of the town guarded by three constables, and with positive injunctions never to set foot in it again. He decapitated her hen with his own sacred hands.

He broke the eggs and confiscated the fifteen shillings. When the girl returned to her home—the fowl dead, the eggs broken, and the fifteen shillings in his reverence's pocket, one would suppose justice quite satisfied. But no! his Worship discovered that Murphy had collected the offending money; he was therefore to be punished. He was, indeed, first tried—but under what law, think you? Why, literally, my lords, under the statute of good manners. Yes, under that act, wherever it is to be found, was Murphy tried, convicted, and sentenced. He was committed to Bridewell, where he lay for three days. The committal states 'that he was charged on oath with having assisted in a foul imposition on public credulity—contrary to good manners.' These are the words of the committal; and he was ordered to be detained until he should give security—'for his good behaviour.' Such is the ridiculous warrant on which an humble man has been deprived of his liberty for three days. Such are the details given of the vexatious proceedings of the reverend magistrate. It was to be hoped that those details would turn out to be imaginary; but they are sworn to—positively sworn to—and require investigation, the more especially as motives of a highly culpable nature were attributed—he (O'Connell) hoped unduly attributed—to the gentleman. He was charged on oath with having been actuated by malice towards this wretched girl because she was a Catholic. It was sworn that his object was to establish some charge of superstition against her, upon no better ground than this—that one of those eggs had a mark on it nearly resembling a cross."

The rule was granted, but Mr Hamilton compromised the case, in consequence of the public exposure of his conduct.

One of O'Connell's best reported and most brilliant speeches was made at Limerick, while he was on circuit in 1812. The meeting was held at the Commercial Buildings, George's Street. T. R. Ryan, of Scarteen, Esq., was

in the chair, and the meeting was opened with a speech from Mr William Roche, the same gentleman who represented the city of Limerick, on Repeal principles, from the passing of the Reform Bill until 1841. After expressing general concurrence with the proceedings of the Catholic Board in Dublin, confident hope of the success of the cause in the next session of Parliament, gratitude to its friends in that body, and aversion to the idea of what were called "securities" being given in return for Catholic emancipation, he read the resolutions that had been prepared, and moved their adoption.

O'Connell then rose amid thunders of applause, and spoke for more than an hour. The following are some of the most striking passages in his address:—

"We owe it to the liberality of the Irish Protestants, to the zeal of the Irish Presbyterians, to the friendly exertion of the Irish Quakers; we owe, to the cordial re-union of every sect and denomination of Irish Christians, the progress of our cause. They have procured for us the solemn and distinct promise and pledge of the House of Commons—they almost obtained for us a similar declaration from the House of Lords. It was lost by the petty majority of one; it was lost by a majority, not of those who listened to the absurd prosings of Lord Eldon, to the bigoted and turbid declamation of that English Chief-Justice, whose sentiments so forcibly recall the memory of the Star Chamber; not of those who were able to compare the vapid or violent folly of the one party, with the statesman-like sentiments, the profound arguments, the splendid eloquence of the Marquis Wellesley."

He then denounced, in scathing and indignant language,

the deliberate lie which Lord Castlereagh had uttered in the House of Commons, that no torture had been used in Ireland in the years 1797 and 1798. His hearers knew but too well how utterly false this statement was, but it answered the purpose for which it was uttered ; it silenced or satisfied the indignation of such Englishmen as were sufficiently humane to dislike this mode of government. Who, indeed, would believe any assertion made to the contrary, even by the nation, when a noble lord had spoken on the subject? And in our own time, the bold assertion of an unscrupulous politician is not unfrequently taken in evidence by those who prefer to believe a lie.

In conclusion, O'Connell spoke on the all-important subject of the representation of the city ; and for the first time we find the idea thrown out openly of offering himself as a parliamentary representative :—

“You deserve not freedom—you, citizens of Limerick, with the monuments of the valour of your ancestors around you—you are less than men, if my feeble tongue be requisite to rouse you into activity. Your city is, at present, nearly a close borough ; do but will it, and you make it free !

“I know legal obstacles have been thrown in your way. I know that, for months past, the Recorder has sat alone at the sessions—that he has not only tried cases, in the absence of any other magistrate, which he is authorised by law to do, but that he has solely opened and adjourned the sessions, which, in my opinion, he is clearly unwarranted in doing ; he has, by this means, I know, delayed the registry of your freeholds, because two magistrates are necessary for that purpose : I have, however, the satisfaction to tell you, that the Court of King's Bench will, in the next term, have to

determine on the legality of his conduct, and of that of the other charter magistrates, who have banished themselves, I understand, from the Sessions' Court, since the registry has been spoken of! They shall be served with the regular notices : and, depend upon it, this scheme cannot long retard you.

"I speak to you on this subject as a lawyer—you can best judge in what estimation my opinion is amongst you ; but such as it is, I pledge it to you, that you can easily obviate the present obstacles to the registry of your freeholds. I can only assure you that the constitution of your city is perfectly free—that the sons of freemen, and all those who have served an apprenticeship to a freeman, are all entitled to their freedom, and to vote for the representation of your city.

"I can tell you more : that if you bring your candidate to a poll, your adversary will be deprived of any aid from non-resident or occasional freemen ; we will strike off his list the freemen from Gort and from Galway, the freemen from the band, and many from the battalion of the city of Limerick militia.

"In short, the opening of the borough is a matter of little difficulty. If you will but form a committee, and collect funds, in your opulent city, you will soon have a representative ready to obey your voice—you cannot want a candidate. If the Emancipation Bill passes next session, as it is so likely to do, and that no other candidate offers, I myself will bring your present number to the poll. I, probably, will have little chance of success—but I will have the satisfaction of showing this city and the country what the free-born mind might achieve if it were properly seconded."

O'Connell was always singularly happy in his allusions to public events and circumstances. There are many men who can allude to the passing topics of the day in their public speeches, but there are few who can point their allusions like O'Connell. We find a remarkable instance of

this felicity of expression and of application at the conclusion of this eloquent address.

Irish soldiers were at that time protecting the liberty of England, and but for Irish soldiers England would have been, for a time certainly, if not permanently, conquered by French valour. O'Connell said, "I wish to see the strength of this island—this unconquered, this unconquerable island—combined to resist the mighty foe of freedom, the extinguisher of civil liberty, who rules the Continent from St Petersburg *to the verge of the Irish bayonets in Spain.*"

Those who know Dublin need not be reminded that Merrion Square was, and is, one of its most fashionable residences. O'Connell's professional advancement had already justified him in establishing himself there; and in June 1811, we find him replying from thence to an address which was sent to him from Dingle. As it was one of the earliest, if not the very first, of the addresses ever presented to him, we insert it here.

The address was adopted at a meeting described as of "the clergy, gentlemen, magistrates, and freeholders of the town and vicinity of Dingle, held in that town on the 15th day of June 1811, in pursuance of public requisition, Mathew Moriarty, Esq., in the chair," and was as follows:—

"To DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq.

"SIR,—We, the gentlemen, clergy, magistrates, and freeholders

of the town and vicinity of Dingle, assembled pursuant to a public requisition, desire to express to you our sense of your unwearied exertions in advocating the cause of our Catholic countrymen.

“We are particularly anxious to convey to you our decided approbation of the manliness, candour, and perspicuity with which you have, at the aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland, held in Dublin on the 28th ultimo, developed the tendency of the intended transfer of our militia, and displayed the machinations of those deluded men who style themselves Orangemen and Purplemen.

“We anticipate from your exertion of talent and constitutional firmness the most beneficial consequences ; as that exertion has, we trust, roused to the consideration of these subjects every individual who feels interested in the welfare of the country, from the prince to the freeholder.

“Your object is the same as ours ; to prevent internal feuds and animosities, which have been hitherto so injurious to our unfortunate country ; and to promote that unanimity which can alone save and exalt those realms.

“We request of you to accept our most cordial thanks as a small tribute of merit pre-eminently resplendent on every occasion.

“And be assured that it has made an indelible impression on us ; who repose a pleasing confidence in your exertions, disregarding and despising party feeling, and looking to the cause of our native country, equally dear to us all.

“Signed, by order,

“EDWARD FITZGERALD, Secretary.

“DINGLE, *June 15th*, 1811.”

Mr O’Connell’s reply was in the following terms :—

“GENTLEMEN,—Your address has surprised me almost as much as it has pleased me. I cannot but owe it to your friendship, that you have noticed so humble an individual. I am proud of your approbation.

“The principle on which I have been, and am an advocate of Catholic Emancipation, is not confined to Ireland. It embraces the

cause of the Dissenters in England, and of the Protestants in the Spanish and Portuguese territories. I need extend it no further. The crime of intolerance is now confined among Christian nations—almost exclusively to England and her allies. Arbitrary as the military ruler of the French may be, and enemy as he is of civil and religious liberty, he has had too much common sense to commit the useless and absurd injustice of violating conscience.

“For my part, I hate the inquisition as much as I do the Orange and Purple system, and for the same reason. The man who attempts to interfere between his fellow-man and his Deity is, to my mind, the most guilty of criminals.

“You call our country unfortunate. She is unfortunate through the dissension of her children ; dissension has degraded her character, and annihilated her constitution.

“In the name of religion, of charity, hate and rancour have been disseminated ; but a brighter era, I trust, approaches. And now it is the sacred duty of every man, who is faithful to his king and attached to the independence of his native land, to contribute his best exertions to extinguish every cause of animosity and pretence for disunion.—I have the honour to be, with great respect, your deeply indebted and faithful servant,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“MERRION SQUARE, *June 17th*, 1811.”

On the 7th of May 1811, a dinner was given by the leading Catholics to some of their Protestant friends. The short speech made by O'Connell on that occasion was fully reported, and we give it unabridged. At a time when a Catholic Archbishop⁶ not unfrequently presides, and very

⁶ In the *Standard* for July we find a report of a meeting of the International Union Congress, in the Middle Temple Hall, at which Archbishop Manning took the chair. There were some remarks made by his Grace on this occasion which singularly resemble the tone and spirit

frequently assists at Protestant meetings, we may well recall with regret the statement of O'Connell, that this was "the first time when Catholic and Protestants publicly assembled at the festive board."

"Major Bryan proposed the health of Sir James Riddall, whose absence, he regretted, was from indisposition. To this toast was added, at Counsellor O'Connell's suggestion, 'The Repeal of the Union.' "Counsellor O'Connell—"Gentlemen, when I proposed that a Repeal of the Union should be coupled with the name of that virtuous patriot and friend to his country, Sir James Riddall, I was fully impressed that it is the only real Irish question; and, allow me to say, that every Catholic in this meeting must regret the absence of that worthy Irishman, and the more so, as I understand it is occasioned by severe illness. If in this assembly any Irishman hears me who has mistaken the true interests of his country (as we all are liable to err), and approved of that fatal law, the act of Legislative Union, this is a glorious opportunity for us to speak our sentiments, and, by deprecating so disastrous a measure, convince him that there is but one opinion on the subject in Ireland. This, I believe, is the first time Catholics and Protestants have publicly assembled at the

of O'Connell's speech at the first public dinner of Catholics and Protestants. The Archbishop said :—

"Before we thank Dr Bellows for the fertile, eloquent, and condensed address which he has delivered, I will ask you to bear with me for a moment, as I am irresistibly impelled to make one or two remarks. In mentioning those who have exercised an apostleship of charity in the work of mitigating prison discipline, it would not be right to forget the name of Elizabeth Fry. Our lecturer has given us examples of two of those great energies, those masculine activities (Howard and Wesley), which laboured to reform and purify the morals of men in the last century; but the action of Mrs Fry was like the light of heaven and the dew fertilizing the earth, silent, irresistible, penetrating, and efficacious, even beyond the power of energy."

festive board—alas ! the first time we have sought access to each other's hearts. If such meetings shall frequently take place, and I trust in God they will, it is impossible that your great and ancient nation—your nation famed for every physical good which can make existence valuable, and which has given birth to the best and bravest of the human race—it is impossible, I say, that any minister can tyrannise over you, or any foe effect your subjugation. If the spirit shall go abroad which pervades this meeting, is it too much to expect that your enfranchisement is at hand, that your parliament must be restored ? As it is the habit of men who follow my trade to talk much, you may, perhaps, fear that I trespass on your attention ; but I shall be brief. A bigot—be he of what profession he may, whether Catholic or Protestant ; of what rank soever, whether monarch, peer, or peasant ; whether his brow is encircled with a diadem, or his body enveloped with rags—is a bigot to me. Louis XIV. disgracefully treated a brave and skilful warrior, Admiral Duchene, because he was a Protestant ; and Louis XIV. was, therefore, an outrageous bigot. Our gracious prince, who is the parent of his Irish people, has given an earnest of what we may expect from him, by refusing to comply with the corrupt requisition of a minister ; he will unite us, and thereby have, instead of one regiment of his own Irish, an entire nation.”

Vigorous efforts were made by Government to suppress the Catholic Association at the close of the year 1811 ; but O'Connell had inspired a spirit and vigour into the nation which was not easily repressed.

On the 12th February 1811, the signal of attack was sounded by Mr Wellesley Pole, who issued a circular letter to the sheriffs and chief magistrates, in which the Catholic Committee was denounced as “ an unlawful assembly sitting in Dublin.” They were required—

“In pursuance of the provisions of an Act of the 33rd of George IV., c. 29, to cause to be arrested and commit to prison (unless bail shall be given) all persons within your jurisdiction who shall be guilty of giving, or having given or published, any written or other notice of the election or appointment in any manner of such representative, delegate, or manager as aforesaid ; or of attending, voting, or acting, or of having attended, voted, or acted in any manner in the choice or appointment of such representative, delegate, or manager ; and you are to communicate these directions, as far as lies in your power, forthwith to the several magistrates of the said county.”

The Lord Chancellor said “the language was put together in a slovenly manner,” but Government proclamations do not always bear literary criticism. Mr Pole—or, to speak more correctly, his master, Mr Perceval—meant action, and gave a very significant hint to that effect by sending a paper to each person to whom this letter was forwarded, entitled, “Some Observations and Extracts concerning Arrests of Criminals.” The “Observations, Extracts,” &c., concluded with this passage:—

“As at this time the attention of magistrates must naturally be chiefly turned to cases of a seditious nature, some extracts from the several Acts of Parliament made, relative to such offences, are herewith sent.”

The first collision took place on the 23d of February, when Alderman Darley and Mr Babington presented themselves at the meeting.

Lord Ffrench was called to the chair, and Alderman Darley at once announced his purpose:—

“My lord, we are come as magistrates of the district to

inquire whether the persons present compose the Catholic Committee?"

A long discussion ensued. Lord Ffrench would not commit himself, and demanded Alderman Darley's authority. Alderman Darley fell back on Government, and hoped the meeting "would be so good" as to disperse quietly.

Mr Lidwell, a Protestant gentleman, declared he would not leave the room unless removed by the strong hand of power.

Lord Ffrench begged to be allowed the honour of being the last man to leave the room, and declared he "had his night-cap in his pocket, and did not care where he went."

After much discussion, Mr Darley was despatched to Mr Pole for positive instructions, and Mr Babington remained in custody of the meeting, and the meeting in custody of Mr Babington.

Mr Pole performed a series of legal somersaults. He sent back his unhappy deputy with a polite message, saying that he would be happy to see Lord Ffrench, but Lord Ffrench refused to visit him alone. Mr Darley then, acting on orders, deliberately denied any intention of dispersing the meeting, if they had only assembled to petition Parliament; although he had stated, on his first appearance, and in pursuance of his first orders, that he "had been ordered and directed by Government to request them to disperse, be their business what it may."

Mr Wellesley Pole then endeavoured, with more tact than honesty, to make it appear that the Catholic Com-

mittee had asked for an interview with him, the reverse being the fact.

On the 8th of March the Catholics went to offer an address to the Prince of Wales, now regent; but in this address they took care to express their disapprobation of the policy of Mr Perceval, who was the unvarying enemy of Catholics. The following gentlemen were to present the address:—Earls Shrewsbury, Fingal, and Kenmare; Viscounts Gormanstown, Netterville, and Southwell; Lords Trimleston and Ffrench; Sirs Thomas Esmond, Edward Bellew, Hugh O'Reilly, Thomas Burke, and Francis Goold, Barts.; Major-General O'Farrell; Colonel Burke; Messrs G. Bryan, R. M'Donnell, D. O'Connell, J. Keogh, Owen O'Connor, M. Donnellan, Edward Corbally, T. Wynne, J. Burke, Wm. Coppinger, Ambrose J. Roche, Edward Murphy, D. W. O'Reilly, George Browne, E. Taaffe, D. Caulfield.

O'Connell made two speeches at this meeting, from which we give the following extracts:—

“I shall not consume the time of this meeting by entering into an explanation of our motives for presenting the address; and I feel it would be a reproach to adduce any argument to justify a measure so anxiously wished for by the Catholics of Ireland. We owe it to his Royal Highness to express, with heartfelt gratitude, our unfeigned thanks for the many favours and benefits conferred on us by his revered father, to whom we are perhaps indebted for the privilege of meeting here this day. Here Mr O'Connell took a summary view of the political state and incapacities of the Catholics at

the accession of his Majesty to the throne, when, he said, they were excluded from every situation of trust, honour, and emolument—when the then existing laws sanctioned the breach of every honourable principle—when there was hardly a grievance or degradation that man could be subject to, that the laws did not inflict on the Catholics of Ireland. Thus stood the abominable code at the period of his Majesty's accession, and such hardships and slavery did it impose, that the mind cannot contemplate it without recoiling with horror and disgust. By adverting to this period of our history, he did not wish to excite religious distinctions; he did not wish to rekindle hatred and animosity among his countrymen; his motives were widely different: they were to lay before the meeting the obligations we owed to his Majesty for the many privileges which the Catholics at present enjoy. . . . He lamented that, through the misguided folly of our rulers, the country had already suffered too much. It had been involved in deep calamity ever since the baneful measure of Union had been forced upon distracted Ireland. At that calamitous period the argument made use of by the Parliament of England, for withholding from the Prince his undoubted right, was, that by appointing him Regent, they preferred him to William Pitt. The offence given to the Ministry of the present times seems to be, that the people prefer his Royal Highness to the usurper, Perceval. It is observable that the moment the Regent was appointed, W. W. Pole set off for Ireland, to misrepresent the Catholics and excite discord. He (Mr Pole) seemed to fear that in the liberal mind of the Prince something would be found that would drive faction out of its fastness. He took the most decisive measures that his *little mind* could suggest. Although a general committee of the Catholics of Ireland had been established for almost eighty years, he had the audacity to issue his proclamation, declaring that it was an illegal assembly, and that the meeting was guilty of a high misdemeanour. He thus thought proper to pronounce sentence without going to trial; without the interposition of any judge. He said he acted under the advice of a judge, *who is not a native of this country*, and who is, therefore, ignorant of the

Irish character. He admitted that the judge was an accomplished gentleman and an able lawyer, but Irishmen would not submit to be ruled by special pleadings and English technicality. But to return to the subject of the letter. It appears that it was the first act of his Royal Highness's government in Ireland. It was the ill-advised measure of William Wellesley Pole, the secretary of all ages. We know it could not have emanated from his Royal Highness. As for Wellesley Pole, he was first secretary to the King, then to the usurping protector, and then to the Regent; but his first act was for the purpose of putting up the Orange party, and dividing Irishmen; but this was not the act of the Prince; his confidential friends' conduct, in both Houses of Parliament, is a sure pledge that what appeared as the first act of his regency was unknown to him. The Earl of Moira had disavowed the act, and he was not only a friend to his country, but he was the friend of his Prince. He could not speak in terms strong enough of the noble exertions of that great man in behalf of his country; he was the true patriot, not like the men who might vote for the Catholic petition. He would disavow them, as they voted at the side of Perceval against their Prince. One member for the county he had belonged to had done so, and he hoped yet to meet him on the hustings to express the contempt he felt for such conduct. How different was the conduct of the other member of that county; he would not mention him by name, but his grateful country felt his worth—the Knight of Kerry.”⁷

O'Connell's second speech was called forth by a declaration which arose relative to an amendment condemnatory

⁷ What Mr Perceval's opinion and policy was, is sufficiently evident from the not very elegantly-expressed epistle addressed to Lord Eldon, 25th July 1811:—"I should be prepared to advise a prosecution against such an illegal assembly, even if I had more doubts as to its illegality, because I feel assured that if the Irish Government is to be upheld at all, such an assembly nosing it in its metropolis cannot be endured; and

of the Duke of Richmond, then Lord-Lieutenant. It was proposed by Major Bryan, and was opposed on the ground of inexpediency. After some discussion the motion was carried in a modified form. It prayed for inquiry into the circumstances connected with Mr Pole's circular letter, and prayed that Mr Pole might be dismissed, if no justification could be found, as well as the Duke of Richmond. It was certainly a bold step, the boldest ever yet taken by Irish Catholics. Hitherto they had submitted in silence to every oppression, to every attempt made to forbid their calling for justice; for such was the mode of government in Ireland, that it was forbidden even to petition against a grievance, or for the removal of a disability. It was no wonder that the growing independence of the nation startled narrow-minded statesmen, who were enthusiastic admirers of liberty everywhere except at home.

Mr Perceval's line of argument was curious, but not altogether without precedent in modern times. First he said he would be prepared to advise a prosecution, because the assembly was illegal; then he said he would equally order it, even if he had only "doubts" as to its illegality; and then he declared he would not have these men—men who

that the prosecution will bring the question to a fair issue; for, *if the law is not at present strong enough to prevent it, it must be made so.* And I have no doubt that if we take our measures wisely (that is, upon full proof that the assembly is truly revolutionary, however its title may be disguised), Parliament will see the necessity of putting it down."—*Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon.*

were many of them of the first families in Ireland—"nosing it," whatever that might mean, in the Dublin metropolis; then he said that the prosecution would bring the question to a "fair issue," and what a fair issue means when Government is on one side and the Irish people on the other, is tolerably well known even at the present day; finally, by way of exordium, he came to the real pith and marrow of the matter, and declared that, if the affair was not illegal, which he manifestly doubted, then it must be made illegal. This plan of making a law to make an act illegal, after the act had been accomplished, was exceedingly convenient, if it was not strictly just. Mr Perceval's politics being such, it would scarcely be expected that the Irish Catholic nobility and gentlemen, who were the objects of his peculiar mode of legislation, should be very ardent admirers of his policy.

In his second speech O'Connell said :—

"I declare, most unaffectedly, that my feelings are much interested in the fate of this question. On the one hand, if the motion shall pass, it is to be feared that some of our best friends may take offence at it; on the other, should it not be acceded to, it may encourage a supposition that we are prepared to submit to every species of insult without expressing our just indignation. A noble lord and two other gentlemen have spoken against it, whose hostility to any measure, in a Catholic meeting, must be considered as almost fatal to that measure; but in this case it will be forgotten, at a future day, what course of argument they pursued, when their opposition to the measure will be remembered. No gentleman has, however, thought of praising Mr Pole, although some eulogised the Lord-Lieutenant; none has been so bold as to attempt that which

would rack and exhaust invention to make it palatable. No, sir ; it has been found necessary to squander the public money in purchasing the labours of hireling prints, and their depraved parasites, to bestow diplomatic wisdom on Mr Pole, and military skill on the redoubtable Lord Wellington.⁸ . . . Any man who could accept offices under a Perceval Ministry cannot be friendly to your emancipation. The Duke of Richmond came here as a military lord-lieutenant, and I suppose Mr Pole as a military secretary, expecting, in all probability, that a display of their talents might at some time be essential, and particularly amongst the Catholics, as if we could be hostile to an army composed entirely of such. The career of his Excellency's life has been a harmless one ; he is fond of amusement

⁸ O'Connell was no great admirer of the Iron Duke. In the first place, he believed that he encouraged the Orange faction for political purposes ; in the second place, he despised him for his declaration, that the only misfortune of his life was his being an Irishman ; and he deserved to be despised for it. O'Connell spoke thus of him to Mr Daunt : —“ I have two faults to find with him—one is, that I never yet heard of his promoting any person in the army from mere merit, unless backed by some interest ; the second fault is, that he has declared that the only misfortune of his life is his being an Irishman. There is a meanness, a paltriness in this, incompatible with greatness of soul. But abstractedly from sentiment, he may be right enough ; for, great as his popularity and power have been in England, I have no doubt they would have been infinitely greater if he had been an Englishman. John Bull's adoration would have been even more intense and devoted if the idol had not been a Paddy.”

On another occasion O'Connell said that he had in his possession an original letter of the Duke of Wellington's eldest brother, Marquis Wellesley, addressed to Mr Mockler of Trim, in reply to an application which Mockler had made to the writer (who was then Earl of Mornington) to procure a commission in the army for his son. The brother of the future victor of Waterloo apologises to Mockler for his inability to assist him, saying, “ that commissions were so hard to be got, that his brother Arthur's name had been two years upon the list, and he had not yet got an appointment.”

and the convivial circle ; but I am not sure that the qualities are such as the government of Ireland needs at this moment, and I defy his panegyrists to produce any others. It has been said that the Orangemen are put down, but what proof have we for it ? I have been informed that a new Orange constitution has been framed within the last eighteen months ; if this be true, to what a state will not this country be again reduced. Nothing can be more deplorable than any association which has a tendency to divide Irishmen. Yes, there is to us one thing more deplorable ; and that is any measure which may create division among Catholics."

He concluded by an earnest appeal to Catholics not to divide on matters of little importance. "Sir," he exclaimed, "what a victory it will be to your enemies to put one Catholic name against another when you divide." To promote union amongst all classes of Irishmen was one of the great objects of O'Connell's life ; but he desired, above all, to promote union between Catholics. His mind was sufficiently large to grasp the difficulties and misapprehensions of others. He knew perhaps better than any man living then, and perhaps better than any man who has lived since, how fatally Catholic principles, both religious and political, are compromised by dissensions.

Those who are without the pale of the Church cannot understand the political divisions of those who are one in faith. A little more consideration, or a little less prejudice, might show how these divisions, so far from derogating from unity of faith on religious subjects, rather enhance it ; but it is difficult to find men entirely free from prejudice, or of sufficiently comprehensive intellect to understand

the intellectual peculiarities of others. Men who would have gone to the stake or the scaffold together joyfully for the faith, because it was one, would not perhaps salute each other on the street because they had political differences.

This explains what appears phenomenal to Protestants ; and it explains why, when the faith is attacked, men who have been hitherto disunited, unite at once in its defence.

The Catholics were left unmolested for a time ; but another attempt was made to dissolve the Catholic Committee at the close of the year. It was, as we have said, the great effort of Government. A meeting was held on the 9th of July in Fishamble Street Theatre, at which Lord Fingal took the chair.

The following were some of the resolutions then proposed :—

“That being impressed with an unalterable conviction of its being the undoubted right of every man to worship his Creator according to the genuine dictates of his own conscience, we deem it our duty, publicly and solemnly, to declare our decided opinion and principle, that no Government can, with justice, inflict any pains, penalty, or privation upon any man for professing that form of Christian faith which he, in his conscience, believes.

“That we shall, therefore, persevere in petitioning the Legislature for a total and unqualified repeal of the penal laws, which aggrieve and degrade the Catholics of Ireland.

“That in exercising this undoubted right by petitioning, we shall continue to adhere to the ancient principles of the constitution, and to conform also to the peculiar restrictions which, by modern statutes, are imposed on the people of Ireland.”

It was but the echo of the cry which had been uttered for so many hundred years in Ireland—"Freedom to worship God." When the demand was pealed forth in the harmonious numbers of a poet's verse, it called forth tears of sympathy. It was very much admired when chanted by the "Pilgrim Fathers," but when it was uttered across the channel, it was sternly silenced.

Proceedings were commenced against several of the gentlemen who had attended the meeting, but the meeting was perfectly legal, and after a trial, which lasted two days, Dr Sheridan, who was first arraigned, was acquitted. This was a triumph to the Catholic party, who were long accustomed to verdicts which were certainly not founded on evidence.

An attempt was then made to bring an action against Chief-Justice Downes, who had signed the warrant for the arrest of this gentleman, but it was wisely permitted to drop. The whole question had turned on a word in the Convention Act. Catholics were forbidden to assemble "under *pretence* of petitioning," the real object being to prevent Catholics from meeting in public, as a body, for any purpose whatsoever. The Catholic Committee were meeting for the purpose of petitioning, as every one knew—none better than their enemy, Mr Perceval; but it answered the purpose of the prosecution to declare that they did not mean what they said. And then he asserted that a *purpose*, as well as a pretence, was implied by the Act,

though the Act did not say so; and the Crown counsel was not a little disappointed when the traverser was acquitted.*

But the Government were not satisfied, and at a meeting held immediately after the acquittal of Dr Sheridan, Lord Fingal was forcibly ejected from the chair. The proceedings were thus reported in the *Freeman's Journal*:—

“A few minutes before twelve o'clock yesterday, Counsellor Hare, a police magistrate, entered the theatre, Fishamble Street, where the Catholic Committee were assembled, and took his station beside the chair which was prepared for the reception of Lord Fingal.

“At two minutes after twelve his lordship arrived; and, upon the motion of Counsellor Hussey, seconded by Counsellor O'Connell, he was called to the chair.

“Mr Hare was about to address Lord Fingal, when Lord Netterville stood up, and moved that the Catholic petition be now read, which was seconded by Counsellor O'Gorman.

“Mr Hare now addressed himself to Lord Fingal, evidently with a determination to prevent the reading of the petition, and persevered until he had accomplished this object.

“Mr Hare.—My Lord Fingal, I beg to state what my object is in coming to this meeting. As chairman of this meeting, I have to inform you, that I come here, as a magistrate of the city of Dublin, by directions of the Lord-Lieutenant (his Excellency having been informed that this is a meeting of the Catholic Committee, composed of the peers, prelates, country gentlemen, and the persons

* “The law pronounces every Catholic to be faithless, disloyal, unprincipled, and disposed to equivocate upon his oath until he shall have repelled this presumption by his sworn evidence [and even then he was seldom believed] in public court.”—*Penal Laws*, p. 326.

chosen in the different parishes of Dublin). I beg to ask you, as chairman of this meeting, if that be the case, and what is your object?

"Lord Fingal.—Sir, we have met here for a legal and constitutional purpose.

"Mr Hare.—Allow me to observe, that that is not an answer to my question;—perhaps you did not distinctly hear me. I ask, is it a meeting of the Catholic Committee, composed of the peers, prelates, country gentlemen, and others in the city of Dublin?

"Lord Fingal.—I certainly do not feel myself bound to give you any other answer. We are met for the sole legal and constitutional purpose of petitioning.

"Mr Hare.—My Lord, I ask you, as chairman of this meeting, in what capacity are you met?

"Lord Fingal.—We are met for the purpose of petitioning Parliament.

"Mr Hare.—My Lord, that is not an answer to my question. I speak deliberately and distinctly, in order that every person may hear and understand me. (Here some little confusion occurred, owing to several persons speaking together.) Mr Hare.—I hope I have leave to speak. ('Hear the magistrate,' from several persons.) I beg leave to ask your lordship again, is it a meeting of the Catholic Committee, constituted by the Catholic peers, prelates, country gentlemen, and the persons appointed in the different parishes of Dublin?

"Lord Fingal.—I am not aware that I can give you any other answer than that which I have already given.

"Mr Hare.—Then, my Lord, your answer is, that you are a meeting of Catholics, assembled for a legal and constitutional purpose?

"From several voices.—No, no; there was no answer given in such terms.

"Counsellor O'Connell.—It is a most unusual thing for any magistrate to come into a public meeting to catechise, ask questions, and put his own construction upon the answers.

"Mr Hare.—My Lord, am I to understand that you decline answering me fully what meeting you are, and the purpose of your meeting?

"Lord Fingal.—We are met for a legal and constitutional purpose.

"Mr Hare.—I wish to be distinctly understood: I have addressed your lordship explicitly two or three times. Am I to understand that you will give no other answer to my question? Do you give no other answer? (Here some confusion arose, in consequence of several persons speaking together—some crying out to have the petition read, others calling on Mr Hay, and others requiring silence for the purpose of hearing Counsellor Hare.)

"Mr Hare.—My Lord Fingal, I addressed myself to you so distinctly, that I thought my question could not be mistaken. I consider your declining to give me a direct answer, as an admission that this is the committee of the Catholics of Ireland.

"Counsellor O'Connell.—I beg leave to say, that as what passes here may be given in evidence, the magistrate has received a distinct answer to his question; and it is not for him to distort any answer he has received into a meaning of his own—he is to take words in their literal signification.

"Mr Hare.—My Lord, I consider your refusing to give any other answer as an admission of the fact of this being a Catholic Committee.

"Counsellor O'Connell.—Sir, if you please to tell gentlemen such is your belief, it is of no consequence to us: we are not to be bound by your opinion.

"Mr Hare.—This is an admission of the fact that this is the Catholic Committee; and I consider your lordship's refusal——

"(Here the meeting was interrupted by the confusion incidental to a number of persons speaking together.)

"Mr Hare.—Does your lordship deny that this is the Catholic Committee?

"Counsellor Finn.—No, no: my Lord Fingal has not given you either admission or denial.

“Counsellor O’Connell.—We do not want the gentleman’s assistance to make out meanings for us. Let him not imagine that the character of this meeting can be affected, or that he can bind this meeting, by any assertion he thinks proper to make.

“Mr Hare.—Then I repeat that your lordship’s refusal to give me a direct answer is an admission that this meeting is the Catholic Committee, and, as such, it is an unlawful assembly.

“Counsellor O’Connell.—Mr Hare is now speaking in his magisterial capacity, therefore, whatever he says give it attention.

“Mr Hare.—My Lord, I say that this is an unlawful assembly, and, as such, I require it to disperse. I beg leave to say, that it is my wish to discharge my duty in as mild a manner as possible. I hope that no resistance will be offered, and that I need not have recourse to those means with which I am entrusted for the purpose of causing the meeting to disperse.

“Lord Fingal.—It is not our intention to do anything improper, or to act in resistance to the laws of the land; but it is my determination not to leave the chair until I am obliged by some person to do so, in order that I may bring my legal action against the person who shall remove me.

“Mr Hare.—My lord, I shall remove you out of the chair; and in doing so, it will be an actual arrest.

“Here, as might be naturally expected, some confusion arose, in consequence of a noise in the gallery, which, we are informed, was occasioned by police constables.

“Mr Hare.—My Lord, if you’ll have the goodness to leave the chair, that is a legal arrest.

“He then took Lord Fingal by the arm and gently pushed him from the chair.

“On the motion of Counsellor O’Gorman, seconded by Dr Luby, Lord Netterville was immediately called to the chair, from which he was removed by Counsellor Hare, in the same way that he had put Lord Fingal out of it.

“There was then a universal cry for Lord Ffrench to take the chair. His lordship, who was in a bad state of health, either had

not arrived, or was not within hearing of those who called him to the chair.

"The Hon. Mr Barnwall was then called to the chair ; but before he had taken it, Lord Ffrench had arrived, and was proceeding to his post, when, at the recommendation of Sir Edward Bellew, and at half-past twelve o'clock, the meeting dispersed.

"After the Catholic meeting had been dispersed in Fishamble Street, a number of gentlemen repaired to Mr D'Arcy's, the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Earl Street, for the purpose of signing a requisition to call an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland. While the requisition was preparing, Counsellor Hare, accompanied by Alderman Darley, went into the room where they were assembled, and asked whether that meeting was a meeting of individual gentlemen. Being answered in the affirmative, and being about to make a *speech*, Lord Ffrench told him they did not want to hear any of *his speeches*, nor would they listen to them ; if he came there for the purpose of *acting*, that he must proceed without delay.

"Mr Hare said that he merely wished to say, that as they had acknowledged themselves to be a meeting of individual gentlemen, he would not molest them."

"A Catholic requisition, for an aggregate meeting, to be held on Thursday next, at the Theatre, Fishamble Street, has been drawn up and signed by upwards of three hundred persons.

"We have just learned that Lord Fingal interrogated the police magistrates after the dispersion of the committee, if he was to procure bail to their arrest, and that they deny having arrested him !"

Although news did not travel with telegraphic speed at that period, the dispersion of the meeting, and Lord Fingal's arrest, was soon known through the country. It was known also in many English cities, where the truth was told by the poet Shelley, who was present at the meeting. There were

Englishmen even then,¹ as there are, thank God, still, and happily their number is increasing, who are capable of viewing Irish subjects from a just stand-point, who do not form their opinions on the illogical basis that everything English must be right, and everything Irish wrong.

When Grattan presented the Catholic petition on the 31st of May 1811, he did his best, in one of his noblest and ablest speeches, to convince English senators that it was possible for them to err. He told them that they expected "the Author of the universe to subvert His laws, to ratify their statutes;" God had commanded us to revere our parents, English law commanded and encouraged the Irish son to claim his father's estate. "The decalogue said, 'Do not

¹ Shelley wrote "Proposals for an Association of Philanthropists," for the amelioration of Ireland. He said—"It is my opinion that the claims of the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland, if gained to-morrow, would in a very small degree aggrandise their liberty or happiness. The disqualifications principally affect the higher orders of the Catholic persuasion; these would chiefly be benefited by their removal. Power and wealth do not benefit, but injure the cause of freedom and virtue. I am happy, however, at the near approach of this emancipation, because I am inimical to all disqualifications for opinion. *It* will not add one comfort to the cottager—will snatch not one from the dark dungeon—will root out not one vice—alleviate not one pang. Yet it is a foreground of a picture in the dimness of whose distance I behold the lion lie down with the lamb, and the infant play with the basilisk; for it supposes the extermination of the eyeless monster—bigotry, whose throne has tottered for 200 years. I hear the teeth of the palsied beldam Superstition chatter, and I see her descending to the grave. Reason points to the open gates of the temple of religious freedom; philanthropy kneels at the altar of the common God. I regard the admission of the Catholic claims, and the Repeal of the Union Act as blossoms of that fruit, which the summer

steal,' the law, as made for Ireland, proclaimed full permission to rob a Catholic."

English law cruelly oppressed the Irish nation, yet English law continued to oppress it "under the vain assurance that Providence would work a miracle in the constitution of human nature, and dispose it to repay injustice with affection, and oppression with cordial support."

The Irishman was to be eminently loyal, but he was not to have the benefit of law; he was to be an ardent upholder of the constitution, but he was not to be upheld by it; he was to rally round the throne when it was in danger, but he was never to see the face of the sovereign.

sun of improved intellect and progressive virtue are destined to mature. I will not pass without reflection the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland; nor will I speak of it as a grievance so tolerable or unimportant in its nature as that of Catholic disqualification. The latter affects few, the Union affects thousands; the one disqualifies the rich from power, the other impoverishes the peasant, adds beggary to the city, famine to the country, multiplies abjectness, whilst misery and crime play into each other's hands under its withering auspices. I esteem, then, the annihilation of this second grievance as something more than a mere sign of good. I esteem it to be in itself a substantial benefit. The aristocracy of Ireland (much as I disapprove of other distinctions than those of virtue and talent, I consider it useless, hasty, and violent not for the present to acquiesce in their continuance)—the aristocracy of Ireland suck the veins of its inhabitants, and consume that blood in England."

If we did not know the power of prejudice in transmuting ideas, it would seem wonderful, and almost incomprehensible, how persons with ordinary common sense could fail to see the real cause of Irish poverty and Irish discontent.

A tithe of justice was flung to him now and then, political or religious, as might be most convenient or least inconvenient to those who made the laws which they expect him to revere; and when he got this tithe, pitiful as it was, he was expected to break forth into pæans of praise and thanksgiving for the generosity of his master. If those thanksgivings are not uttered, he is pointed out as a monster of ingratitude; if he suggests that he has only obtained a small instalment of justice, that justice is justice, and that he would like to have a little more of it, he is told that, as he is not thankful for what has been given to him, he does not deserve more.

When O'Connell went on circuit in January 1812, he tried to rouse up the spirit of the country. His presence was, indeed, looked for in each of the southern towns which he visited as a signal for public action. He was always specially welcomed in Limerick. On his first professional visit to that city in 1798, the late Mr James Blackwell, then gaoler of the city prison, retained his services for some of the criminals, and it is said his first actual practice at the bar was there.

During his visit to Limerick, O'Connell made the acquaintance of a well-known Franciscan friar, Father Dan Hogan. The Franciscans had been always remarkable for erecting bell-towers, and the good friar was no exception to the general devotion of his order in Ireland. But at this time the penal laws forbade Catholics even the use of an

ordinary bell.² Father Dan, however, was determined to have a bell, and consulted O'Connell as to how the matter could be arranged without violating the law. It was precisely the kind of subject in which O'Connell took the warmest interest. He told Father Hogan that he might erect a cupola at the gable of his own house and have a bell there, and the friar was not long in carrying out the plan.

² "Limerick : its History and Antiquities," by Maurice Lenihan, Esq., J.P.M.R.T.A., page 420. This is a work of great value and importance, and should be in every library. We give some extracts from a letter written by Sir Arthur Wellesley to Brigadier-General Lee, on the state of Limerick in 1808. This shows how thoroughly he understood the country. The letter is dated Cork, 7th July 1808. It commences by explaining the duties of a general officer commanding a district in Ireland, and shows how entirely the country was under military government. "In the first place, the situation of a general officer commanding a district in Ireland is very much of the nature of a deputy-governor of a county or a province. . . . The Government must depend in his reports and opinions for the adoption of many measures relating solely to the civil administration of the country. It is the duty of every government officer to make himself acquainted with the local circumstances of his district, and with the characters of the different individuals residing within it." He then proceeds to warn his correspondent of "certain circumstances which exist in nearly all parts of Ireland." These "certain circumstances" were, that Government was constantly deceived by representations about the state of the country, which were partially or wholly false; that the desire to "let a building for a barrack," the "desire to have troops in the country," the "desire to have the yeomen called out frequently," occasioned representations of disturbances which did not exist, or which only existed in a very slight degree. Upon these occasions "letter after letter" was written to the Government demanding troops. He had recommended examining witnesses on oath, but admitted that this remedy was not always effectual, "for it frequently happened that the information on oath was

On the 1st of June 1809, the citizens of Limerick heard a bell calling them to mass for the first time within the memory of that generation; yet so great was the fear of Catholics lest they should bring down vengeance on their heads, that a second bell was not erected until 1814, when one was put up in the then parochial chapel of St John.

On the 6th of July 1812, there was an enthusiastic meeting of Catholics in the Commercial Buildings, Limerick, at which O'Connell spoke :—

"The occurrences of the present day strongly recall to my mind a former period of Ireland's misfortune; and that grave of Irish prosperity, the Legislative Union, gapes before my eyes with all its sepulchral horrors !

equally false with the original representations." All this was pleasant for Brigadier-General Lee. There was, however, one satisfactory conclusion. His duty was plain. The poor people, "who committed outrages and disturbances, might have reason to complain," but this was not a subject of consideration for the general officer; he must "support the law, and whoever broke the law must be considered in the wrong." This line of action was simple, and saved a good deal of trouble. He adds, "Whatever may have been the nature of the provocation he may have received,"—a man might be shot down like a dog by an Orangeman, his family might consider that as the law would not punish the Orangemen they might themselves do so; but no, they were to submit, and be thankful that they were not all shot. "Provisions," continues Sir Arthur, "might be too dear, rent too high, and the magistrates might not do their duty as they ought to the poor;" no matter, the landlords were to go free, the magistrates were to pass uncensured, but the poor, God help them! "were to be brought to justice." This was the advice given on mature deliberation by the future Duke of Wellington, as he was about to set forth on an expedition to free the continent of Europe from the "iron rule" of Napoleon.

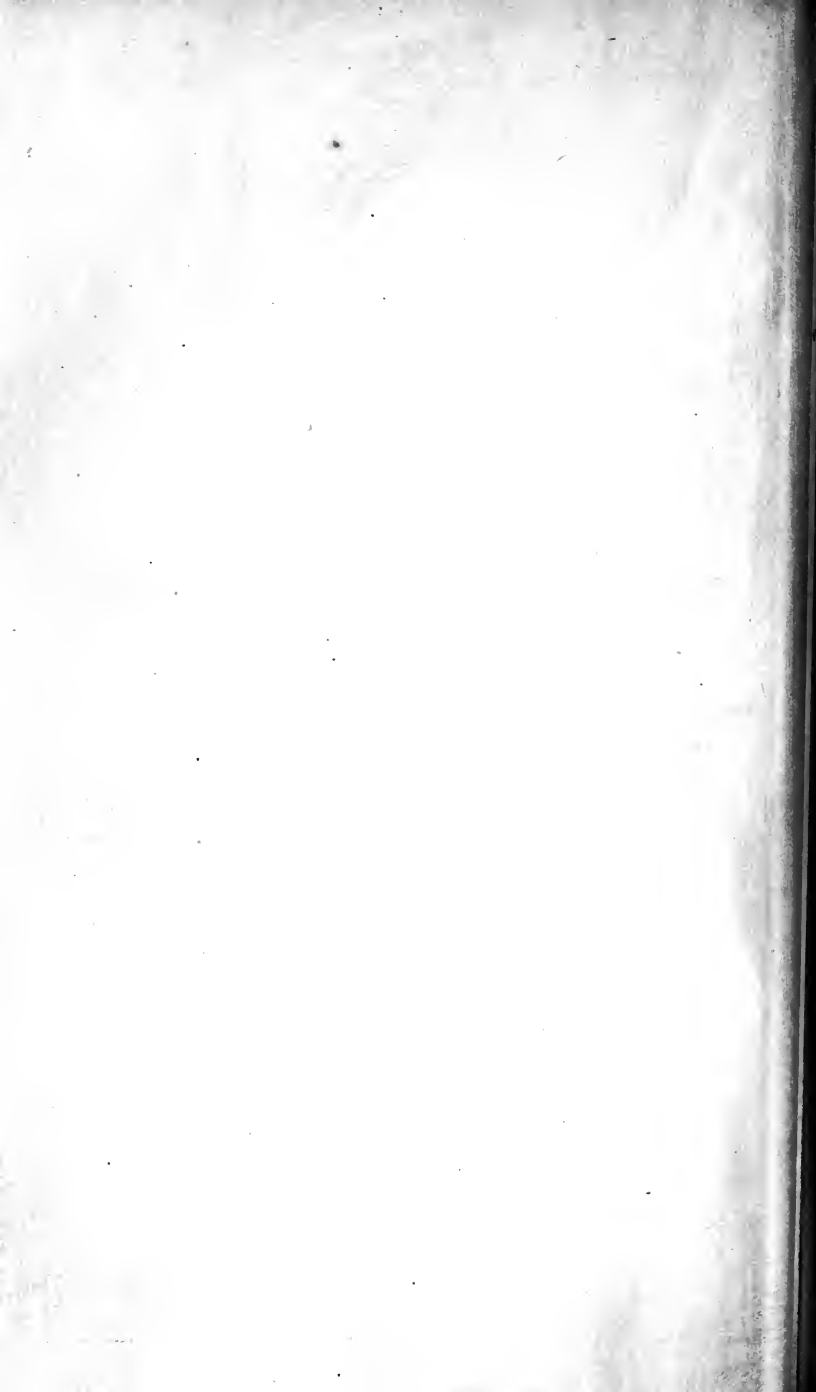
"It is a circumstance, well known to every reflecting mind, that the unhappy dissensions, which rent the country asunder, might have been suppressed at the beginning, did not that statesman, called '*the great man, now no more,*' think them essentially necessary to bring about his favourite political project, the union of both countries.

"He watched the evil in its progress and maturity, and when the malignant poison of disaffection had mixed with the blood of the people, he awoke, as it were, from a dream, and was alive to all the horrors of the disease. It then became necessary to have resort to strong and desperate measures; and before the country had recovered from the shock of civil animosities, while the sorrows of the past had fixed the mind, and rendered it careless for the future, the Union was proposed, and the Union was carried!"

These observations were received with unbounded applause. In Cork he also addressed a meeting. Mr Eneas M'Donnel moved a vote of thanks to him in these words:—

"That the thanks of the Catholics of the county and city of Cork are most eminently due, and most gratefully given, to the independent and indefatigable advocate of Irish rights—Daniel O'Connell, Esq.—as well for the brilliant exertions he has uniformly made in support and advancement of the Catholic cause, as for the undaunted and patriotic spirit with which he has defended, at all times and in all places, the Catholic character against its calumniators, high and low."

It might be supposed that such a resolution would be passed by acclamation; yet such was the state of the Catholic body, such the fears of exciting the jealousy of those who were its least useful, though most obstructive members, that it was considered wise to let the resolution drop.

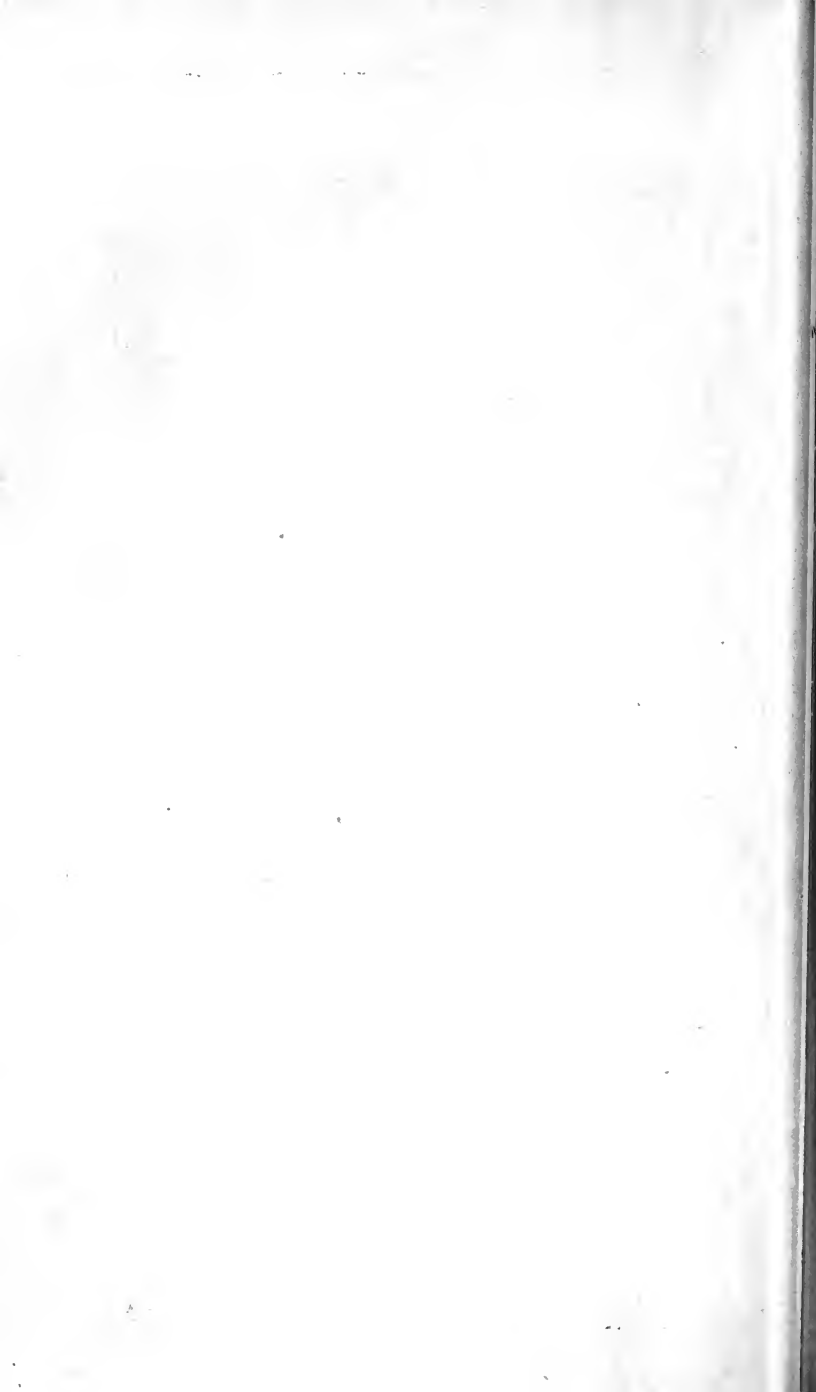


Chapter Eighth.

EXPOSURES OF PUBLIC MEASURES AND PUBLIC MEN.

1812-1815.

ENGLISH ADMINISTRATION OF IRISH AFFAIRS—PARTY RULE—NO-POPERY CRY—
ASSASSINATION OF MR PERCEVAL—THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE WITCHERY
RESOLUTIONS—SPEECH—THE ORANGE FACTION—THE LANDLORDS AND THE
TENANTRY—EFFECTIVE SPEECH—DENUNCIATION OF ORANGEISM—A NA-
TIONAL DEBT—STYLE OF SPEECH—AT HIS ZENITH—AS A RACONTEUR—
ANECDOTES OF JERRY KELLER AND LORD CLARE—PARSON HAWKESWORTH
—ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE—THE DUBLIN EVENING POST—AT HOME—
LETTER TO LANDOR—TRIAL OF JOHN MAGEE—THE PROSECUTION AND
PROSECUTOR—THE REPLY.





IRELAND always was, and we suppose always will be, the grand battle-ground of English administrations. If Ireland shall ever become politically an integral portion of the British Empire, if a time shall ever arrive when there will be no Irish question, honourable members in Opposition would be surely at a loss to find another happy hunting-ground for political grievances. Such a state of things would be only regretted by those who, consciously or unconsciously, bring forward Irish grievances for political purposes. In

England a change of Ministry makes but little difference to the vast multitude of the population. Now and then a great national interest stirs up the sluggish blood of the miner or the farm-labourer, the comfortable husbandman, or the thriving village shopkeeper; but unless some such question as war or Corn-laws arises, the classes who form the mass of the people trouble themselves very little about political changes.

John Wilson Croker, who wrote of the state of Ireland in 1807, said "that Ireland had a quicksand Government, which swallowed in its fluctuations every venture at reform. In seven years we have had five chief governors and eight chief secretaries of different principles and parties, each shifting the abortive system of his predecessor by a system equally abortive."

It is only in politics that such anomalies exist. If they were attempted in physical science, the common sense of mankind would rise up and denounce the absurdity, and the victims of it would receive the sincerest commiseration. But the absurdity of this mode of government seems not to have been recognised, at least it has not been recognised practically. The process is, however, going on even at the present day with every appearance of being a perennial institution. The Whig and the Tory, the Liberal and the Conservative, has each his own theory of government. In England there is no opportunity for exceptional practice or for interesting experiments. Ireland affords ample sub-

ject for any amount of political diagnosis. The patient may struggle now and then to free himself from the hands of his wise physicians, but his struggles are not rewarded with success, expatriation is his only remedy, and that remedy is sought with an avidity which shows the terrible nature of the disease.

In England when a Whig Prime Minister goes out, and a Tory comes in, there is a good deal of what the Yankee would denominate "tall talk;" in Ireland, there is a good deal of unpleasant action.

As long as men confine themselves to talking politics, very little harm is done; when they come to act them, the results are very different. In Ireland the Whig going out means Orange ascendancy; the Whig coming in means that the new Prime Minister will, as far as he dare, or as far as he is disposed, do some justice to the vast majority of the nation. The Orangeman who curses the Pope in Belfast will be fined a little more rigorously, and some popular Catholic lawyer will get a seat on the bench; some respectable Catholic county gentleman will have the honour of adding J.P. to his name. Once in a century some real justice will be done to Catholics. There will be Emancipation, or there will be the removal of a Church which few Irishmen believe to be divine, and for which few, indeed, would care to sacrifice a year's income, much less their lives. The interests of the Whig minister are not Irish; he does just as much as is necessary to satisfy his

conscience, if he has one ; or to promote his interests, if he has not one. It is dangerous ground. He has, above all things, to fear opposition, opposition needs a fulcrum for its lever, Irish politics. The Tory appeals to the "sense of the country," the unhappy minister is described as a Jesuit in disguise, or, at least, having Papistical tendencies. The general body of English statesmen do not understand Irish politics, and know as much about the state of Ireland as they do about Timbuctoo ; but they *do* understand, or which is quite the same thing, they fancy they understand, a No-Popery cry.

Formerly the No-Popery cry was got up violently. The Irish were all Papists, or nearly all, and their one object in life was to massacre the heretic, to kill the poor, innocent, inoffensive Orangemen, who only banded together for their own support. The Englishman who knew nothing of Irish history, and who believed the Irish to be a nation of barbarians, quite believed this. They never heard of any Orange cruelties, of any Protestant massacres ; they knew nothing of violated treaties, or the details of penal laws.

By-and-by the tradition became weakened. Englishmen had more intercourse with Ireland and with these Papists. They came to know that they were not quite so bad as they had traditionally believed for so many centuries. Still the old prejudice remained. There is nothing more difficult to eradicate than prejudice. There were, there is, a certain class always ready to take up a No-Popery

cry, but now it must be put in rather a different form. It answers the purpose, however, equally well. The Opposition who wish to get in are not very scrupulous about the means. They do get in, and, behold, a new policy for Ireland.

The Orangemen who have supported them must be rewarded; the Papist must be "put down." He has been endured too long, pampered and petted by the infatuated policy of the last party in office, and he will now be made to feel that he is an inferior being; one who is only tolerated, and who should be extremely thankful for toleration. What right has he, indeed, to expect favours? And with this class of politicians, justice, where a Catholic is concerned, is believed to be a favour.

Thus, by this perpetual change of policy a continual bitterness is kept up; each party expects his turn, when he hopes to triumph over the opposite party. It would be better, and more worthy of the so-called enlightened nineteenth century, if the balance of government was so equal, that whoever might predominate for the moment might feel it more than unwise to make that predominance an excuse for tyranny.

On the 11th of May 1812, Mr Perceval was assassinated by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. The blow was so sudden, so unexpected, so entirely unlooked for, and apart from any kind of probability, that the nation was stunned with horror. There were, indeed,

some who thought that England had been "cursed by his sway," but they were few. Ireland had no reason to bless his memory certainly.

There was consternation in political circles, and there was confusion also. One brilliant statesman, haunted by the pre-Newdegate phantom of an imaginary Popish plot, declared that it was all the fault of the Catholics. "You see, my lords," exclaimed the sapient Earl of Rosse, "you see, my lords, the consequences of agitating the question of Catholic Emancipation." A man with one idea is generally a fool. If there had been an exceptionally high tide, he would have attributed any damage it might have done to the Papists also.

The Irish Catholics had long trusted the Prince of Wales. They believed the solemn promises he had made that he would at least consider their claims when he came into power. Even when he did obtain all but the name of king, when the poor old monarch was wandering dreamily through his palaces in hopeless idiocy, and the young prince ruled; they believed, with the utter trustingness of their Celtic nature, that he was only kept from fulfilling his promises by evil counsellors, by this Perceval especially, who was now gone to his account. They were soon undeceived. O'Connell may have had some hope, but he was one of the first to discover his real character.

"I believe," said O'Connell, "there never was a greater scoundrel than that prince. To his other evil qualities, he added a perfect

disregard for truth. During his connection with Mrs Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner, Mrs Fitzherbert said, 'By the by, Mr Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you what you *did* say about me in the House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent so very strangely that one cannot depend on them. You were made to say that the prince authorised you to deny his marriage with me.' The prince made monitory grimaces at Fox, and immediately said, 'Upon my honour, my dear, I never authorised him to deny it.' 'Upon my honour, sir, you *did*,' said Fox, rising from the table. 'I had always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but now see that *you* are.' "

Moore said of him, "I am sure the powder in his Royal Highness' hair is much more settled than anything in his head or in his heart."

It was of him also that Moore wrote one of his touching melodies, a melody which is sung by many who have little idea of its political origin.

"I saw thee change—yet still relied;
 Still clung with hope the fonder;
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou wouldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go—
 The heart whose hope could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it."

A meeting was held on the 18th June 1812, at Fishamble Street Theatre—Lord Fingal in the chair—at which Mr Hussey gave an account of the proceedings of the

gentlemen who had been sent to London on the part of the Catholics.

"He stated, that on applying for a personal interview with his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, they received a blunt refusal, and were informed by Mr Secretary Ryder, that the address to his Highness, with which they were charged, should be presented at one of his public levees 'in the usual way.'

"Every artifice," continued Mr Hussey, "every hostility was used by the administration and its adherents against the Catholic petition to Parliament. *The same cry was raised which gave them in England the value of popularity at their outset; and in every street we were met by placards from various debating societies, that the question to be argued was, would not the emancipating of the Catholics be attended with worse consequences than the naturalisation of the Jews? Publications, which had laid dormant for hundreds of years, were dragged from their obscurity, and circulated with an anxiety and industry heretofore unknown; every calumny that could be thrown against our tenets, everything against our priesthood, every libel, and every lie, were marshalled against us!*"

The famous "witchery" resolutions were passed at this meeting. The resolutions obtained this name from the very plain allusion contained in the first resolution to the witchery which was exercised by Lady Hertford in her guilty intrigues with the Prince Regent.

The 4th, 5th, and 6th resolutions were the most important:—

"4. That from authentic documents now before us, we learn, with deep disappointment and anguish, how cruelly the promised boon of Catholic freedom has been intercepted by the fatal *witchery* of an unworthy secret influence, hostile to our fairest hopes, spurning

alike the sanctions of public and private virtue, the demands of personal gratitude, and the sacred obligations of plighted honour.

"5. That to this impure source we trace, but too distinctly, our afflicted hopes and protracted servitude, the arrogant invasion of the undoubted right of petitioning, the acrimony of illegal state prosecutions, the surrender of Ireland to prolonged oppression and insult, and the many experiments, equally pitiful and perilous, recently practised upon the habitual passiveness of an ill-treated, but high-spirited people.

"6. That cheerless, indeed, would be our prospects, and faint our hopes of success, were they to rest upon the constancy of courtiers, or the pompous patronage of men, who can coldly sacrifice the feelings and interest of millions at the shrine of perishable power; or, deluded by the blandishments of too luxurious a court, can hazard the safety of a people for ill-timed courtly compliment. The pageants of a court command not our respect; our great cause rests upon the immutable foundations of truth, and justice, and reason. Equal constitutional rights, unconditional, unstipulated, unpurchased by dishonour, are objects dear to our hearts. They consist with wisdom, virtue, humanity, true religion, and unaffected honour; and can never be abandoned by men who deserve to be free."

O'Connell surpassed himself in eloquence when passing these resolutions. He commenced by a clear statement of the various pledges which had been made by the Prince Regent at different times to assist the Catholics. There was no need to show that these pledges had been recklessly violated one and all. The Irish Papist would not be believed even on his oath. If he was permitted to take an oath, he was generally obliged to swear that what he swore was true. There are some phases in the English political government of Ireland which might reconcile the Irishman

to this insult to his faith and his honesty. Perhaps those Englishmen who found it so difficult to believe an Irish oath were little influenced by the knowledge of their own reckless disregard of their solemn pledges. After all, they could only be expected to judge others by themselves.

Of the pledges made to Lord Kenmare, Lord Petre, and Lord Clifden, through the Duke of Bedford and Mr Ponsonby, we need not speak. These pledges were left in the pawn-office of English honour, and men of principle were found at last to redeem them.

The conclusion of O'Connell's speech is more important; for it might have been made in our own day with painful justice:—

“We may still hope. Hope, the last refuge of the wretched, is left us; and we lately indulged it almost with the pleasures of certainty. A crime, the horrid crime of causeless assassination, had deprived England of her Prime Minister—for, my Lord, everywhere, but in Ireland assassination is admitted to be a crime. Here, also, it depends on circumstances; you have but to combine these circumstances. Let the victim be an Irish Papist, let the murderer be an Orangeman, and let a legal junta administer the government in the name of the Duke of Richmond: it requires no more to turn murder into merit!

“The process in England is different. There they hanged and dissected the murderer, and transferred the advantages of the crime, if I may so express myself, to the victim; it really and truly has been considered a merit in Mr Perceval to have been murdered. The public men in England seem to think his death constituted not only an expiation for all his political sins, but turned his offences against his country into virtues.

“For my part, I feel unaffected horror at his fate, and all trace of resentment for his crimes is obliterated. But I do not forget that he was a narrow-minded bigot, a paltry statesman, and a bad minister—that every species of public corruption and profligacy had in him a flippant and pert advocate—that every advance towards reform or economy had in him a decided enemy—and that the liberties of the people were an object of his derision.

“All this has not been changed by the hand of this assassin; yet I do, from my heart, participate in the grief and anguish which his premature fall must have excited within his domestic circle. The sorrows of his family have been obtruded on the public, by ill-judging party writers, with something like ostentatious affectation; but I do not love the man—nay, I hate the man—who could contemplate, coldly and unmoved, the affecting spectacle of the wife and children standing in speechless agony round the lifeless body of the murdered husband and father; it was a scene to make a stoic weep.

“But are all our feelings to be exhausted by the great? Is there no compassion for the wretched Irish widow, who lost her boy—her hope, her support? I shall never forget the pathetic and Irish simplicity with which she told her tale of woe—‘My child was but seventeen; he left me on Sunday morning quite well, and very merry, and he came home a corpse.’ Are her feelings to be despised and trampled on? Is the murderer of her son to remain unpunished, perhaps to be rewarded? Oh yes; for Byrne was a Papist, and the assassin, Hall, was an Orangeman, nay, a purple marksman; and recollect, that his Grace the Duke of Richmond did not pardon him until after a most fair and patient trial. Hall was defended by his counsel and attorney; he was tried by a jury of his own selection; I say of his own selection—because he exhausted but few of his peremptory challenges; nobody, indeed, would think of accusing honest Sheriff James of packing a jury *against* an Orangeman. Even had the list been previously submitted to the Secretary at the Castle, he would not have altered a single name; Sir Charles Saxton might have reviewed it with perfect safety to the prisoner.

"After a patient trial, and a full defence, Hall was convicted ; he was convicted before a judge certainly not unfavourable to the prisoner ; he was convicted of having murdered, with the arms entrusted to him for the defence of the public peace, and in the public streets of your city, and in the open day, an innocent and unoffending youth. He has been pardoned and set at large—perhaps he has been rewarded : but can this be done with impunity ? Is there no vengeance for the blood of the widow's son ? Alas ! I am not, I trust, inclined to superstition, yet it obtruded itself on my mind, that the head of the Government which had allowed the blood of Byrne to flow unrequited, might have vindicated the notion of a providential visitation for the unpunished crime."³

O'Connell then spoke, "not in anger, but in the deepest sorrow," of Lord Moira. He, too, was one of the many whom the Irish had trusted, and by whom they were betrayed. It is true, indeed, that his betrayal was not a betrayal of treachery, it was a betrayal of indifference, but the effect was much the same.

There was little to hope for from the new Ministry, especially as Lord Wellesley had refused office, because it was distinctly avowed that nothing would be done for Catholics. The Orange faction were now ascendant and triumphant, and as they never "bore their honours meekly," the worst results ensued for the peace of unhappy Ireland.

³ In a letter from the Princess Elizabeth to the Hon. Mrs Scott, speaking of the murder of Mr Perceval, she says—"It is impossible not to shrink with horror when one thinks of an Englishman committing murder." Poor Princess ! how little she knew of the real history of her own time !—*Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. ii. p. 204.

O'Connell declared again and again, his desire to work cordially with Irish Protestants. He was the first to make public acknowledgment, in the very warmest language, for any assistance he might obtain from them, and he had good reason to do so. There were many Irish Protestants who worked with him cordially; and if he denounced the Orange faction in no measured words, it was because they were a faction, not because they were Protestants.

If religion had not been used as a political engine by English statesmen, their factious bitterness would soon have died out.⁴

It was necessary also at this time to get up a strong anti-Irish feeling in England, and the task was by no means difficult. Men were driven to the verge of desperation, in truth to desperation, by being deprived of the most ordinary means of procuring the necessaries of life. These men did commit outrages, did commit murder; and every outrage was magnified, as it passed through the manipulation of those who were interested in manipulating it; and every murder was represented as the most deadly, the most treacherous, and the most diabolical of crimes. From the way in which Irish agrarian murders were—shall

⁴ The Orangemen were very active this year. King William's statue in Dublin was adorned with extra ornaments. The custom of adorning this statue began in 1795, and was originated by a half-crazy bookseller named Mackenzie, who got the nickname of King William's milliner.

we say are?—spoken of, it might be supposed that the landlords were the most benevolent of human beings, who overwhelmed these wretches with a weight of mercy and kindness. How entirely the reverse of this practice was true, may be found in the sworn evidence of men of whose veracity there cannot be a question.⁵

Orange Lodges were then being established in England, where, unhappily, there is every effort being made at pre-

⁵ In the report of the Select Committee, 1824, we find the following questions and answers:—"Mr Beecher said—'I think they (the lower classes) have been unused to fair dealing from the upper classes; if they get it, they seem gratified beyond measure.' Major Warburton declared that many of the people would willingly give a day's labour in times of distress for *one meal*. John Duncan, Esq., said,—'To the want of employment I attribute much of our unhappy state.' John Wiggins, Esq., an English merchant, said 'The efforts I have witnessed are really extraordinary. People bringing manure from the sea up extraordinary cliffs. I give them infinite credit for perseverance in this way.' Francis Blackburne, K.C., said—'On the property of Lord Stradbroke, in the county Limerick, there were forty or fifty families. The whole of that numerous body were dispersed, and their houses prostrated; they were, generally speaking, destitute of the means of support. That circumstance created a good deal of irritation in the county. [It will be remembered that the Duke of Wellington said such 'irritation' must be put down.] This is not a singular case. The same thing is generally prevalent in the whole of the country.' He further said, 'The mass of the population were destitute of what in England would be considered the necessaries of life.' Mr Kemmis, Crown Solicitor, gave an account of eleven murders which occurred from 1816 to 1838, all arising from evictions."

Mr Kohl, in his well-known Irish "Tour," said—"When he saw the poor settlers of Livonia, he used to pity them; but when he came to Ireland, he found that the poorest of them lead a life of luxury compared with that of the Irish nation."

sent to increase them. Their one cry now, as then, is for their own ascendancy; and some of our readers will remember the treasonable language which they used at the period immediately previous to the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church, and the declaration made by many of them that their loyalty would last as long as their principles were carried out, and no longer.

On the 15th of June 1813, there was a meeting at Fishamble Street Theatre, at which over 4000 persons were present. After reading the resolutions, O'Connell made a singularly effective speech, from which we can only give a few extracts:—

"Let me, in the first place, congratulate you on the progress which the principle of religious liberty has made since you last met. It has been greatly advanced by a magnificent discovery lately made by the English in ethics, and upon which I also beg leave to congratulate you. It is this: several Englishmen have discovered, in the nineteenth century, and more than four hundred years after the propagation of science was facilitated by the art of printing—several sagacious Englishmen have made this wonderful discovery in moral philosophy, that a man is not necessarily a worse citizen for having a conscience, and that a conscientious adherence to a Christian religion is not an offence deserving of degradation or punishment."

He then alluded to the *Veto* question.

"They offer you emancipation, as Catholics, if you will kindly consent, in return, to become schismatics.⁶ They offer you liberty,

⁶ This was probably an allusion to Mr Butler's efforts to get a body of English Catholics together who would agree to the *Veto*, and call themselves, "Protesting Catholic Dissenters."

as men, if you agree to become slaves after a new fashion—that is, your friends and your enemies have declared that you are entitled to Catholic emancipation and freedom, upon the trifling terms of schism and servitude!

“Generous enemies!—bountiful friends! Yes, in their bounty, they resemble the debtor who should address his creditor thus:—‘It is true, I owe you £100; I am perfectly well able to pay you; but what will you give me, if I hand you 6s. 8d. in the pound of your just debt, as a final adjustment? Let us allay all jealousies,’ continues the debtor, ‘let us put an end to all animosities—I will give you one-third of what I owe you, if you will give me forty shillings in the pound of additional value, and a receipt in full, duly stamped, into the bargain.’

“But why do I treat this serious and melancholy subject with levity? Why do I jest, when my heart is sore and sad? Because I have not patience with this modern cant of securities, and vetoes, and arrangements, and clauses, and commissions. Securities against what? Not against the irritation and dislike which may and naturally ought to result from prolonged oppression and insult. Securities—not against the consequences of dissensions, distrusts, and animosities. Securities—not against foreign adversaries. The securities that are required from us are against the effects of conciliation and kindness, against the dangers to be apprehended from domestic union, peace, and cordiality. If they do not emancipate us; if they leave us aliens and outlaws in our native land; if they continue our degradation, and all those grievances that, at present, set our passions at war with our duty, then they have no pretext for asking, nor do they require, any securities; but should they raise us to the rank of Irishmen, should they give us an immediate and personal interest in our native land, should they share with us the blessings of the constitution, should they add to our duty the full tide of our interests and affection; then—then, say they, securities will be necessary. Securities and guards must be adopted. State bridles must be invented, and shackles and manacles must be forged, lest, in the intoxication of new

liberty, we should destroy, only because we have a greater interest to preserve."

The great orator then turned to historical facts, which were incontrovertible, for a proof of his assertions.

"But to return to our own history. The reigns of the First and of the Second George passed away; England continued strong; she persevered in oppression and injustice; she was powerful and respected; she, therefore, disregarded the sufferings of the Irish, and increased their chains. The Catholics once had the presumption to draw up a petition; it was presented to Primate Boulter, then governing Ireland. He not only rejected it with scorn and without a reply, but treated the insolence of daring to complain as a crime and punished it as an offence, by recommending and procuring still more severe laws against the Papists, and the more active execution of the former statutes.

"But a new era advanced; the war which George the Second waged on account of Hanover and America exhausted the resources, and lessened, while it displayed, the strength of England. In the meantime, the Duke of Bedford was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The ascendancy mob of Dublin, headed by a Lucas, insulted the Lord-Lieutenant with impunity, and threatened the Parliament. All was riot and confusion within, whilst France had prepared an army and a fleet for the invasion of Ireland. Serious danger menaced England. The very connection between the countries was in danger. The Catholics were, for the first time, thought of with favour. They were encouraged to address the Lord-Lieutenant, and for the first time, their address received the courtesy of a reply.

"By this slight civility (the more welcome for its novelty) the warm hearts and ready hands of the Irish Catholics were purchased. The foreign foe was deterred from attempting to invade a country where he could no longer have found a friend; the domestic insurgents were awed into silence; the Catholics and the Government, simply

by their combination, saved the state from its perils ; and thus did the Catholics, in a period of danger, and upon the very first application, and in return for no more than kind words, give, what we want to give, security to the empire."

O'Connell then referred with singular power and felicity, and with convincing truth, to the various periods of Irish history at which some justice was done to Catholics, because England was in peril, and found it best to avoid domestic dissension when she had to contend with foreigners.

Then he reverted to the occasions in which Catholic claims were treated with contempt because England was prosperous—

"In 1792, the Catholics urged their claims, as they had more than once done before. But the era was inauspicious to them, for England was in prosperity. On the Continent, the confederation of German princes and the assemblage of the French princes, with their royalist followers, the treaty of Pilnitz, and the army of the King of Prussia, gave hope of crushing and extinguishing France and her liberties for ever. At that moment the Catholic petition was brought before Parliament ; it was not even suffered, according to the course of ordinary courtesy, to lie on the table ; it was rejected with indignation and with contempt. The head of the La Touche family, which has since produced so many first-rate Irishmen, then retained that Huguenot hatred for Catholics which is still cherished by Saurin, the Attorney-General for Ireland. La Touche proposed that the petition should be rejected, and it was rejected by a majority of 200 to only 13.

"Fortune, however, changed. The invasion of the Prussians was unsuccessful ; the French people, worshipping the name as if it were the reality of liberty, chased the Duke of Brunswick from their

soil ; the King of Prussia, in the Luttrell style, sold the pass ; the German princes were confounded, and the French princes scattered ; Dumourier gained the battle of Jemappes, and conquered the Austrian Netherlands ; the old governments of Europe were struck with consternation and dismay, and we arrived at the fourth, and hitherto the last stage of Emancipation ; for, after those events in 1793, was passed that Act which gave us many valuable political rights—many important privileges.

“The Parliament—the same men who, in 1792, would not suffer our petition to lie on the table—the men who, in 1792, treated us with contempt, in the short space of a few months granted us the elective franchise. In 1792, we were despised and rejected ; in 1793, we were flattered and favoured. The reason was obvious ; in the year 1792, England was safe ; in 1793, she wanted security—and security she found in the emancipation of the Catholics, partial though it was and limited. The spirit of republican phrenzy was abroad ; the enthusiasm for liberty, even to madness, pervaded the public mind.”

He followed up this exposure of English vacillation by showing the true path to security.

“The plain path to safety—to security—lies before her. Let Irishmen be restored to their inherent rights, and she may laugh to scorn the shock of every tempest. The arrangements which the abolition of the national debt may require will then be effectuated, without convulsion or disturbance ; and no foreign foe will dare to pollute the land of freemen and of brothers.

“They have, however, struck out another resource in England : they have resolved, it is said, to resort to the protection of *Orange Lodges*. That system which has been declared by judges from the bench to be illegal and criminal, and found by the experience of the people to be bigoted and bloody—the Orange system, which has marked its progress in blood, in murder, and in massacre—the Orange system, which has desolated Ireland, and would have con-

verted her into a solitude but for the interposing hand of Cornwallis—the Orange system, with all its sanguinary horrors, is, they say, to be adopted in England!

“Its prominent patron, we are told, is Lord Kenyon or Lord Yarmouth; the first an insane religionist of the Welsh Jumper sect, who, bounding in the air, imagines he can lay hold of a limb of the Deity, like Macbeth, snatching at the air-drawn dagger of his fancy! He would be simply ridiculous, but for the mischievous malignity of his holy piety, which desires to convert Papists from their errors through the instrumentality of daggers of steel. Lord Kenyon may enjoy his ample sinecures as he pleases, but his folly should not goad to madness the people of Ireland.

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“You know full well that I do not exaggerate the horrors which the Orange system has produced, and must produce, if revived from authority in this country. I have, in some of the hireling prints of London, read, under the guise of opposing the adoption of the Orange system, the most unfounded praises of the conduct of the Irish Orangemen. They were called loyal and worthy and constitutional. Let me hold them up in their true light. The first authentic fact in their history occurs in 1795. It is to be found in the address of Lord Gosford, to a meeting of the magistrates of the county of Armagh, convened by his lordship, as governor of that county, on the 28th of December 1795. Allow me to read the following passage from that address:—

“Gentlemen, Having requested your attendance here this day, it becomes my duty to state the grounds upon which I thought it advisable to propose this meeting; and at the same time to submit to your consideration a plan which occurs to me as most likely to check the enormities that have already brought disgrace upon this country, and may soon reduce it into deep distress.

“It is no secret that a persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty, which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this country. Neither age

nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence, as to any guilt in the late disturbances, is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection.

“The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with, is a crime, indeed, of easy proof; it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith, or an intimate connection with a person professing this faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have denounced is equally concise and terrible. It is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and an immediate banishment. It would be extremely painful, and surely unnecessary, to detail the horrors that are attendant on the execution of so rude and tremendous a proscription—one that certainly exceeds, in the comparative number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, every example that ancient and modern history can supply; for where have we heard, or in what story of human cruelties have we read, of half the inhabitants of a populous country deprived, at one blow, of the means as well as the fruits of their industry, and driven, in the midst of an inclement season, to seek a shelter for themselves and their helpless families, where chance may guide them?

“‘This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes that are now acting in this country.’

“Here is the first fact in the history of the Orangemen. They commenced their course by a persecution, with every circumstance of ferocious cruelty. These lawless banditti, as Lord Gosford called them, showed no mercy to age, nor sex, nor acknowledged innocence. And this is not the testimony of a man favourable to the rights of those persecuted Catholics; he avows his intolerance in the very address of which I have read you a part; and though shocked at these Orange enormities, he still exults in his hostility to emancipation.

“After this damning fact from the early history of the Orangemen, who can think with patience on the revival or extension of

this murderous association? It is not, it ought not, it cannot be endured, that such an association should be restored to its power of mischief by abandoned and unprincipled courtiers. But I have got in my possession a document which demonstrates the vulgar and lowly origin, as well as the traitorous and profligate purpose of this Orange society. It has been repeatedly sworn to in judicial proceedings, that the original oath of an Orangeman was an oath to exterminate the Catholics.”⁷

He then proceeded to read some extracts from a book printed, for the use of the Orange Lodges, by William M’Kenzie in 1810. He continued:—

“I can demonstrate from this document that the Orange is a vulgar, a profligate, and a treasonable association. To prove it

⁷ At a time when vigorous efforts are being made to extend the Orange associations both in England and Ireland, it would be well that Protestants as well as Catholics learned more of their true principles. At the Orange demonstration in Manchester on the 12th of July 1872, as reported by the *Standard*, the following resolution was moved and seconded with acclamation:—

“That the admission of Roman Catholics to Parliament by the Act of 1829 has led to the corruption of political parties, by inducing political leaders to sacrifice the safeguards of Protestantism for the support of Roman Catholics, whose one great purpose is the supremacy of their own Church—a course which, if permitted to continue, must be destructive of that civil and religious liberty which has so long been the glory of England. We protest against such conduct, and we pledge ourselves to oppose by every means in our power all such concessions.”

From this it is evident that, however these persons may have advanced in general civilisation, they have yet to learn that religious liberty means liberty to all. The liberty they demand is the liberty to exercise intolerance. In the north of Ireland, on the same day, a gallant colonel made an exhibition of his wife’s Orange gown before an amused, if not an appreciative audience. He said, “He was true to his

treasonable, I read the following, which is given as the first of their secret articles :—‘That we will bear true allegiance to his Majesty, his heirs and successors, so long as he or they support the Protestant ascendancy.’ The meaning is obvious, the Orangeman will be loyal just so long as he pleases. The traitor puts a limit to his allegiance, suited to what he shall fancy to be meant by the words ‘Protestant Ascendancy.’ If the legislature presumes to alter the law for the Irish Catholics, as it did for the Hanoverian Catholics, then is the Orangeman clearly discharged from his allegiance, and allowed, at the first convenient opportunity, to raise a civil war ; and this is what is called a loyal association. Oh ! how different from the unconditional, the ample, the conscientious oath of allegiance of the Irish Catholic !”

O’Connell then read some of the other “secret resolutions,” which we omit, and pass to the—

“8th Secret Article.—An Orangeman is to keep a brother’s secrets as his own, unless in case of murder, treason, and perjury, and of his own free will.’ See what an abundant crop of crimes the Orangeman is bound to conceal for his brother Orangeman. Killing a Papist may, in his eyes, be no murder, and he might be bound to conceal that ; but he is certainly bound to conceal all cases of riot, maiming, wounding, stabbing, theft, robbing, rape, housebreaking,

colours ; and when evil times came on Ireland he was turned out of the magistracy of the county because his wife wore an Orange gown. As there were ladies present, they might be curious to see the Orange gown, and he would have no objection to produce it.” (The chairman, amid laughter and cheers, produced from a leather bag some square yards of silk—a tolerably well-preserved relic of the lady to whom he referred.) After all, it was a harmless exhibition of partisan feeling. Of course, it passed unnoticed by the English press ; but if a Catholic had made a similar exhibition, some very strong language would have been used to describe his idiocy, and the affair would have been reported from John O’ Groat’s House to Land’s End.

house-burning, and every other human villany, save murder, treason, and perjury. These are the good, the faithful, the loyal subjects. They may, without provocation or excuse, attack and assault—give the first assault, mind, when they are certain no brother can be brought to trouble. They may feloniously and burglariously break into dwellings, and steal, take, and carry away whatever they will please to call arms and ammunition. And, if the loyalty of a brother tempts him to go a little further, and to plunder any other articles, or to burn the house, or to violate female honour, his brother spectators of his crime are bound by their oaths to screen it for ever from detection and justice. I know some men of better minds have been, in their horror of revolutionary fury, seduced into these Lodges, or have unthinkingly become members of them; but the spirit, the object, and the consequences of this murderous and plundering association, are not the less manifest.

“I do not calumniate them; for I prove the history of their foundation and origin by the unimpeachable testimony of Viscount Gosford, and I prove their principles by their own secret articles, the genuineness of which no Orangeman can or will deny. If it were denied, I have the means of proving it beyond a doubt. And when such principles are avowed, when so much is acknowledged and printed, oh, it requires but little knowledge of human nature to ascertain the enormities which must appear in the practice of those who have confessed so much of the criminal nature of their principles.

“There is, however, one consolation. It is to be found in their ninth secret article—‘No Roman Catholic can be admitted on any account.’ I thank them for it, I rejoice at it; no Roman Catholic deserves to be admitted; no Roman Catholic would desire to belong to a society permitting aggression and violence, when safe and prudent, permitting robbery to a certain extent, and authorising treason upon a given contingency.

“And now let me ask, What safety, what security can the minions of the court promise to themselves from the encourage-

ment of this association? They do want security, and from the Catholics they can readily have it; and you, my friends, may want security, not from the open attacks of the Orangeman, for against those the law and your own courage will protect you, but of their secret machinations you ought to be warned. They will endeavour, nay, I am most credibly assured, that at this moment their secret emissaries are endeavouring to seduce you into acts of sedition and treason, that they may betray and destroy you. Recollect what happened little more than twelve months ago, when the board detected and exposed a similar delusion in Dublin. Recollect the unpunished conspiracy which was discovered at Limerick; unpunished and unprosecuted was the author. Recollect the Mayor's Constable of Kilkenny, and he is still in office, though he administered an oath of secrecy, and gave money to his spy to treat the country people to liquor and seduce them to treason. I do most earnestly conjure you to be on your guard, no matter in what shape any man may approach who suggests disloyalty to you, no matter of what religion he may affect to be, no matter what compassion he may express for your sufferings, or what promises he may make; believe me that any man who may attempt to seduce you into any secret association or combination whatsoever, that suggests to you any violation of the law whatsoever, that dares to utter in your presence the language of sedition or of treason, depend upon it—take my word for it, and I am your sincere friend—that every such man is the hired emissary and the spy of your Orange enemies—that his real object is to betray you, to murder you under the forms of a judicial trial, and to ruin your country for your guilt. If, on the contrary, you continue at this trying moment peaceful, obedient, and loyal; if you avoid every secret association, and every incitement to turbulence; if you persevere in your obedience to the laws, and in fidelity to the Crown and Constitution, your emancipation is certain and not distant, and your country will be restored to you; your natural friends and protectors will seek the redress of your grievances in and from Parliament, and Ireland will be again free

and happy. If you suffer yourself to be seduced by these Orange betrayers, the members of the board will not be bound to resist your crimes with their lives ; you will bring disgrace and ruin on our cause ; you will destroy yourselves and your families, and perpetuate the degradation and disgrace of your native land. But my fears are vain. I know your good sense ; I rely on your fidelity ; you will continue to baffle your enemies ; you will continue faithful and peaceable ; and thus shall you preserve yourselves, promote your cause, and give security to the empire."

Two points should be specially noted in the conclusion of this masterly address : O'Connell's love of justice, which impelled him to admit that there were members, even of Orange lodges, who were of better minds than their associates, and his determined out-spoken abhorrence of anything even approaching to secret combinations, however speciously such combinations might be framed or excused.

With some few, and not very honourable exceptions, those men who have distinguished themselves most in public life have been remarkable for the practice of domestic virtue. O'Connell's attachment to his wife has already been mentioned. She was certainly not a woman of any remarkable intellectual calibre, but she had sufficient appreciation of her husband's value to give him the just award of her affectionate approbation in his career. When separated, as they were frequently, they kept up an affectionate correspondence, and Mrs O'Connell helped the Liberator by her earnest sympathy in his pursuits when

she could not help him by any personal co-operation. As his sons grew up, they, too, took their share in his work with more or less ability.

But O'Connell belonged to the public. He gave his life to Ireland ; unhappy, indeed, will Ireland ever be if she forgets the debt of gratitude which she owes to her most illustrious son ! Other men have fought for her, or died for her. Let her honour them. Those who are faithful to unfortunate Ireland deserve the praise which men receive who lead a forlorn hope. O'Connell led Ireland on until she won the noblest victory on record, because it was the victory of mental power over brute force. When the memory of O'Connell grows dim in Irish hearts—but I may not pen the words ; his memory never will grow dim while there is an Irishman with heart to love, or intellect to cherish it.

It is to be regretted, however, that some of those very persons who are most sensibly benefited by O'Connell are not grateful to him for the concessions he obtained for them. Their ingratitude arises principally from ignorance and partly from prejudice. From ignorance, because those English Catholics, who look with something like contempt on O'Connell's career, are seldom well informed, or fully informed as to his history ; from prejudice, because we believe that where this dislike exists, and where we know it now to exist, it arises from a prejudice against O'Connell, because at times neither his words nor his manner were

exactly in accordance with conventional rules of etiquette. The very position of English Catholics of the upper class has made them tenaciously touchy on those subjects. It would seem as if they forgot that some of those who have done the noblest work for God on earth have not been what the world calls gentlemen.

Yet after a careful perusal of all O'Connell's speeches, it is difficult to find more than a few words here and there, which, in a fastidious audience would have been better unsaid; and if those words or expressions were compared with others which have been uttered from the bench and in the senate at the present day, we think that a jury would award a verdict of not guilty by comparison to O'Connell. It should be remembered also that Berkeley described the Irish aristocracy of the day as "Goths in ignorance, spend-thrifts, drunkards, and debauchees." It was evidently not from such persons that O'Connell could learn courtly manners.

A rough and ready style was best suited to O'Connell's work, and we suspect he cultivated it purposely. Roche⁸ gives an account, which, he says, he received from the Liberator himself, of the care with which he prepared some of his speeches, and undoubtedly there are passages in

⁸ Roche's *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 103. He says—"His earliest exhibition as an orator at Cork was on the 2d September 1811, at the first great Catholic meeting held there, and of which he was chairman. He made a splendid speech of two hours' duration, which he passed the night in

many of them which are of the very highest order of rhetorical composition.

Theil, in his "Sketches of the Irish Bar," has given an admirable sketch of O'Connell's daily life when in the zenith of his fame.

He says :—

"If any of you, my English readers, being a stranger in Dublin, should chance on your return on a winter's morning from one of the small and early parties of that raking metropolis—that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock—to pass along the south side of Merrion Square, you will not fail to observe that, among those splendend mansions, there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbours. The half-opened parlour shutter, and the light within, announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun's. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps, and, under cover of the dark, to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk, and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him there hangs a crucifix. From this, and from the calm attitude of the person within, and from a certain monastic rotundity about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome absorbed in his matin devotions. But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment—the bookcases clogged with

preparing for the press, and which I saw the next morning fairly written in his bold flowing hand, exactly as he had pronounced it, though he certainly could not have gotten it entirely by heart, for he adverted in its course to various matters of the discussion."

tomes in plain calf-skin binding, and blue-covered octavos that lie about on the tables and the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds and begirt with crimson tape—than it becomes evident that the party meditating amidst such objects must be thinking far more of the law than of the prophets.

“He is, unequivocally, a barrister, but apparently of that homely, chamber-keeping, plodding cast who labour hard to make up by assiduity what they want in wit—who are up and stirring before the bird of the morning has sounded the retreat to the wandering spectre, and are already brain-deep in the dizzying vortex of mortgages, and cross-remainders, and mergers, and remitters, while his clients, still laped in sweet oblivion of the law’s delay, are fondly dreaming that their cause is peremptorily set down for a final hearing. Having come to this conclusion, you push on for home, blessing your stars on the way that you are not a lawyer, and sincerely compassionating the sedentary drudge whom you have just detected in the performance of his cheerless toil. But should you happen, in the course of the same day, to stroll down to the Four Courts, you will be not a little surprised to find the object of your pity miraculously transferred from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important, and joyous personages in that busy scene. There you will be sure to see him, his countenance braced up and glistening with health and spirits, with a huge, plethoric bag, which his robust arms can scarcely contain, clasped with paternal fondness to his breast, and environed by a living palisade of clients and attorneys, with outstretched necks, and mouths and ears agape to catch up any chance opinion that may be coaxed out of him in a colloquial way; or listening to what the client relishes still better—for in no event can they be slid to a bill of costs—the counsellor’s burst of jovial and familiar humour; or, when he touches on a sadder strain, his prophetic assurances that the hour of Ireland’s redemption is at hand. You perceive at once that you have lighted upon a great popular advocate; and, if you take the trouble to follow his movements for a couple of hours

through the several courts, you will not fail to discover the qualities that have made him so—his legal competency, his business-like habits, his sanguine temperament—which renders him not merely the advocate, but the partisan of his client—his acuteness, his fluency of thought and language, his unconquerable good humour, and, above all, his versatility. By the hour of three, when the judges usually rise, you will have seen him go through a quantity of business, the preparation for and performance of which would be sufficient to wear down an ordinary constitution ; and you naturally suppose that the remaining portion of the day must, of necessity, be devoted to recreation or repose. But here again you will be mistaken ; for, should you feel disposed, as you return from the courts, to drop into any of the public meetings that are almost daily held—for some purpose, or to no purpose—in Dublin, to a certainty you will find the counsellor there before you, the presiding spirit of the scene ; riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm of popular debate with a strength of lungs and a redundancy of animation as if he had that moment started fresh for the labours of the day. There he remains until, by dint of strength or dexterity, he has carried every point ; and from thence, if you would see him to the close of the day's eventful history, you will, in all likelihood, have to follow him to a public dinner ; from which, after having acted a conspicuous part in the turbulent festivity of the evening, and thrown off half-a-dozen speeches in praise of Ireland, he retires at a late hour, to repair the wear and tear of the day by a short interval of repose, and is sure to be found, before dawn-break next morning, at his solitary post, recommencing the routine of his restless existence. Now, any one who has once seen in the preceding situation the able-bodied, able-minded, acting, talking, multifarious person I have just been describing, has no occasion to inquire his name—he may be assured that he is and can be no other than 'Kerry's pride and Munster's glory'—the far-famed and indefatigable Daniel O'Connell. His frame is tall, expanded, and muscular—precisely such as befits a man of the people ;

for the physical classes ever look with double confidence and affection upon a leader who represents in his own person the qualities upon which they rely. In his face he has been equally fortunate—it is extremely comely. The features are at once soft and manly: the florid glow of health and a sanguine temperament are diffused over the whole countenance, which is national in the outline, and beaming with national emotion; the expression is open and confiding, and inviting confidence; there is not a trace of malignity or wile—if there were, the bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation. These popular gifts of nature O'Connell has not neglected to set off by his external carriage and deportment—or, perhaps, I should rather say, that the same hand which has moulded the exterior, has supersaturated the inner man with a fund of restless propensity which it is quite beyond his power, as it is certainly beside his inclination, to control. A large portion of this is necessarily expended upon his legal avocations; but the labours of the most laborious of professions cannot tame him to repose. After deducting the daily drains of the study and the courts, there remains an ample residuum of animal spirits and ardour for occupation, which go to form a distinct and, I might say, a predominant character—the political chieftain. The existence of this overweening vivacity is conspicuous in O'Connell's manners and movements; and being a popular, and more particularly a national quality, greatly recommends him to the Irish people—*mobilitate viget*; body and soul are in a state of permanent insurrection. See him in the streets, and you perceive at once that he is a man who has sworn that his country's wrongs shall be avenged. A Dublin jury (if judiciously selected) would find his very gait and gestures to be high treason by construction, so explicitly do they enforce the national sentiment of 'Ireland her own—or the world in a blaze!' As he marches to court, he shoulders his umbrella as if it were a pike. He flings out one factious foot before the other as if he had already burst his bonds, and was kicking the Protestant ascendancy

before him ; while ever and anon, a democratic, broad-shouldered roll of the upper man is manifestly an indignant effort to shuffle off the oppression of seven hundred years. This intensely national sensibility is the prevailing peculiarity in O'Connell's character ; for it is not only when abroad and in the popular gaze that Irish affairs seem to press upon his heart—the same *Erin-go-bragh* feeling follows him into the most technical details of his forensic occupations. Give him the most dry and abstract position of law to support—the most remote that imagination can conceive from the violation of the Irish Parliament, and ten to one but he will contrive to interweave a patriotic episode upon those examples of British domination. The people are never absent from his thoughts. He tosses up a bill of exceptions to a judge's charge in the name of Ireland ; and pockets a special retainer with the air of a man that doats upon his country. There is, perhaps, some share of exaggeration in all this ; but much less, I do believe, than is generally suspected, and I apprehend that he would scarcely pass for a patriot without it ; for, in fact, he has been so successful, and looks so contented, and his elastic, unbroken spirits are so disposed to bound and frisk for very joy—in a word, he has naturally so bad a face for a grievance, that his political sincerity might appear equivocal, were there not some clouds of patriotic grief or indignation to temper the sunshine that is for ever bursting through them."

It must have been no small sacrifice to a man who enjoyed society as O'Connell did, to absent himself from social circles. The resolution of the man's character was as unselfish in this as in his life-long devotion to the one pursuit. It was, indeed, a part of his pursuit.

As a *raconteur* he was probably unequalled. With the best of memories, with a quick wit to seize the point of any incident, and with an admirable manner of relating

it, he could not fail to take pleasure in the exercise of his gift, as well as to give pleasure to others. Let Ireland remember, when she counts up her debt of gratitude to O'Connell, how many nights he deprived himself of necessary rest, and how many days he deprived himself of that relaxation, which, for most men in his position, and undertaking his labours, would have been considered a necessity rather than an indulgence.

His bar anecdotes were amongst the most amusing. Several are recorded which relate to the well-known Jerry Keller :—

"Jerry," said O'Connell, "was an instance of great waste of talent. He was the son of a poor farmer near Kanturk, named *Keleher*, which Jerry anglicised into *Keller* when he went to the bar. He was an excellent classical scholar, and had very considerable natural capacity ; but although he had a good deal of business at the bar, his success was far from being what he might have attained had he given his whole soul to his profession. His readiness of retort was great. Baron Smith once tried to annoy him on his change of name at a bar dinner. They were talking of the Irish language. 'Your Irish name, Mr Keller,' said the baron, 'is *Diarmuid ua Cealleachair*.' 'It is,' answered Jerry, nothing daunted, 'and yours is *Laimh Gabha*.' There was a great laugh at the baron's expense—a sort of thing that nobody likes."

"Another time," said O'Connell, "when the bar were dining together on a Friday, a blustering young barrister named Norcott, of great *pretension* with but slender materials to support it, observed that Jerry was eating fish instead of meat, and by way of jeering Jerry (who had been originally a Catholic), said to him : 'So you won't eat meat ? Why I did not think, Jerry, you had so much of the *Pope* in your belly.' 'For all the meat in the market,'

said Jerry, 'I would not have as much of the *Pretender* in my head as you have.'

Jerry was a member of a famous convivial society who denominated themselves the "Monks of the Screw." Lord Avonmore was a "monk" also, and as long as he lived Jerry's bag was full. After the death of this nobleman he sank into poverty, yet he still went circuit, and held his place as senior at the mess, where his humour never deserted him, though it became somewhat embittered by his misfortunes.

Of Lord Clare, O'Connell used to tell the following anecdote :—

"Lord Clare's enmity to Ireland," said O'Connell, "was once nearly ended by an assassin. In 1794, he was carrying a bill through the Irish Parliament for compelling the accountant of the Court of Exchequer to return his accounts whenever called upon by the court. These summary accounts would have been very inconvenient to Baron Power, who, as junior baron, filled the office of accountant. He lived extravagantly—making use of the money of the public that came into his hands, and looking to future good luck to enable him to reckon with the owners. The bill would have been his ruin ; and after many ineffectual efforts to dissuade Lord Clare from pressing it, he at last resolved in a fit of desperation to assassinate him. So he drove to Ely Place with a brace of loaded pistols in his pocket, and asked to see Lord Clare, who providentially was from home. Baron Power then resolved on suicide, and ordered his coachman to drive him along the North Wall. When he had got to a considerable distance out of town he quitted the carriage, desired the coachman to await his return, and walked on alone towards the Pigeon House. He tied his hands together in order to deprive himself of the power of swimming, and jumped

into the sea from the pier. It was afterwards remarked as curious that he walked off to drown himself using an umbrella, as the day was wet. One would think the sprinkling of a shower would not much incommode a fellow who was resolved on a watery death. Think of a man going to drown himself with an umbrella to keep out the wet.

"Shortly after, Crosbie Morgan, one of the oddest of odd attorneys, also drowned himself. The ballad-mongers shouted their accounts of these events through Dublin, crying out: 'Great times for Ireland! One judge drowned! One attorney drowned!' They had also: 'Last speech and dying words of Crosbie Morgan!' which instead of ending with the approved finish of the penitent declaration of Catholic criminals—namely, 'I die an unworthy member of the Church of Rome,' ended thus: 'I die an unworthy mongrel of neither church.'

"'Crosbie Morgan,' said O'Connell, 'was a very eccentric fellow. He probably made more money than any other attorney of his time. He had eleven clerks in his office, and every clerk was an attorney. Great as were his gains, his expenditure was greater. Whenever he travelled to Dublin he used to engage all the post-chaises at every inn where he slept along the road; and if he found any gentlemen of his acquaintance going to town, he invariably gave them seats gratis. His own personal suite always filled two or three of the carriages.'

"'Had Baron Power,' continued O'Connell, reverting to Lord Clare, 'murdered Fitzgibbon, Pitt would have found much more difficulty in carrying the Union. Castlereagh, although as vile, shameless, and indefatigable a tool as ever corruption had, could not, unaided by the commanding energy of Clare, have succeeded so well in the dirty work. Clare had great intellectual powers. He lived at a period fertile in monsters—Clare was a monster. He was a kind of petticoat Robespierre. His father was a barrister of considerable eminence. Old Fitzgibbon and his brother were the first persons who introduced the system of reporting the proceedings of the Eng-

lish law courts in the public newspapers without the authority of the presiding judge. They were students in the Temple at the time, and Lord Mansfield tried to put a stop to the practice, but the Fitzgibbons persevered and succeeded. Clare was atrociously bigoted against the Catholics. A Protestant friend of mine, who often met him at the whist parties of an old dowager, told me nothing could possibly exceed the contemptuous acerbity with which on these occasions he spoke of the Catholics. 'The scum of the earth,' and such like phrases, were the epithets he habitually applied to them.'

Some one having alluded to the temptation to amass large sums afforded by facility and security from detection, O'Connell told the following anecdote: "I knew a person named Barnewell, who, while staying in Dublin, was commissioned by a friend in the country to purchase a lottery-ticket. The choice of the number was left to Barnewell, who accordingly selected and paid for a ticket. It turned up a prize of £10,000. He had the most thorough facility for retaining the amount. All he need do was to buy his friend some other ticket. No one could say that he had not duly executed his commission. But Barnewell reasoned thus with himself: 'If,' said he, 'my friend had not commissioned me to buy the ticket for him, I never would have bought it for myself. It therefore is rightly his; and to put myself beyond the reach of casuistry, I'll lodge the amount to his credit immediately, and apprise him that I have done so by this night's post;' which honest Barnewell accordingly did. I recollect when I was a youngster, my uncle gave me £300 in gold, to get changed into notes at Cotter & Kelllett's bank. The clerk, through stupidity, gave me £400, of which £300 were in small notes, and the rest in a £100 note. I pointed out his blunder; and he, in a very surly manner, and without looking at the heap of notes, insisted that I must be wrong, for that he never mistook. I persisted; he was sulky and obstinate. At last our altercation attracted the notice of Cotter, who came over and asked what was the matter. I told him I had got £100 too much.

He reckoned the money, and then took off the £100, saying, 'Now it is all right.' I begged he would let me retain that note, as my uncle was desirous to get the largest note he could; and, I assure you, it was with no trifling difficulty I could prevail on the old gentleman to take his £100 in small notes!

When O'Connell was at the Limerick assizes in 1812, Standish O'Grady asked O'Connell to go with him to the play.

"O'Connell declined, observing that the Limerick grand jurors were not the pleasantest folk in the world to meet after dinner. O'Grady went, but soon returned. 'Dan,' said he, 'you were quite right. I had not been five minutes in the box, when some ten or a dozen noisy gentlemen came into it. It was small and crowded; and, as I observed that one of the party had his head quite close to a peg on which I had hung my hat, I said very politely, "I hope, sir, my hat does not incommode you; if it does, pray allow me to remove it." "Faith," said he, "you may be sure it does not incommode me; for if it did, d—n me, but I'd have kicked it out of the box, and yourself after it!" So, lest the worthy juror should change his mind as to the necessity of such a vigorous measure, I quietly put my hat on, and took myself off.'"

It will scarcely be expected that the Liberator would be an admirer of Irish parsons, however friendly he might be with Irish Protestants. Nor can it be said that their character at that period was such as to command respect even from their own flocks. To read prayers once on Sunday, if they had a congregation, was the extent of the ecclesiastical administration of their parishes, if, indeed, we except the time spent in tithe-hunting. And

this occupation, of which we shall say more hereafter, certainly did not tend to increase respect for their office.

O'Connell used to relate an amusing case in which he was engaged against a parson for a breach of promise of marriage. The lady was a Miss Fitzgerald; the gentleman, Parson Hawkesworth.

"Hawkesworth," said he, "had certainly engaged the lady's affections very much. He had acquired fame enough to engage her ambition. He was a crack preacher—had been selected to preach before the Lord-Lieutenant; his name occasionally got into the papers, which then was not often the case with private persons; and, no doubt, this notoriety had its weight in the lady's calculations. The correspondence read upon the trial was comical enough. The lady, it appeared, had at one period doubted his fidelity, whereupon the parson writes to re-assure her in these words:—'Don't believe any one who says I'll jilt you! They lie, who say so; and I pray that all such liars may be condemned to an eternity of itching without the benefit of scratching!' £3000 damages were given against him. He was unable to pay, and decamped to America upon a preaching speculation, which proved unsuccessful. He came back to Ireland, and *married the prosecutrix!*"

Whatever may have been O'Connell's capabilities in the way of using language which was more forcible than elegant, there is no doubt that he found example in Parson Hawkesworth.

The following anecdote is a specimen of the fashion in which justice was administered at the close of the last century:—

"In the year 1798," said O'Connell, "my friend —, and his two brothers, were taken prisoners by a magistrate who owed their

mother £2000. The worthy justice went to that lady and said, 'If you don't release my bond, I'll have your sons flogged and hanged.' 'Sir,' answered she, 'if you were to treat *me* in that manner, you could not extort the bond from me; and I am much mistaken if my sons have not at least as much firmness as their mother.' Fortunately Judge Day, who was a very humane man, went the circuit; and as no witnesses appeared against the —, he discharged them by proclamation. In pronouncing their discharge, Day gave the young men a sort of moral and political lecture, in which he congratulated them on their escape, and advised loyal conduct for the future. 'You have no business to lecture us, my lord,' said —, 'as if we were guilty of disloyalty. We are perfectly innocent, and are quite as loyal as your lordship. Had our enemies been able to establish any sort of case against us, they would not have failed to produce their witnesses. It is too bad then, my lord, to lecture us as if our conduct had in any respect been censurable.' Day, who was a thorough gentleman, bowed and said: 'You are quite right, Mr —, and I was quite wrong. I beg your pardon.' Next morning the eldest brother was again seized and thrown into jail by the machinations of the worthy magistrate who owed his mother money. The jailer was a savage brute, and took every opportunity of tormenting him. One day he came to his cell, and said, with a diabolical grin, 'I've news that is bitter to *you* and pleasant to *me*—your two brothers have been hanged, and *you* are to be strung up to-morrow!' Mr — was well enough aware of the frightful character of the times to know that this was at least possible. 'Is what you have told me really true?' he asked of the jailer. 'Upon my oath, it is,' returned the jailer. 'Then, my man,' cried Mr —, 'before I leave this world, I shall have the satisfaction of giving you as good a licking as ever man got.' So saying, he pounced upon the jailer and wallopped him awfully. The jailer screamed, and his screams attracted persons without, who would have fired at Mr — through the grating in the door, only that he constantly kept the jailer between

himself and the door. Mr —— continued to thrash the jailer until he was unable, from exhaustion, to thrash him any longer. The jailer then went off, and soon returned with sixty-eight pounds weight of irons, with which he and his assistants loaded their prisoner. When ironed he was laid on a bed, and the jailer beat him with a loaded blackthorn stick as long as he was able to stand over him. He then kept him forty-eight hours without food ; and when the commanding-officer who inspected the prison arrived, he was utterly astonished how Mr —— survived the treatment he had received. Finding that there was not the shadow of any accusation against him, that officer set him free upon his own responsibility. What times ! ” exclaimed O’Connell after he had narrated this incident. “ What a scene ! The prisoner thrashing the jailer, and the jailer thrashing his prisoner ! What a country in which such things could be enacted ! ”⁹

⁹ We may be thankful that there is no parallel for such circumstances in Ireland at the present day ; but we cannot forget that equal, if not greater, atrocities have been committed recently under British rule in Jamaica and in India ; yet the Irish are spoken and written of as if they were still a nation of savages, and as if England should be their model. We quote the following from the *Nation*, 20th July 1872. While England gives no better example, it can scarcely expect the Irish peasant to believe it a safe guide.

“ One of our weekly London contemporaries took genial occasion to speak of the Irish people—it was only last Saturday—as ‘ one of the inferior races for whom we ’—bold Britons—‘ are morally bound to have all compassion and commiseration.’ Side by side with this paternal outburst of sympathy for our inferiority, the same journal condenses the list of the criminal calendar for the previous seven days, which is well worth pondering. The list comprises the murder of a woman at Dartford ; a case of murder at Norfolk (sentence of death passed) ; a trigamy at Durham ; a manslaughter at Warwick ; an attempt at murder at the same place ; a murder at Southsea ; a suicide in Dorsetshire ; a murder at Chorley ; an infanticide in Shropshire ; a stabbing case in Yorkshire ; a murder and suicide at Wakefield ; assaults by drunken boys in Cler-

The *Dublin Evening Post* was then the liberal paper of the day. During the war the latest news, old as it might be, was as eagerly sought for as the last telegram at the present time. The celebrated John Magee, of whom more hereafter, was the proprietor. In connection with this paper O'Connell used to tell an amusing anecdote :—

“One day during the war James Connor and I dined at Mr Mahony's, in Dublin, and after dinner we heard the news-vendors, as usual, calling out, ‘*The Post ! The Dublin Evening Post !* Three packets in to-night's *Post !*’ The arrival of the packets was at that time irregular, and eagerly looked for. We all were impatient for the paper, and Mahony gave a fivopenny piece to his servant, a Kerry lad, and told him to go down and buy the *Post*. The boy returned in a minute with a *Dublin Evening Post* a fortnight old. The roguish news-vendor had palmed off an old newspaper on the unsuspecting Kerry tiger. Mr Mahony stormed, Connor and I laughed, and Connor said, ‘I wonder, gossoon, how you let the fellow cheat you ? Has not your master a hundred times told you

kenwell ; ‘disgusting assaults by a Scripture reader’ in Southwark, and a host of robberies which we have not time to particularise ; a manslaughter in Smithfield ; a murder at Uxbridge ; a double murder in Hoxton ; a murder in Marylebone ; a manslaughter at Willenhall ; the discovery of three dead bodies in Kentish-town ; a murder at Leeds ; an attempted murder in Clerkenwell ; a suicide at Dover ; and, finally, an atrocious case of murder in Carmarthenshire ! In the Irish news of the same journal the week's chronicle of Irish crime cuts a poor figure by the side of its English and more enterprising relative. It sets forth with deadly precision the report of an attempted agrarian outrage in Meath, and the sending of a threatening letter to Sir Arthur Guinness, and there it ends. On the whole, we are not ashamed of the comparison, and we cheerfully acknowledge our inferiority—in crime only—to a people whose unbridled passions and murderous instincts have penned this blood-red chronicle of atrocities within the brief space of one week !”

that the dry papers are always old and good for nothing, and that new papers are always wet from the printing-office? Here's another fivepenny. Be off now, and take care to bring us in a *wet Post*.' 'Oh, never you mind the fi'penny, sir,' said the boy, 'I'll get the paper without it;' and he darted out of the room, while Mahony cried out, 'Hang that young blockhead, he'll blunder the business again.' But in less than five minutes the lad re-entered with a fresh, wet paper. We were all surprised, and asked him how he managed to get it without money. 'Oh, the aisiest way in life, your honour,' said the urchin; 'I just took the *dry old Post*, and cried it down the street a bit—*Dublin Evening Post! Dublin Evening Post!* and a fool of a gentleman meets me at the corner, and buys my ould dry paper. So I whips across to a newsman I sees over the way, and buys this fine, fresh new *Post* for your honour with the money I got for the ould one.'"

But, however O'Connell may have enjoyed bar-society and bar-jokes, there can be no question that home, as he considered Darrynane Abbey, was the place he loved best. We do not like to think how sorrowful his heart must have been when he looked at it for the last time.

Darrynane House is situated close to a little bay, which is separated from the harbour of Ballinskilligs by a rocky promontory called the Abbey Island. Here are the ruins already described, and of which we have given an illustration. Many of the O'Connell family lie here, taking their long rest after the troubled life of the good old times.

The coast is wild and grand; for the Atlantic waves dash in summer and winter in great waves on the rock-bound shore. Until the year 1839, when the new road from Cahirciveen was completed, men were employed with

ropes to drag the carriages along some four or five miles of road, which was too precipitous for any other mode of transit.

"The house is sheltered to the north and west by mountains, ranging from 1500 to 2000 feet in height. On the east, the view is bounded by a chain of high rocks, that divide the bay of Darrynane from that of Kenmare. Close to the house is a thriving plantation called the shrubbery, covering some ten or twelve acres of a most rocky and irregular tract, through the irregularities of which there are many very pretty winding walks. In the midst of this shrubbery, perched high aloft upon an ivied rock, is a small circular turret, commanding, over the tops of the young trees, a view of the ocean and of the neighbouring hills. To this turret, Mr O'Connell frequently retired to cogitate in solitude over his future political movements. He had also a favourite walk in the garden, which is picturesquely situated amongst rocks, and contains some of the finest old hollies I have ever seen.

"Darrynane House possesses tolerable accommodation, although it often proved scarcely sufficient for the numbers attracted by the hospitable habits and political celebrity of the owner. It was built at different periods, and without the slightest regard to any uniform plan of architecture; a room was added whenever there arose a demand for increased accommodation; so that the whole mass presents a curious cluster of small buildings of different dates, heights, and sizes."

We shall let Mr O'Neill Daunt describe O'Connell at home:—

"On the third or fourth morning after my arrival at Darrynane, I was summoned by Mr O'Connell to accompany the hunting party. It was not quite six o'clock—the morning was clear and bright, and gave promise of a beautiful day. We followed a winding path called 'The Meadow Walk,' which crosses and recrosses a merry

mountain brook ; we ascended the hill of Coomakista, crossed the line of the new road, and ere half an hour had elapsed, a hare was started. It was a glorious run ; the hare was in view for half a mile or more ; and as the dogs ran the scent, they kept so close together, that a sheet might have covered the pack. O'Connell, who enjoyed the hunt with infinite glee, walked and ran from rock to rock, to keep the dogs in view. The mountain air had already sharpened my appetite, and I inquired rather anxiously when we should have breakfast.

“ ‘Not until we kill two hares,’ replied O'Connell ; ‘ we must earn our breakfast.’ He then engaged in busy speculations on the course of the hare—she had doubled, and thrown out the dogs—the pack were at fault ; they had scattered, and were trying in different directions to recover the scent. Ah ! Drummer hit the scent again, and now they were all once more in full pursuit.

“ It was a glorious scene. Overhead was a cloudless sky ; around us, on every side, was the most magnificent scenery, lighted up with brilliant sunshine. There was that finest of all music, the loud, full cry of the beagles, returned by a thousand echoes ; the shouts of men and boys ringing sharp and cheerily along the hills ; and there was Daniel O'Connell himself, equalling in agility men not half his age, pouring forth an exhaustless stream of jest and anecdote, and entering with joyous zeal into the fullest spirit of the noble sport.

“ Two hares were killed within an hour and a half ; and we then sat down to breakfast in a small sheltered nook. It was a green hollow in the hill-side, about 900 feet above the level of the sea. Immediately over us projected a grey rock, which formed a sort of rude ceiling to the inner part of our mountain parlour. Breakfast in such a spot, and with such appetites, was truly a luxurious feast. A fragment of rock was our table ; some of the party sat on stones, whilst others reclined in primitive fashion on the grass. The huntsmen, in their gay red jackets, and several of the peasantry, formed an irregular line upon the outskirts. The noble dogs sat around

with an air of quiet dignity, that seemed indicative of conscious merit. Far beneath us was the Atlantic, sparkling in the morning sun ; to the right were the mountain isles of Scarriiff and the bold rocks of Skellig.

"The post-boy arrived with the letter-bag while we were at breakfast. Mr O'Connell read his letters on the mountain ; the hunt was then resumed, and with such success, that, if I mistake not, we brought home seven hares at sunset.

"On days when he did not hunt, the mode in which he usually disposed of his time at Darrynane was as follows :—After breakfast the newspapers and letters occupied, in general, from one to two hours ; he would then, if the day was fine, stroll out for a while to the beach, the garden, or to his turret in the shrubbery. Whenever I accompanied him on any of these walks, he invariably pointed out among the surrounding rocks the course of some hunt, and detailed, with a minuteness that evinced the interest he took in the subject, the various turns of the hare, and the exploits of the dogs. He would then return to the house, and spend the rest of the day till dinner in his study. One day I found him reading the 'Collegians,' which he told me was his favourite work of fiction. 'I have been reading it over again,' said he, 'with a melancholy interest. Scanlan was the real name of the man who is called Hardress Cregan in the novel. I was Scanlan's counsel at the trial, and I knocked up the principal witness against him. But all would not do ; there were proofs enough besides, that were quite sufficient to convict him.'

"He always occupied the head of his table at dinner, and, with rare exceptions, was talkative and jocular during that meal. He generally sat about an hour after it, and then returned to the study, where he remained until bed-time."

A letter which O'Connell wrote from Darrynane to Walter Savage Landor, in October 1838, shows how he loved his mountain home. He says—

"I could show you at noontide, when the stern south-wester had blown long and rudely, the mountain waves coming in from the illimitable ocean, in majestic succession, expending their gigantic force, and throwing up stupendous masses of foam, against the more gigantic and more stupendous mountain cliffs that fence not only this my native spot, but form that eternal barrier which prevents the wild Atlantic from submerging the cultivated plains and high-steeped villages of proud Britain herself. Or, were you with me amidst the Alpine scenery that surrounds my humble abode, listening to the eternal roar of the mountain torrent, as it bounds through the rocky defiles of my native glens, I would venture to tell you how I was born within the sound of the everlasting wave, and how my dreamy boyhood dwelt upon *imaginary* intercourse with those who are dead of yore, and fed its fond fancies upon the ancient and long-faded glories of that land which preserved literature and Christianity, when the rest of the now civilised Europe was shrouded in the darkness of godless ignorance. Yes; my expanding spirit delighted in these dreams, till catching from them an enthusiasm which no disappointment can embitter, nor accumulating years diminish, I formed the high resolve to leave my native land better after my death than I found her at my birth, and, if possible, to make her what she ought to be—

‘Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.’

"Perhaps, if I could show you the calm and exquisite beauty of these capacious bays and mountain promontories, softened in the pale moonlight which shines this lovely evening, till all, which during the day was grand and terrific, has become calm and serene in the silent tranquillity of the clear night, perhaps you would readily admit that the man who has been so often called a ferocious demagogue, is, in truth, a gentle lover of Nature, an enthusiast of all her beauties—

‘Fond of each gentle and each dreary scene,’

and catching, from the loveliness as well as the dreariness of the ocean, and Alpine scenes with which it is surrounded, a greater ardour to promote the good of man, in his overwhelming admiration of the mighty works of God."

O'Connell's power of apprehension was remarkable. While apparently absorbed in letters or papers of the greatest importance, he would often hear and answer some observation, which might be made in the lowest tone, and at the far end of a large room. He once gave considerable annoyance to a legal friend, who was consulting him about an act of parliament.

"The lawyer was reading aloud the disputable parts of the act, when he suddenly stopped short, exclaiming, 'O, Mr O'Connell, I see you are reading something else; I'll wait till you have done.' 'Go on! go on, man!' said O'Connell, without raising his eyes from the document with which he was engaged, 'I hear you quite distinctly. If you had as much to do as I have, you would long ago have been trained into the knack of devoting the *one* moment to *two* occupations.' The other obeyed, and when he had concluded his queries, O'Connell put aside the *second* subject of his thoughts, and delivered a detailed reply to all the questions of his visitor."

O'Connell's clients were not always of his own way of thinking, either in religion or politics.

"Mr Hedges Eyre, a gentleman of Orange notoriety, had invariably engaged O'Connell as his counsel. On one occasion a brother Orangeman severely censured Hedges Eyre for employing the Catholic leader. 'You've got seven counsel without him,' quoth this sage adviser, 'and why should you give your money to that Papist rascal?'

"Hedges did not make any immediate reply; but they both remained in court, watching the progress of the trial. The counsel

on the opposite side pressed a point for non-suit, and carried the judge (Johnson) along with them. O'Connell remonstrated against the non-suit, protesting against so great an injustice. The judge seemed obdurate. 'Well, *hear* me, at all events !' said O'Connell. 'No, I won't !' replied the judge ; 'I've already heard the leading counsel.' 'But *I* am conducting counsel, my lord,' rejoined O'Connell, 'and more intimately aware of the details of the case than my brethren. I entreat, therefore, you will hear me.' The judge ungraciously consented ; and in five minutes O'Connell had argued him out of the non-suit. '*Now*,' said Hedges Eyre, in triumph, to his Orange *confrère*, '*now* do you see why I give my money to that Papist rascal ?''

In 1809 O'Connell was indebted to Edmund Lees, then Secretary to the General Post-Office, for the establishment of a post-office at Cahirciveen. He gained a lawsuit for Mr Lees, who evinced his gratitude in this practical manner.

"One of O'Connell's stories was about a physician who was detained for many days at the Limerick assizes, to which he had been subpoenaed as a witness. He pressed the judge to order him his expenses. 'On what plea do you claim your expenses?' demanded the judge. 'On the plea of my heavy personal loss and inconvenience, my lord,' replied the simple applicant ; 'I have been kept away from my patients these five days, and if I am kept here much longer, *how do I know but they'll get well ?*'"

From the year 1813 to the year 1815 O'Connell was occupied, or rather overwhelmed, with occupation, by his efforts to keep the Catholic party together, and his own constantly increasing business.

The celebrated trial of John Magee took place in 1813. He was the proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post* ; and a

review of the careers of the various Irish viceroys who had preceded the Duke of Richmond, was inserted in this paper when the duke retired. The article was written by Mr Scully, the author of a well-known and most important work upon the penal laws. In early life he did not appear as a patriot; but a careful consideration of the state of the country could not fail to arouse any honest man to do his best to advocate her cause. His bookseller was imprisoned for publishing his book, and his editor was imprisoned for publishing his article. Altogether Mr Scully was not pleasant as a literary friend. The trial of the publisher arose thus:—In the year 1809, a Catholic farmer named Barry, a native of the county Wexford, was sentenced to death, and hanged, although there was complete evidence after his unjust conviction to prove his innocence. Mr Scully mentioned this fact, for it was a fact, in his *Statement of the Penal Laws*; and as Mr Hugh Fitzpatrick was the publisher, he was prosecuted.

The Attorney-General Saurin said there was internal evidence that the *Statement of the Penal Laws* was compiled by a lawyer, and that, though he was safe from punishment because he was anonymous, he ought not to be so from remorse for his conduct. Mr Scully at once rose in court, and said he would give the author's name, if he would be guaranteed an impartial trial of the facts. The Attorney-General knew the facts as well as any one, and how terribly damaging they were to the Government.

He said he "stood there to prosecute a libeller, and not to defend the Government;" a very sensible reply. So the affair ended—not, however, without another appeal from Scully, to whom Saurin observed a discreet silence.

The case went on. O'Connell examined Mr Burrows Campbell, who had been counsel for the murdered man. It was proved thereby that counsel had applied to postpone the trial; that witnesses could not be procured, the notice was so short; that Norbury, of sanguinary memory, refused the application; that counsel thereupon threw up his brief; that counsel, after the conviction of the murdered man, wrote to Lord Norbury concerning the voluntary affidavits of those persons who were to have been Barry's witnesses, in which they swore that he was in their company at a distance of forty-five miles from the place where the murder was committed; that counsel only received a verbal reply; that he applied then to the Attorney-General; that the Attorney-General took no notice whatever of the matter; that he did not believe it was because the man was a Catholic, that he was hanged being innocent; that Catholics were not so badly treated as that—to which Mr O'Connell replied, "No, they are not all hanged;" that he spoke of the circumstances to every one; and that he considered them "very shocking."

O'Connell made an admirable defence. He showed that Mr Pole and Sir Charles Saxton were the persons in office when the book was published, and that two other

persons held their situation when the information was filed. The verdict was, of course, against Mr. Fitzpatrick. O'Connell then made an application to have the verdict set aside on the ground of "misdirection" on the part of the judge who had charged the jury. In his long and eloquent address we find the following sentence—

"It was matter of Irish history, that when these State prosecutions were carrying on against a Catholic of this country, not one man of his own religion was suffered to remain upon the panel."

The trial of Magee created an immense sensation—none the less that the Attorney-General was legally dissected by O'Connell, in a fashion which it has not often fallen to the lot of an Attorney-General to bear. O'Connell, certainly, only stated facts, but he had a very clear way of putting facts. He opened his address by expressing "his inability to discover what he had to reply to." He then proceeded to reason in anticipation of a conviction, and showed the hopeless manner in which that gentleman had involved himself in stating the subjects of the indictment. He had declared that Mr Magee was indicted as the proprietor of a newspaper, or the printer of a newspaper, and as having charged the Duke of Richmond with being a murderer, yet none of these counts were found in the indictment. O'Connell then took up the precedent on which Mr Saurin acted, and showed, to the satisfaction of the audience, if not to the satisfaction of the counsel, that the

case proved precisely the reverse of that for which it was quoted.

The twice-postponed trial was commenced on the 26th of June 1813. The Attorney-General opened the case, and witnesses were called to prove publication. There was a full bar on either side, the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General being for the prosecution, with Sergeants Moore, Ball, and M'Mahon. The counsels for the defendant were O'Connell, Wallace, Hamilton, Finlay, and Philips. The matter was one of very grave importance, both for the Crown and for the people. It involved the question of the liberty of the press, and each side came to the forensic battle with the full knowledge of what was involved.

The Attorney-General imperilled his reputation, if he did not injure his cause, by using bad language, by descending to personal abuse of the man he was prosecuting. He called him a "malefactor," a "ruffian," and other names, with which we do not choose to defile these pages.

O'Connell's defence of Magee was his master effort at the bar. The concentrated yet galling scorn with which he treated both the manner and the matter of his opponent was something which could never have been forgotten by those who listened to it. The apparent compassion which he manifested when he knew that he had driven him to desperation was inimitably conveyed. He "pitied" him, he "forgave" him, he de-

clared him an object of compassion; he selected carefully each vulgar epithet, and repeated them for the consideration of the jury, while he took care to expose the low origin of the unfortunate lawyer, by expressing his wonder how he could have recollected the forms of speech which must have been familiar to him in early life, "after having mixed for thirty years in polished society." And then, having briefly alluded to his "well-pensioned but ill-read newspaper," and its imitation of Saurin's bad language, and denouncing "the style and manner of the Attorney-General's discussion," he proceeded to the matter.

O'Connell was well aware that his speech would be read in England by most of the leading politicians of the day, and he took the opportunity of giving them a condensed history of Ireland, seasoned by a pungent commentary on British misrule. It was in vain that the Chief Justice meekly said, "What, Mr O'Connell, can this have to do with the question the jury have to try?" Mr O'Connell certainly did not snub him because he was meek, but he took excellent care to continue his defence precisely as he had begun it. He declared that he was "compelled" by the Attorney-General to be political, though he had hitherto made it a "rigid rule of his professional conduct" not to mingle politics with his forensic duties.

This was true, but we suspect, if an equally good opportunity had offered, that the "rigid rule" would have been relaxed. It was true, also, that the unfortunate Attorney-

General had given him an opportunity, which that individual must have deeply regretted to the end of his life.

The Attorney-General said that Catholics were seditious, treasonable, and revolutionary; it was an old story that, but the same charge, though still older in the present day, answers political purposes too well to be abandoned easily. O'Connell said that the Catholics only asked to participate in the advantages of the constitution.

"Strange inconsistent voice of calumny," he exclaimed. "You charge us with intemperance in our exertions for a participation in the constitution, and you charge us, at the same time, almost in the same sentence, with a design to overturn that constitution. The dupes of your hypocrisy may believe you; but, base calumniators, you do not, you cannot believe yourselves!"

The Attorney-General had boasted of his triumph over the Pope and Popery. "I have put down," he said, "the Catholic Committee; I will put down at my good time the Catholic Board." He was unwise as well as ungentlemanly to taunt O'Connell thus: it was the low boast of that Ascendency which had kept Ireland disunited for centuries. O'Connell replied—

"This boast is partly historical, partly prophetic. He was wrong in his history—he is quite mistaken in his prophecy. He did not put down the Catholic Committee; we gave up that name the moment that it was confessedly avowed, that this sapient Attorney-General's polemico-legal controversy dwindled into a mere dispute about words. He told us that in the English language 'pretence' means 'purpose.' Had it been French, and not English, we might have been inclined to respect his judgment, but in point of English

we venture to differ with him; we told him ‘purpose,’ good Mr Attorney-General, is just the reverse of ‘pretence.’ The quarrel grew warm and animated; we appealed to common sense, to the grammar, and to the dictionary; common sense, grammar, and the dictionary decided in our favour. He brought his appeal to this Court. Your lordship and your brethren unanimously decided that, in point of law—mark, gentlemen of the jury, the sublime wisdom of law—the court decided that, in point of law, ‘*pretence*’ does mean ‘*purpose*!’

“Fully contented with this very reasonable and more satisfactory decision, there still remained a matter of fact between us: the Attorney-General charged us with being representatives; we denied all representation. He had two witnesses to prove the fact for him—they swore to it one way at one trial, and directly the other way at the next. An honourable, intelligent, and enlightened jury disbelieved those witnesses at the first trial; matters were better managed at the second trial—the jury were better *arranged*; I speak delicately, gentlemen; the jury were better arranged, as the witnesses were better informed; and, accordingly, there was one verdict for us on the representative question, and one verdict against us.

“He concluded this part of his subject by exclaiming—‘Oh! the Attorney-General! the best and wisest of men!’ O’Connell’s defence of the Press was masterly; and he showed how, when it first came into existence, it was stifled and trammelled by the Star Chamber. When do the people want protection?—when the Government is engaged in delinquencies, oppression, and crimes. It is against these that the people want the protection of the Press. Now, I put it to your plain sense, whether the Press can afford such protection, if it be punished for treating of these crimes?

“Still more, can a shadow of protection be given by a Press that is not permitted to mention the errors, the talents, and the striking features of an administration? Here is a watchman admitted by the Attorney-General to be at his post to warn the people of their

danger, and the first thing that is done to this watchman is to knock him down and bring him to a dungeon, for announcing the danger he is bound to disclose. I agree with the Attorney-General, the Press is a protection, but it is not in its silence or in its voice of flattery. It can protect only by speaking out when there is danger, or error, or want of ability.

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"The Attorney-General told us, rather ludicrously, that they, meaning the duke's predecessors, included, of course, himself. How a man could be included amongst his predecessors, it would be difficult to discover. It seems to be that mode of expression which would indicate, that the Attorney-General, notwithstanding his foreign descent, has imbibed some of the language of the native Irish. But our blunders arise, not like this, from a confusion of idea; they are generally caused by too great condensation of thought; they are, indeed, frequently of the head, but never—never of the heart. Would I could say so much for the Attorney-General; his blunder is not to be attributed to his cool and cautious head; it sprung, I much fear, from the misguided bitterness of the bigotry of his heart!

"Well, gentlemen, this sentence does, in broad and distinct terms, charge the predecessors of the duke, but not the duke himself, with insult, oppression, murder, and deceit. But it is history, gentlemen: are you prepared to silence the voice of history? Are you disposed to suppress the recital of facts—the story of the events of former days? Is the historian, and the publisher of history, to be exposed to indictment and punishment?"

A *resumé* of Irish history followed, and as O'Connell related each act of English cruelty, perfidy, and illegality, he asked, "In what ladylike language shall these things be recorded?" He showed that, up to this period, trial by jury in Ireland had been "a mockery of law and justice."

It was then insinuated that it was very far from being otherwise at that very time.

He flung scorn on those who countenanced and encouraged legal dishonesty, while they distributed Bibles, and called themselves suppressors of vice.

In the article for which Magee was indicted, the expression, "the profligate, unprincipled Westmoreland" was especially noted. On this O'Connell related some of the shameless and almost nameless crimes of this wretched man, and observed :—

"What if these scenes were enacted in the open day—would you call that profligacy, sweet distributors of Bibles? The women of Ireland have always been beauteous to a proverb; they were, without an exception, chaste beyond the terseness of a proverb to express; they are still as chaste as in former days; but the depraved example of a depraved court has furnished some exceptions, and the action of criminal conversation, before the time of Westmoreland unknown, has since become more familiar to our courts of justice.

"Call you the sad example which produced those exceptions—call you *that* profligacy, suppressors of vice and Bible distributors? The vices of the poor are within the reach of control; to suppress them, you can call in aid the churchwarden and the constable; the justice of the peace will readily aid you, for he is a gentleman; the Court of Sessions will punish those vices for you by fine, by imprisonment, and, if you are urgent, by whipping. But, suppressors of vice, who shall aid you to suppress the vices of the great? Are you sincere, or are you, to use your own phraseology, whitewashed tombs, painted charnel-houses? Be ye hypocrites? If you are not—if you be sincere—(and, oh! how I wish that you were)—if you be sincere, I will steadily require to know of you, what aid you expect to suppress the vices of the rich and great? Who will assist you to suppress those vices? The churchwarden!—why, he, I believe,

handed *them* into the best pew in one of your cathedrals, that they might lovingly hear divine service together. The constable!—absurd. The justice of the peace!—no, upon his honour. As to the Court of Sessions, you cannot expect it to interfere; and, my lords, the judges are really so busy at the assizes, in hurrying the grand juries through the presentments, that there is no leisure to look after the scandalous faults of the great. Who, then, sincere and candid suppressors of vice, can aid you?—*The Press*; the Press alone talks of the profligacy of the great; and, at least, shames into decency those whom it may fail to correct. The Press is your assistant, but your only one. Go, then, men of conscience, men of religion—go, then, and convict John Magee, because he published that Westmoreland was profligate and unprincipled as a lord-lieutenant—do convict, and then return to your distribution of Bibles and to your attacks upon the recreations of the poor, under the name of vices!

“Do convict the only aid which virtue has, and distribute your Bibles, that you may have the name of being religious; upon your sincerity depends my client’s prospect of a verdict. *Does* he lean upon a broken reed?”

Camden had been called “the cold-hearted and cruel Camden.” O’Connell pleaded justification of the libel, and re-asserted it.

“I pass on from the sanctified portion of the jury which I have latterly addressed, and I call the attention of you all to the next member of the sentence—

“The cold-hearted and cruel Camden.”

“Here I have your prejudices all armed against me. In the administration of Camden, your faction was cherished and triumphant. Will you prevent him from being called cold and cruel? Alas! to-day, why have I not men to address who would listen to me for the sake of impartial justice? But even with *you* the case is too powerful to allow me to despair.

"Well, *I do say*, the cold and cruel Camden. Why, on *one circuit*, during his administration, there were ONE HUNDRED INDIVIDUALS TRIED BEFORE ONE JUDGE; OF THESE NINETY-EIGHT WERE CAPITALLY CONVICTED, AND NINETY-SEVEN HANGED! I understand *one* escaped; but he was a *soldier* who murdered a *peasant*, or something of that TRIVIAL nature—NINETY-SEVEN victims in one circuit!!!

"In the meantime it was necessary, for the purposes of the Union, that the flame of rebellion should be fed. The meetings of the rebel colonels in the north were, for a length of time, regularly reported to Government; but the rebellion was not then ripe enough; and whilst the fruit was coming to maturity, under the fostering hand of the administration, the wretched dupes atoned on the gallows for allowing themselves to be deceived."

He spoke then in glowing language of the soldierly Abercromby and the heroic Moore, men whom England delighted to honour, whose names will ever be enshrined in history as amongst the bravest and best of her soldiers; and he showed how they had characterised the administration of Camden, and the fashion in which Ireland was governed during the Rebellion.

But perhaps what told most on the Attorney-General's case, after the allusions to his own origin, was the allusion to his own politics. In Ireland at least, men should be cautious in early life; for when some unhappy judge or Queen's Counsel comes forward to denounce in scathing and vengeful language the delinquencies of his victims, it will perhaps be found that they have only followed in his footsteps at a humble distance; and for one unwise expression on their part, half a dozen

criminal suggestions may be on record against the judge or the counsel.

“In humble and obscure distance I followed the footsteps of my present adversaries. What their sentiments were then of the authors of the Union, I beg to read to you ; I will read them from a newspaper set up for the mere purpose of opposing the Union, and conducted under the control of these gentlemen. If their editor should be gravely denied, I shall only reply—‘ Oh ! cease your funning.’¹

“The charge of being a Jacobin was at that time made against the present Attorney-General—him, plain William Saurin—in the very terms, and with just as much truth as he now applies it to my clients. His reply shall serve for that of Mr Magee. I take it from the *Anti-Union* of 22d March 1800.

“‘To the charge of Jacobin, Mr Saurin said he knew not what it meant, as applied to him, *except it was an opposition to the will of the British minister.*’

“So says Mr Magee ; but, gentlemen, my eye lights upon another passage of Mr Saurin’s, in the same speech from which I have quoted the above. It was in these words :—

“‘Mr Saurin admitted that debates might sometimes produce *agitations*, but that was the PRICE necessarily paid for liberty.’

“Oh, how I thank this good Jew for the word. Yes, agitation is, as Mr Saurin well remarked, the price necessarily paid for liberty. We have paid the price, gentlemen, and the honest man refuses to give us the goods.

“Now, gentlemen, of this Mr Saurin, then an agitator, I beg leave to read the opinion upon this Union, the author of which we have only called artful and treacherous. From his speech of the 13th March 1800, I select those passages :—

“‘Mr Saurin said he felt it his duty to the crown, to the country, and to his family, to warn the minister of the dreadful consequences

¹ A pamphlet under this title was published by the Solicitor-General ; it was full of wit and talent.

of persevering in a measure which the people of Ireland *almost unanimously disliked.*'

"And again :—

" 'He, for one, would assert the principles of the glorious revolution, and boldly declare, in the face of the nation, that when the sovereign power dissolved the compact that existed between the Government and the people, that moment the right of resistance accrues.

" 'Whether it would be prudent in the people to avail themselves of that right, would be another question. But if a legislative union were forced on the country, against the will of its inhabitants, it would be a *nullity*, and resistance to it would be a *struggle* against *usurpation*, and not a *resistance* against law.'

"May I be permitted just to observe, how much more violent this agitator of the year 1800, than we poor and timid agitators of the year 1813. When did we talk of resistance being a question of prudence? Shame upon the men who call us intemperate, and yet remember their own violence.

But, gentlemen, is the Attorney-General at liberty to change the nature of things with his own official and professional prospects? I am ready to admit that he receives thousands of pounds by the year of the public moneys, in his office of Attorney-General—thousands from the Crown-Solicitor—thousands, for doing little work, from the Custom house; but does all this public booty with which he is loaded alter the nature of things, or prevent that from being a deceitful measure, brought about by artful and treacherous means, against which Mr Saurin, in 1800, preached the holy doctrine of insurrection, sounded the tocsin of resistance, and summoned the people of the land to battle against it, as against *usurpation*?

"In 1800, he absolves the subjects from their allegiance, if the usurpation, styled the Union, will be carried; and he, this identical agitator, in 1813 indicts a man, and calls him a ruffian, for speaking of the contrivers of the Union, not as usurpers, but as artful, treacherous men. Gentlemen, pity the situation in which he has

placed himself, and pray, do not think of inflicting punishment upon my client for his extreme moderation."

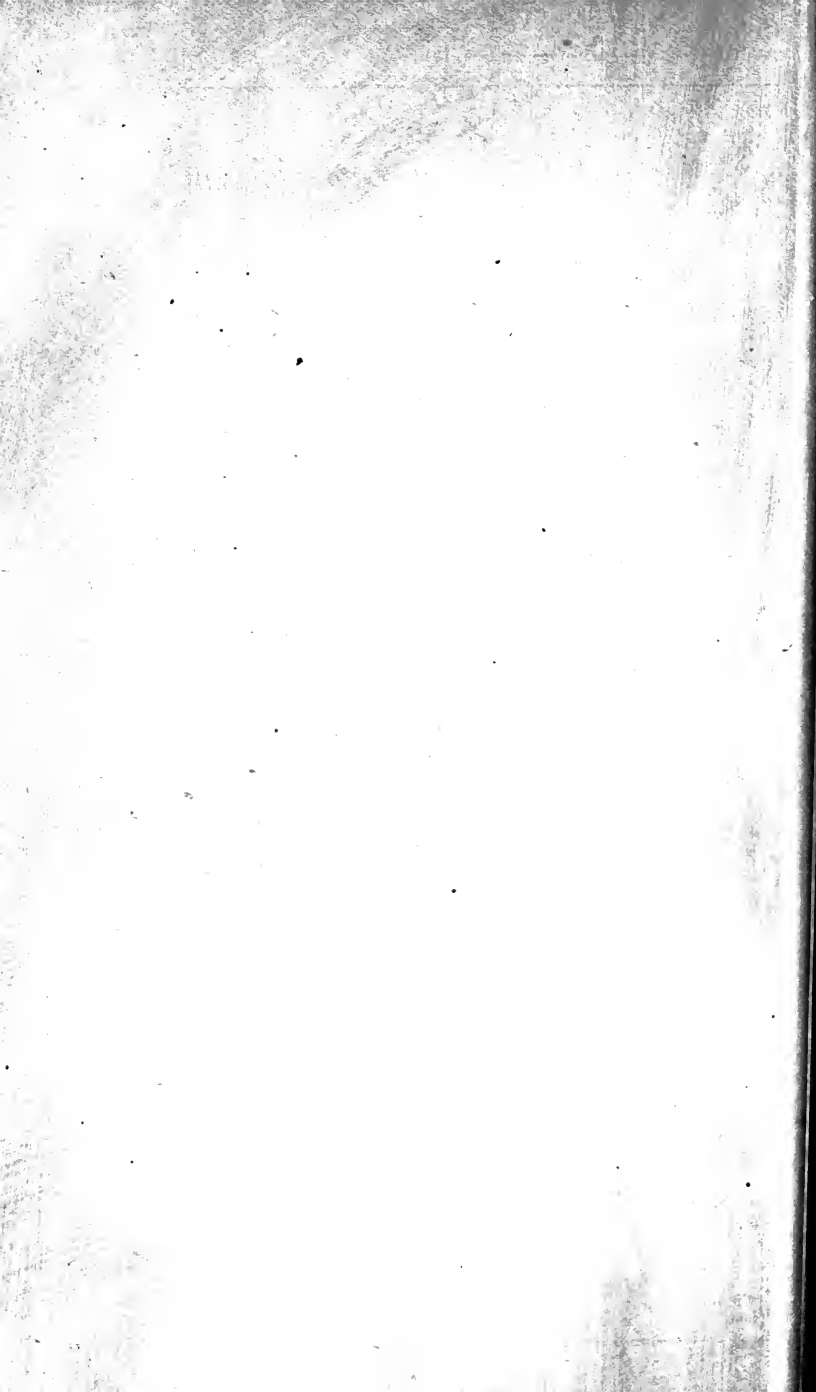
At the conclusion of this wonderful speech, O'Connell *proved* that the Attorney-General had been asked to prosecute a paper which had contained gross libels upon Catholics, and that he had refused. O'Connell concluded thus:—

"There are amongst you men of great religious zeal, of much public piety. Are you sincere? Do you believe what you profess? With all this zeal, with all this piety, is there any conscience amongst you? Is there any terror of violating your oaths? Be ye hypocrites, or does genuine religion inspire ye? If you be sincere, if you have conscience, if your oaths can control your interests, then Mr Magee confidently expects an acquittal.

"If amongst you there be cherished one ray of pure religion, if amongst you there glow a single spark of liberty, if I have alarmed religion, or roused the spirit of freedom in one breast amongst you, Mr Magee is safe, and his country is served; but if there be none—if you be slaves and hypocrites, he will await your verdict, and despise it."

The verdict of course was for the Crown.





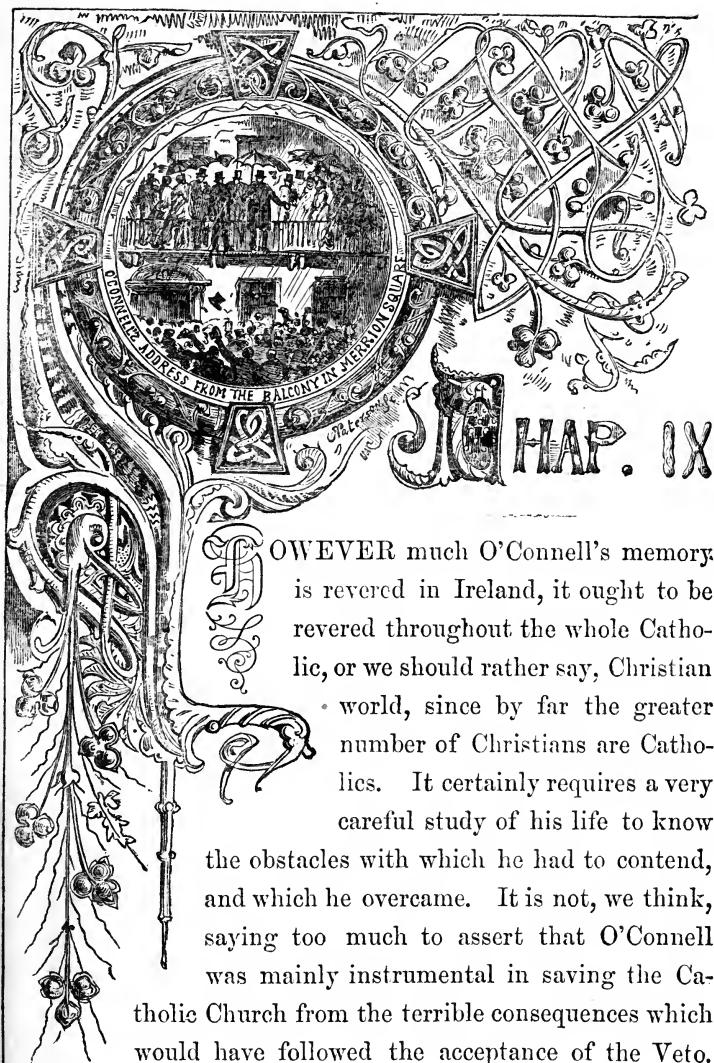
Chapter Ninth.

COURAGE AND PATRIOTISM.

1813-1819.

**THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS—THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND DR MILNER—CASTLE
BROWNE AND THE JESUITS—PEEL AND DR KENNY—PUBLIC HONOURS—
DUELLING AND DUELLISTS—THE IRISH CATHOLIC ARISTOCRACY—D'ESTERRE,
HIS CHALLENGE AND FATAL DUEL—AGRARIAN OUTRAGES—REV. JOHN HAMIL-
TON, HIS PLOTS AND TOOLS—AFFAIR OF HONOUR WITH PEEL—PEEL'S
GIFT TO IRELAND.**





HOWEVER much O'Connell's memory is revered in Ireland, it ought to be revered throughout the whole Catholic, or we should rather say, Christian world, since by far the greater number of Christians are Catholics. It certainly requires a very careful study of his life to know the obstacles with which he had to contend, and which he overcame. It is not, we think, saying too much to assert that O'Connell was mainly instrumental in saving the Catholic Church from the terrible consequences which would have followed the acceptance of the Veto.

It required an intelligence and a mind like his to grasp the bearings of the whole case, and to sacrifice the present apparent good in order to avert the future corresponding evil.

We have already said something of the political opinions of English Catholics. They made then, we much fear that some few make still, the fatal mistake of dissociating themselves from their Irish brethren. We have seen how some of them were even willing to forego the name of Catholic, and their self-respect along with it, for the miserable imaginary advantage of a higher social respectability. It is a matter of history, that the great majority—that, in fact, an overwhelming majority—of English Catholics apostatised from their religion to preserve their worldly goods. A noble few remained faithful, but the leaven of worldliness was at work even amongst these few, and they readily listened to any specious plea which would tend to lessen that isolation from their Protestant fellow-countrymen which they felt to be, and which was, a social bar sinister. They seemed to have forgotten that the religion to which they belonged did not promise them either temporal prosperity or worldly honour, and that it might demand the sacrifice of both.

There were, even then, men in England who had renounced their religion, because they had clear views of what it demanded. They were men who had quietly counted the cost. They knew very well what their religion required, but they had made up their minds not to submit to its requirements. They were, if I may say so, honest apostates. There was

yet another class who also knew what their religion required, but who were always trying to make the requirements of their religion square in with the requirements of the world. They might as well have tried to square the circle. They failed miserably. They lost their own self-respect, and they lost the respect of others. They gained nothing in this world; as for the next, there are some words on record, uttered by Eternal Truth, about the folly of being ashamed of Him here, and the certainty of eternal shame for those who yield to this temptation.

O'Connell hated humbug. He believed in an honest Protestant, he respected an honest Catholic, but he could not endure one who professed to believe a certain creed, and was nevertheless ashamed of it.

O'Connell was not singular in his opinions.

The *Evening Post* of the 10th June 1813, contains the following:—

“Extract of a private letter received at our office this morning, dated—

“‘LONDON, Monday, June 7.

“‘Two English Catholics of rank waited upon his grace the Duke of Norfolk, on Saturday last, to inform him of the valorous exploit of their board, at its meeting of the 29th ultimo, in expelling the venerable Milner from their room, *with shouts of indignity and wrath.*

“‘The duke, who was bred a Catholic, retains his ancient habits of intimacy with the bishop, and although he renounced Popery for political pursuits, yet he has *not*, like vulgar renegades, withdrawn his support from the Catholic cause. His two noble visitors having detailed to him their *honourable* triumph of the 29th May—“Aye,

you have done well," observed his grace, with the keenest irony, "I applaud you for this; it is just what I ought to wish. You are following my example. You will soon become good Protestants. *I have been only thirty-five years beforehand with you.* But, after all, *let me tell you, that Doctor Milner is only defending the true old Catholic religion.*"

"The visitors felt the sting, took their leave, and returned to Stanhope Street."

We have not space, and we candidly admit that we have not inclination, to enter into a detail of the pitiful squabbles connected with this subject. The Irish episcopacy and the Irish people were firm, as they have ever been, in the cause of truth and justice, and the cause of truth and justice triumphed.²

In 1813, Castle Browne, in the county Kildare, was

² When Quarantotti's rescript arrived in Ireland in 1814, Dr Lanigan, the eminent Irish ecclesiastical historian, opposed it most vigorously. He showed that to decide such a point would have required the deliberation of the whole congregation of Propaganda, and even of an Ecumenical Council. In a letter which he wrote to the *Dublin Evening Post*, he said, "The document is not from his Holiness Pius VII. . . nor is there a word to indicate any sort of consent or approbation from the Sovereign Pontiff or any one of his cardinals. Quarantotti refers to no authority but his own."

In an admirable little work, "Notices of the Life and Character of the Most Rev. Dr Murray," by the Rev. William Meagher, now Monseigneur Meagher—Dublin, 1853—the whole subject is fully and ably treated. This work would be well worth republishing for many reasons. On Good Friday 1816, Dr Murray delivered a most powerful sermon against the Veto. "He implored the misguided advocates of vetoism not to impose new and disgraceful bands on the mystical body of the Redeemer."

purchased by the Jesuits. This proceeding, of course, excited the wrath of the Orange party. The Jesuits have had the singular honour of being noted and persecuted more than the other religious orders in the Church. The very name is made a by-word and reproach; and men who ought to know better, and whose understanding we shall not insult by supposing them in the state of crass ignorance which their words would seem to indicate, find a singular pleasure in misrepresenting the Society for any excuse or for none.

The name has done service as a watchword of bigotry, and *à bas les Jesuites* has been a party cry of intolerance for several centuries. There will probably always be a certain class of men who will find the cry too convenient to abandon it.

O'Connell at once came to the rescue. He introduced the subject at a meeting of the Catholic Board on the 24th December 1813.

"Under date of the 18th of last November, a newspaper in the pay of the Castle has the following tirade, upon the occasion of the seat called Castle Browne in Kildare, having been, as it asserts, purchased by Jesuits:—'Ireland stands in imminent danger. If Popery succeeds, her fairest plains will once more witness days worthy of Bloody Mary; and the walls of Derry shall again become the lamentable bulwarks against Popish treachery and massacre!' Well, this from men who hate the expression of any kind of bigotry—who are in a rage at Dr Dromgoole for using the word 'novelty' in a disrespectful sense! It is, one would think, rather uncivil. 'Papist treachery and massacre' are perhaps nearly as bad as 'Pro-

testant novelty.' But this is a mere jest compared with a paragraph which I found in a Government paper of the 2d of this present December. Hear it with patience:—'The letter of Crammer (alluding to a letter inserted in that paper) shows the times respectively when each of the fundamental tenets of Popery was invented—viz., the power of the Pope to dispense with oaths, and depose sovereign princes by absolving subjects from their oaths of allegiance, the nullity of oaths to heretics, their extirpation as a religious duty!'

"Recollect that it is not a mere isolated individual; it is a man patronised and salaried by the administration—a man paid with our money—that has the effrontery to traduce us thus; to attribute to us, as fundamental tenets, doctrines of perjury, murder, and treason—doctrines which, if they were those of the Church of Rome, I would not belong to her communion for an hour—doctrines which shock humanity, and would make religion the most cruel and the most absurd mockery!

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"Where is now that fever of zeal and fever of liberality that induced the public press to strain all its energies on the attack of Dr Dromgoole? Whom did his published speech accuse of perjury, of murder, and treason? What! shall it be said that, like the eels in the story, we Catholics are so accustomed to be skinned alive that we do not feel it, but that the sensibility of every other sect deserves the highest protection—that of the Catholic people none? Are, then, the Catholics, in the opinion of their friends, in such a state of moral degradation, that it is quite unimportant how they are treated? Alas! I much fear there are too many who think so; and, miserable slaves that we are, our own dissensions encourage and justify the opinion.

But that opinion has a higher source still. The law—the barbarous and calumniating spirit of legislation—has consecrated the contempt in which we are held. No Protestant can hold office in Ireland without being obliged to swear:—

"That the invocation of the saints, and the sacrifice of the mass,

as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous !'

"Take notice, it is not any abstract notion that may be formed of these practices, but the practices themselves, '*as they are actually used*,' are idolatrous.

"Thus our Protestant relatives, kinsmen, friends, are to swear solemnly, to attest to the ETERNAL BEING, that we are IDOLATERS ! Hence, then, with the partial and corrupt irritability that seeks for causes of censure in the language of an unavowed individual Catholic, and forgets the paid, the salaried, the authorised, alas ! the sworn calumnies, the bigotry of our adversaries."

O'Connell's strongest arguments were simply wasted on men blinded by intolerance.³

Peel was then secretary for Ireland. He sent for Dr Kenny, the president of the college, to interrogate him. Dr Kenny was perfectly aware that Peel had no authority whatever for this proceeding, but he went. He proved more than a match for the English statesman, and at the close of the interview, he said to Mr Peel, "I understand that you have a son?" Mr Peel said he had. Dr

³ When the Duke of Leinster was examined before Parliament about his neighbours the Jesuits, he spoke of them most fairly, and said, not without some surprise, that he had found them able to bring up boys well. He said their answers were "wonderful." So far he was sufficiently above prejudice to be able to comprehend to a certain extent, and to witness fairly to a state of life which he had hitherto believed to be very different. But an amusing instance of Protestant ignorance followed :—

"Is it not professedly an establishment for Jesuits?" he was asked.

"Yes, they are Jesuits," answered the duke, "for I met them in Italy."

We have ourselves known many educated people who imagined any priest of ordinary intelligence must be a Jesuit.

Kenny replied, "I can assure you with the veracity of one whose duty it is to be truthful, that if you send him to our college, we shall make him a sound scholar." Peel laughed heartily, but declined the favour. In the course of this important interview, Peel had more than suggested that the property of the Jesuits could and would be confiscated :—

" 'Mr Peel,' replied Dr Kenny, with great calmness and good-humour, 'it may be so: your Government *may* attempt, and have the power to effect such a violation of the rights of property, but in doing so they will also violate the maxim of Lord Chatham, whose statesmanship you profess to hold in reverence. As you may not recollect the circumstance at this moment, suffer me to recall it to you. It having been suggested to him to lay hold of the moneys lying in the English funds, in the names of natives of France, with whom war was then waging: "No, no," said he; "if *the devil* had money in the English funds, it should be held safe for him!"' "

Either Mr Peel thought that the Jesuits had as much right to fair play as the devil, or, what is more probable, he did not consider it expedient to interfere with them, for they were left in peace. Wisdom is not hereditary, but undoubtedly prejudice is, and were not the subject of such grave importance, it would be amusing to find the son following in the footsteps of the father at the present day.⁴

⁴ We refer to the following report of some observations made by the present baronet, as given in the *Standard* of July 24, 1872—

"Sir R. PEEL—I wish to ask the Prime Minister a question springing out of that which has just been answered by the noble lord. It will be

With amusing servility to English opinion the *New York Times* followed suit, and on the 30th of July declared that—

in the recollection of the house, that during the course of the present session many questions have been asked respecting the influx of Communists into this country, and we understand that the Government have instructed Lord Lyons to use his best exertions to prevent this influx. No doubt the Communists are a very criminal class, but in many cases they are misguided, and the victims of circumstances. The question I have to put refers to an equally dangerous and obnoxious class. I refer to the order of the Jesuits. My question has reference to recent acts of spiritual power exercised in Ireland.”

We hope the right hon. member for Tamworth will not be obliged to put his partiality for the Communists to a practical test. We should like to know very much the “circumstances” to which they have been victims. In default of all evidence we must believe that the Jesuits who have been expelled from Germany, without one single accusation being proved against them, the real victims. The allusion to the Galway trial is curious. Even Judge Keogh himself would be puzzled to make out any “Jesuit influence” in that affair. The next thing, we suppose, will be to indict the order for it. It is strange how an English gentleman of ordinary education could be so hopelessly ignorant of cotemporary history.

We find in the same number of the *Standard* the following civil remarks about eminent Catholics :—

“The Pope tells us that now he has nothing to look to but the divine assistance. Prayer is the instrument which he depends on his followers to employ. How delightful a prospect this seems to promise for sober, order-loving citizens ; if the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, the Von Krements and Von Kettelers, the Cullens and M’Hales, could only devote themselves to prayer, we should be rid of the scandal of a number of men, clothed with the highest functions of religion, only opening their mouths to calumniate their neighbours, and picture their eternal damnation. Let them retire into their closets, and we should escape the pernicious influence which these men, by their influence over the ignorant masses, add to the other elements of disorganisation which now abound in the world.”

"The Jesuits and the International Society may now rank as the two bugbears of the Courts of Europe."

There were Whalleys and Newdegates in the House in those days, and there probably will be until the advent of Macaulay's New Zealander. Mr Peel tried to calm their perturbed spirits by giving them some information concerning his interview with Dr Kenny; but he was neither sufficiently honourable nor sufficiently large-minded to give full details.

O'Connell's popularity was now rapidly approaching its highest point. At a meeting in Louth, 7th August 1813, a vote of thanks was proposed to him, James Kieran, Esq., being in the chair; at Kilkenny the same compliment was paid to him, Captain Byran in the chair; at Tralee, Dominick Rice, Esq., presided; at Wexford, Harry Lambert, Esq.; at Galway, Lord Ffrench; at Cork, John Galway, Esq. At the latter place O'Connell was chaired home after a public meeting, and addressed the people "from the windows of Laffin's, the hatter."

On the 14th January 1815, the manufacturers of the Liberty of Dublin presented him with a silver cup, richly carved.

Faction has been the curse of Ireland, and it might be expected that O'Connell's popularity would procure him many enemies. The class of men who now try to hunt down a Catholic justice of the peace, or *custos rotulorum*, by swearing informations, if he gives them even the ex-

cuse of an indiscretion of language or action, were then ready and eager to shoot him down. It need not be said that duelling was the order of the day, and it was too often made an excuse for getting rid of a political opponent. Even in elections, an attorney was selected quite as often with a view to his skill with pistols as to his skill with his tongue.⁵

⁵ At an election for the county Wexford in 1810, when Messrs Alcock and Colclough were rival candidates, some tenants of a friend of Alcock declared their intention of voting for Colclough. "Receive their votes at your peril!" exclaimed Alcock. Colclough replied that he had not asked their votes, and that he certainly would not be bullied into rejecting them. Alcock thereupon challenged Colclough to fight; they met on the next day; the crowd who assembled on the ground included many magistrates; Colclough was shot through the heart—and Alcock, having thus got rid of his opponent, was duly returned for the county. He was tried at the next assizes for the murder of Colclough. Baron Smith publicly protested against finding him guilty, and the jury unanimously acquitted him.

"King Bagenal" was one of the most noted duellists of the day. He earned his *sobriquet* of king, from the extent of property which he possessed, and over which he ruled in most despotic fashion.

It is said that Bagenal accepted a challenge in his seventy-ninth year, only stipulating that he should fight sitting in his arm-chair; and that, as his infirmities prevented early rising, the meeting should take place in the afternoon. "Time was," said the old man with a sigh, "that I would have risen before daybreak to fight at sunrise—but we cannot do these things at seventy-eight. Well, Heaven's will be done!"

They fought at twelve paces. Bagenal wounded his antagonist severely; the arm of the chair in which he sat was shattered, but he escaped unhurt; and he ended the day with a glorious carouse, tapping the claret, we may presume as usual, by firing a pistol at the cask.

The traditions of Dunleckny allege that when Bagenal, in the course

O'Connell's duel with D'Esterre was one of the most noted incidents in his eventful life; but it was the fact of O'Connell's having fought the duel, and the consequences that ensued, which has made the event so famous, rather than any circumstances connected with its origin.

The Catholic Board had been suppressed, and those members of the aristocracy who had sanctioned or supported it hitherto, were at least very willing to withdraw from a position which promised them no immediate advantage, and which compromised them in the opinions of the Protestant nobility. Their conduct was natural, if it was not national. They could not be expected to under-

of his tour through Europe, visited the petty court of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, the Grand Duke, charmed with his magnificence and the reputation of his wealth, made him an offer of the hand of the fair Charlotte, who, being politely rejected by King Bagenal, was afterwards accepted by King George III.

For all lovers of good horses, good dogs, and good wines, Dunleckny was a terrestrial paradise. His stud was magnificent, and he had a large number of capital hunters at the service of visitors who were not provided with steeds of their own. He derived great delight from encouraging the young men who frequented his house to drink, hunt, and solve points of honour at twelve paces.* Enthroned at Dunleckny, he gathered around him a host of spirits congenial to his own. He had a tender affection for pistols; a brace of *saw-handles* were often laid before him on the dinner-table. After dinner, the claret was produced in an unbroached cask. Bagenal's practice was to tap the cask with a bullet from one of his own pistols, whilst he kept the other *in terrorem* for any of the convives who should fail in doing ample justice to the wine.

* "Ireland and her Agitators," p. 6.

stand sufferings which they did not feel, nor to resent slights that were not offered to them. Their religion, indeed, taught them the duty of a deep, personal interest in the poor, and in all human suffering; but there are not many who carry out practically to the fullest extent what they know in theory. They were, perhaps, unduly blamed by the leading agitators of the time; at least, there was scarcely sufficient allowance made for their position.

Agitation, unless it is successful, is seldom considered respectable. Those men who had found their way to court, and who were now received on friendly terms by their equals in rank, did not care to have the contempt of failure thrown on them, or to mix themselves up with what was considered discreditable by those whose opinions they valued most. It was enough for them to bear the brand of a religion which they would not forsake, though they were fain to keep it out of sight. If to this stigma they added that of political discontent, and, above all, of any sympathy with their Irish fellow-subjects, if they were agitators, or their Catholic co-religionists if they were English, it would be an additional stigma which they did not feel disposed to bear. There are few things which men feel more than social discredit. Men who would die martyrs at the stake for their religion, if they were compelled to choose between apostacy and God, would be guilty of pitiful moral cowardice when some sneer or taunt was flung at them for it, or at those who were more faith-

ful to it than themselves, and who belong to a race which the great ones of the world hold in undisguised contempt.

In consequence of these difficulties O'Connell held a meeting in Capel Street in January 1815. The proceedings were conducted without any formality, the gentlemen merely entering their names in a book which was opened for the purpose. At another meeting held during the same month, and at the same place, O'Connell used these words :—

“I am convinced that the Catholic cause has suffered by neglect of discussion. Had the petition been last year the subject of debate, we should not now see the beggarly Corporation of Dublin anticipating our efforts by a petition of an opposite tendency. The Duke of Sussex in the Lords, and Mr Whitbred in the Commons, appear to me persons worthy to be entrusted with our petition.”

Mr D'Esterre belonged to the Guild of Merchants. He had been at sea in his early life, and did not bear a very high character. During the mutiny of the Nore, he was tried by the sailors, and sentenced to be hanged. At the last moment they offered him his life if he would join them. The rope was then round his neck. With coarse courage he exclaimed, “Hang away, and be d——d.” They spared him, nevertheless ; he little thought, for what other death.

The words used by O'Connell were scarcely sufficient even in those days for an affair of honour ; very much stronger language was used with impunity by public men to each other, and condoned by public opinion, but Mr D'Es-

terre had "method in his madness." He hoped for place and pension, and he was sure of his reward, if he obliged the Government by getting rid of their most formidable opponent; probably, too, his petty vanity was gratified at the prospect of publicity, and as he was a first-rate shot, he had little apprehension as to the result. O'Connell was not a duellist; he was eminently a man of peace. It has been the fashion with English writers to talk of him as a swaggering bravado—his conduct proved him precisely the reverse. He was then pre-eminently the peacemaker of the Catholic party in their early struggles, as he was pre-eminently the peacemaker in Ireland's most trying days. We are not about to justify O'Connell for fighting a duel, but if ever a duel could be justifiable, it was so in the circumstances in which he was placed.

D'Esterre did his pitiful best to make O'Connell the aggressor. He paraded Dublin day after day with a horse-whip in his hand, and coarse language in his tongue; but O'Connell was too prudent to be caught by the wily Orangeman. Every gentleman was asking his friend significantly had "they" met yet? The streets were thronged; business was almost suspended; the yelping cur was snapping at the heels of the lordly lion, but the lion kept his distance.

The civic authorities were gratified, though they dared not openly applaud just yet. D'Esterre's friends hired the window of a house in Grafton Street, the fashionable and

in some degree also the business resort of the day. They hoped to see D'Esterre horse-whip O'Connell; it does not seem to have occurred to them that there would be two actors in the performance — that, before the miserable aggressor could have lifted his whip, he would probably have found himself flung into the highway with one little effort of O'Connell's powerful arm.

As D'Esterre could not provoke an assault, he was obliged to send a challenge. On the 26th February 1815, he addressed O'Connell thus :—

“11 BACHELORS' WALK, 26th January 1815.

“SIR,—Carrick's paper of the 23d instant (in its report of the debates of a meeting of Catholic gentlemen, on the subject of a petition) states, that you have applied the appellation of *beggarly* to the corporation of this city, *calling it a beggarly corporation*—and therefore, as a member of that body, and feeling how painful such is, I beg leave to inquire whether you really used or expressed yourself in any such language? I feel the more justified in calling on you on this occasion, as such language was not warranted or provoked by anything on the part of the corporation; neither was it consistent with the subject of your debate, or the deportment of the other Catholic gentlemen who were present; and though I view it so inconsistent in every respect, I am in hopes the editor is under error, and not you. I have further to request your reply in the course of the evening, and remain, sir, your obedient servant,

“J. N. D'ESTERRE.

“To Counsellor O'Connell, Merrion Square.”

Mr O'Connell's answer was as follows :—

“MERRION SQUARE, 27th January 1815.

“SIR,—In reply to your letter of yesterday, and without either admitting or disclaiming the expression respecting the Corporation of

Dublin in the print to which you allude, I deem it right to inform you that, from the calumnious manner in which the religion and character of the Catholics of Ireland are treated in that body, no terms attributed to me, however reproachful, can exceed the contemptuous feelings I entertain for that body in its corporate capacity; although doubtless it contains many valuable persons, whose conduct as individuals (I lament) must necessarily be confounded in the acts of a general body. I have only to add that *this letter must close our correspondence on this subject.*—I am, &c., &c.,

DANIEL O'CONNELL."

"To J. N. D'Esterre, Esq., 11 Bachelors' Walk."

For some reason, by no means apparent, D'Esterre wished to continue the correspondence. He sent another letter to O'Connell, but though the handwriting was disguised, the author was suspected, and it was returned unread by Mr James O'Connell.

"On Sunday, Mr D'Esterre sent a note to Mr James O'Connell, containing 'disrespectful observations' on himself and his brother, and he sent his friend Captain O'Mullane to Mr D'Esterre to say, that after he adjusted his affair with his brother, he would bring him to account for his conduct to himself peculiarly.

"Captain O'Mullane at the same time intimated, that Counsellor O'Connell was astonished at his not hearing in what he conceived *the proper way* from Mr D'Esterre.

"Nothing further happened on Sunday, and on Monday morning, Mr Lidwell, who remained here several days to be the friend of Mr O'Connell, though some members of his family were seriously indisposed, left town for home, despairing of any issue being put to the controversy.

"Monday passed on, and on Tuesday considerable sensation was created by a rumour, that Mr D'Esterre was advised to go to the Four Courts, to offer Mr O'Connell personal violence. Neither of the parties came in contact, but it seems that Mr D'Esterre was met

on one of the quays by Mr Richard O'Gorman, who remonstrated with him by stating, that he conceived he was pursuing a very unusual sort of conduct. 'You conceive,' said he, 'that you received an offence from Mr O'Connell; if so, your course is to demand satisfaction. This, I understand, you have not as yet done, but if you are now resolved to do it, I undertake, on forfeiture of having a riddle made of my body, to have Mr O'Connell on his ground in half an hour.' This occurred about three o'clock, but no challenge followed." ⁶

The excitement increased every moment. O'Connell paraded the streets at four o'clock with a few friends, but such crowds surrounded him that he was obliged to retire into a private house.

Judge Day now came to place him under arrest; at the same time, he said, he would be satisfied if Mr O'Connell would pledge his honour to proceed no further in the business, which, considering that O'Connell was not the aggressor, was extremely considerate.

O'Connell said what was true, that he was not the aggressor, and did not intend to be the aggressor. One of O'Connell's friends who was present, the famous Barney Coile, said—

"That it was very insulting that a ruffian should be allowed to parade the streets of Dublin during two days, in order to assault a worthy man who is the father of six children—and this without any hindrance or interruption from the magistrates."

"I hope, sir, you are satisfied," said Judge Day, "that the laws are competent to reach all such offenders."

⁶ *Dublin Evening Post*. Full reports of each day's proceedings was given in this paper.

“‘By my soul,’ replied Barney Coile, ‘I am very well satisfied the laws can reach *us* if we transgress ; but during the two days he has been seeking to effect a breach of the peace, the laws have not reached *that fellow*.’”

At nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, Sir E. Stanley waited on O'Connell at his house in Merrion Square, and a hostile meeting was arranged,—O'Connell having secured the services of Major MacNamara. The place selected was Lord Ponsonby's demesne, about thirteen miles from Dublin, the time three o'clock in the afternoon.

O'Connell was on the spot punctually, attended by his brother James, and some other friends. He was as cool and collected as if he were about to address a jury, instead of entering on a deadly conflict. As his carriage passed over a broken-down bridge, he turned to his brother James and said, “See, James, how little care they take of the lives of his Majesty's subjects.”

D'Esterre was later on the ground, which was white with snow. The seconds took some time making arrangements, and Sir Edward Stanley was in considerable perturbation as to the result if O'Connell should fall, a consummation of which we may presume he had not the slightest doubt. Major MacNamara occupied himself giving O'Connell a number of directions. The Liberator could stand it no longer. “My dear fellow, I have one earnest request to make you,” he said, addressing his second with that impressive solemnity which no man could

better assume. The major listened for his friend's last words with evident anxiety. "Let me beg of you"—he paused—"let me beg of you," he reiterated, "not to say another word to me until the duel is over."

O'Connell's keen eye took in all around. He saw his tailor, Jerry MacCarthy on the ground, and exclaimed, "Well, Jerry; I never missed you at an aggregate meeting."

The *Dublin Evening Post* of the day thus describes the last act of the tragedy:—

"The friends of both parties retired, and the combatants, having a pistol in each hand, with directions to discharge them at their discretion, prepared to fire. They levelled, and before the lapse of a second both shots were heard. Mr D'Esterre fired first, and missed. Mr O'Connell's shot followed instantaneously, and took effect in the groin of his antagonist, about an inch below the hip. Mr D'Esterre, of course, fell, and both the surgeons hastened to him. They found that the ball had traversed the hip, passed through the bladder, and possibly touched the spine. It could not be found. There was an immense effusion of blood. All parties prepared to move towards home, and arrived in town before eight o'clock. We were extremely glad to perceive that Major MacNamara and many respectable gentlemen assisted in procuring the best accommodation for the wounded man. They sympathised in his sufferings, and expressed themselves to Sir Edward Stanley as extremely well pleased that a transaction which they considered most uncalled for, had not terminated in the death of D'Esterre. We need not describe the emotions which burst forth along the road and through the town when it was ascertained that Mr O'Connell was safe."

~ A body of cavalry was despatched to the scene of con-

flict, but, either by accident or design, they arrived too late for active interference. It was generally believed at the time that they were sent for the purpose of protecting Mr D'Esterre in case he should have shot O'Connell. They met O'Connell's carriage returning, but did not recognise the occupants, and inquired if Mr O'Connell had been shot. Mr James O'Connell replied, "No; Mr D'Esterre has unfortunately fallen."

D'Esterre only lived a few days; and to his latest breath O'Connell never forgave himself for the fatality. He pensioned the widow and daughter, and on one occasion conducted a case for Mrs D'Esterre in the law courts, at serious loss and inconvenience to himself. In after life, also, it was observed that he never passed the house once occupied by that gentleman, without raising his hat, and breathing a prayer for his eternal welfare.

O'Connell was at first apprehensive of legal proceedings, but he received an early and polite assurance from Sir Edward Stanley that no such thing was contemplated. When the intelligence was brought to Archbishop Murray by Mr James O'Connell, he exclaimed, "God be praised; Ireland is safe." Yet, much as Ireland would have mourned O'Connell's death even then, how little could even the most prescient have anticipated what he would yet do for her.⁷

⁷ As the party travelled back to Dublin they were all silent until near the city, when O'Connell said, "I fear he must be dead, he fell so

In the year 1816 some agrarian outrages occurred, for which, of course, blame was laid on every one except those who were really guilty. The people, already crushed down to the lowest depths of poverty, were compelled to pay tithes, not, indeed, of what they had, but of what they had not.

The unhappy peasantry were denounced, guilty or not guilty, and, of course, "the priests" were to blame. The "No-Popery" cry was always serviceable, and it was easily echoed. A Dublin Government paper had the following paragraph, which O'Connell quoted at a public meeting :—

"I will lay before the reader such specimens of the POPISH SUPERSTITION as will convince him that the treasonable combinations cemented by oaths, and the NOCTURNAL ROBBERY AND ASSASSINATION which have prevailed for many years past in Ireland, and still exist in many parts of it, are produced as a necessary consequence by its intolerant and sanguinary principles."

It was necessary to have something like a fact, to prove the assertion, and the fact was forthcoming in due time.

The Rev. John Hamilton, an Orangeman, and a magistrate, was Protestant curate of Roscrea. The Monaghan

suddenly ; where do you think he was hit ?" The doctor replied, "In the head." "That cannot be," replied O'Connell ; "I aimed low ; it must have entered near the thigh." Mrs D'Esterre went to England with her daughter, and married a brother of Mr Guinness', the celebrated brewer, and founder of the fortunes of the Guinness family. Miss D'Esterre, who was an accomplished musician, married a son of her step-father, by his first wife.

Militia, all Orangemen, were quartered there, and he devoted himself to superintending them as they scoured the country, playing party tunes, and doing their best to exasperate the people. But the people would not be exasperated, and then a scheme of so diabolical a character was planned, that if there were not the evidence of a court of law to prove the facts, we might pardon any reader, Catholic or Protestant, for discrediting the whole narrative.

Mr Hamilton deliberately set himself to get up a plot. He obtained the services of a villain named Dyer, who was only less contemptible than himself, because he only carried out what his master planned. First, he swore that the Catholics had made a plot to murder all the Protestants, and that they held secret meetings for this purpose. A lie or two, more or less, did not matter, so he swore to time and place. These "startling disclosures" excited much alarm, but this was not sufficient. Dyer, or rather Mr Hamilton, wanted a victim. He had his eye on one, a respectable Catholic distiller; so he next proceeded to get a regular spy from Dublin. It was not difficult, for the Rebellion had provided a crop of infamous characters who lived on falsehood.

The three worthies then arranged their plan. Evidently it was not the first plot of the kind which the "detective" had carried out. A straw figure was attired in a suit of Mr Hamilton's clothes, and placed sitting at the table on the ground-floor. The back was turned to the window; the figure faced the table, on which lay an open Bible. Two

candles were lighted, for as the deed required darkness outside, it was done at night. Dyer and Halpin, the spy, fired at the figure through the window. The commotion was terrible; it was soon known through the town that the rev. magistrate had been shot at while reading the Sacred Scriptures, and that he had made a most miraculous escape.

As Mr Hamilton was a magistrate, he could act as he pleased, and he at once called out the militia, and had the Egans arrested. They were bailed out next morning with great difficulty; but on the 11th July 1816, he arrested them again, and actually succeeded in having them brought to trial. A special commission was held in Clonmel. Lord Norbury and Baron George presided. Charles Kendal Burke, the Solicitor-General, was crown prosecutor.

Dyer told his story admirably, and gave detailed evidence of the midnight meetings, the military exercises, and all the incidents necessary to complete the accusation. Some glimpses of light, however, were obtained in cross-examination. It was proved that Dyer was in receipt of five shillings a week for suppressing evidence against Francis Cotton, who was tried for murder. The Rev. John Hamilton was the next witness. He had employed too many to help him in his villainous plot, and something of the truth was ascertained. On cross-examination he was obliged to admit the truth. He tried to excuse himself by adding subterfuge to falsehood, but it was useless. No attempt was made to punish him; but Dyer was indicted for wilful and corrupt perjury. The

grand jury, however, ignored the bill, and Dyer went forth on the world to plot new schemes for the destruction of innocent men.

We do not hear, however, in those times, evil as they were, that the most holy rites of religion were profaned for such purposes; that method of treachery was reserved for our own time.

In 1815, O'Connell was engaged in another "affair of honour," the circumstances of which were "singularly complicated," according to the public reports of the proceedings.

O'Connell "dared" Mr Peel to attack him in his presence, as he had attacked him behind his back. Sir Charles Saxton thereupon waited on O'Connell for his friend, Mr Peel. After a war of words, both colloquially and on paper, in which both parties seemed willing to avoid a hostile meeting, the hostile meeting was arranged by "friends," who were then unnecessarily obliging on such occasions.

Sir Charles Saxton and Mr Lidwell, O'Connell's friends, contrived to get into a cross quarrel on their own account. In the meantime, the families of O'Connell and Lidwell became greatly alarmed. Mrs O'Connell gave information to the sheriff privately, and had her husband arrested. Miss Lidwell protected her father in the same way.

The following squib on the subject was attributed to C. J. Burke, Esq. :—

“Our heroes of Erin escape from the slaughter,
By reversing the Hebrew command,
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land.”

Meanwhile Sir Charles Saxton and Mr Peel had left the country. O'Connell was bound to keep the peace, under a penalty of £10,000. O'Connell, however, procured another friend, Mr Bennet, and they arranged to have a meeting at Ostend. Peel was mortally afraid of the result. It was known now that O'Connell was one of the best shots in Ireland, and the fate of D'Esterre was already fresh in the public mind.

O'Connell reached London safely, but every effort was being made to capture him. A Mr Lidwill, who was singularly like him, was seized. This gentleman was a provision merchant, and occupied the house which had belonged to D'Esterre. In Calais, another unfortunate gentleman was seized also.

Mr Peel's father, however, had sharpened the wits of the London police by an offer of fifty guineas each to those who would succeed in capturing O'Connell; and on the morning of the 19th September they broke into the hotel in the Strand at four o'clock, and captured him as he was preparing to start for Dover. O'Connell was again bound over to keep the peace, and returned at once to Ireland.

Mr Lidwill and Sir Charles Saxton had a meeting at Calais, where Mr Lidwill, who had been the challenger.

received Sir Charles Saxton's fire, and then discharged his own pistol in the air.

In 1819, O'Connell wrote his first public letter to the people of Ireland. During the preceding year, the country had been in a fearful state of distress and excitement. When the war ceased, the high prices obtained for provisions fell at once, but the Irish landlords still insisted on obtaining the high rents. The result was necessarily disturbance; but Mr Peel projected and perfected a plan by which the cries of the people might be stifled, no matter how great the cause which drew them forth. "In Ireland," said Mr Peel, when he proposed his measure to the English house, "in Ireland, they do not possess the greatest of all blessings—a resident gentry having a community of interest with the cultivators of the soil." So, as they had not this blessing, he determined to give one of his own fashioning, and he sent them 25,000 armed constables. In consequence of this singular method of supplying an acknowledged want, and in memory of the originator of the scheme, these men obtained the *sobriquet* of "Peelers."

There was a trial about the same period in England, at which eminent counsel were engaged on both sides. Discontent was general in that country also, though there was infinitely less cause for it than in Ireland. A Dr Watson excited a riot for which he was tried. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General were counsel for the Crown; the latter, Sir Robert Gifford, was held in

very high esteem by the legal gentlemen of the period. Watson was defended by Sir Charles Wetherell, an ultra Tory, but he had been disappointed by the Government, and, for the nonce, was prepared to defend his client *con amore*, and with an energy beyond what mere professional duty required. He was assisted by Mr Sergeant Copley, better known as Lord Lyndhurst.

A spy had been employed in the case, but it was proved at the trial that he was a man of infamous character, as such men always are. Sir Charles Wetherell asked the jury—

“Will you suffer the purity of British jurisprudence to depend upon the credit of that indescribable villain? Will you add to the bloody memory he has already earned? Will you encourage the trade and merchandise of a man who lives on blood? Will you—the guardians and protectors of British law—will you suffer death to be dealt out by him as he pleases?”

The jury gave evidence of their opinion by acquitting the man whose life had been so cruelly sworn away. It was only in Ireland that men like Mr Hamilton, who were at once perjurers and spies, were allowed to “deal out death” as they pleased, and where villains like Dyer and his companions were acquitted by Orange juries.



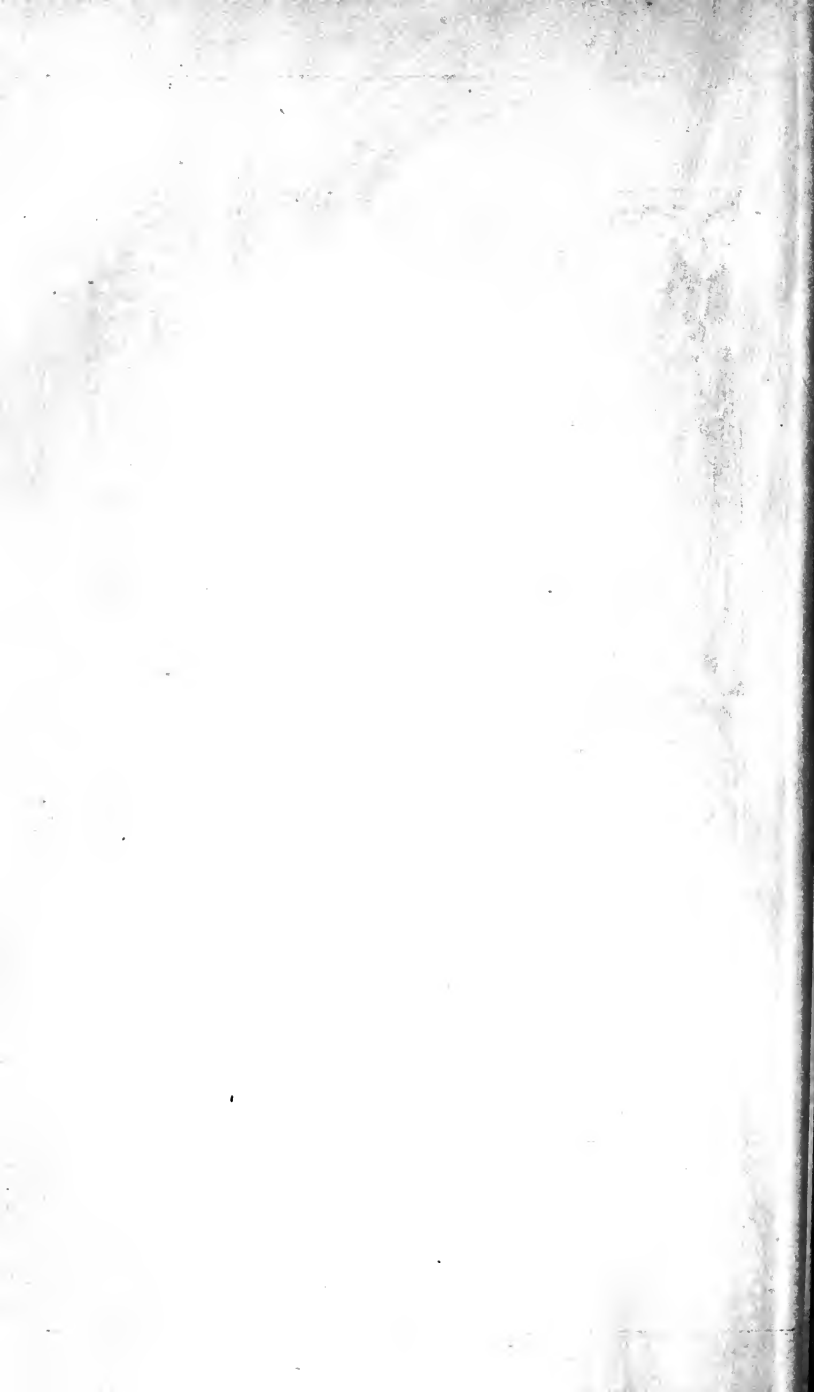
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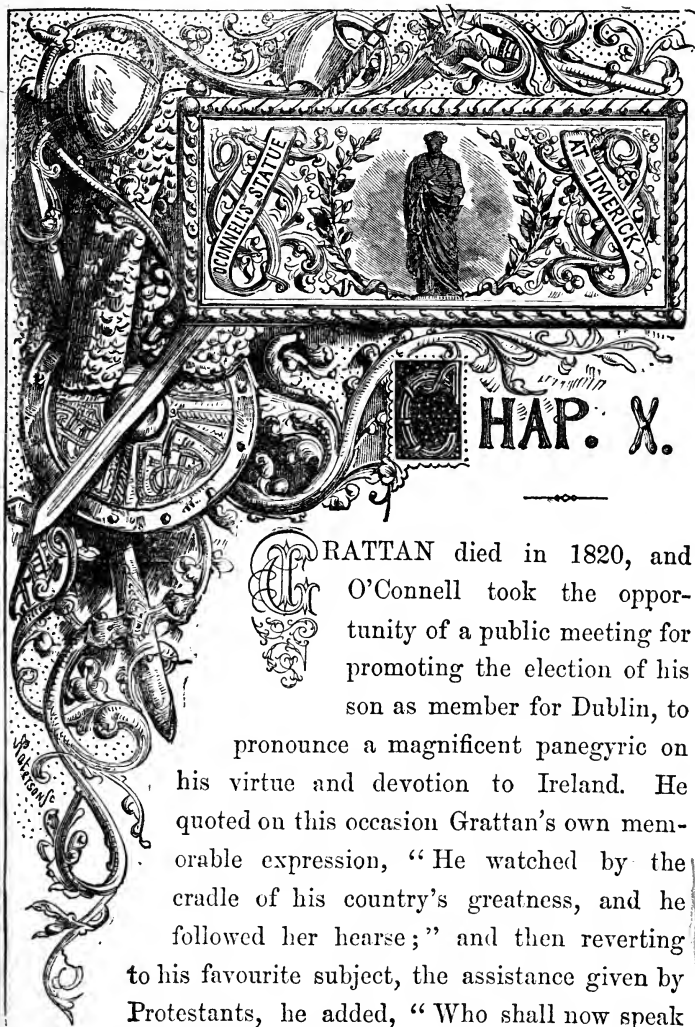


LOYALTY TO GOD AND THE KING.

1820-1822.

PANEGYRIC ON GRATTAN—OUTRAGE AT KILMAINHAM—HARCOURT LEES—"PASTORAL LETTER" FOR 1821—FIRST APPEARANCE OF SHIEL—MR PLUNKET—ANALYSIS OF MR PLUNKET'S BILLS—SPIRITUAL FUNCTIONS AND FREEDOM OF THE CLERGY—PROTESTANT BIGOTRY—GEORGE IV. AND QUEEN CAROLINE—ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND—LOYAL RECEPTION AT DUBLIN—THE IRISH PEOPLE—PRESENTATION OF O'CONNELL AT COURT—IRONY OF LORD BYRON—WELLESLEY AND HIS IRISH POLICY—ORANGE ORGIES—THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB INTERFERED WITH, AND ITS REVENGE—WELLESLEY AND THE ORANGEMEN—A CATHOLIC TRIUMPH.





GRATTAN died in 1820, and O'Connell took the opportunity of a public meeting for promoting the election of his son as member for Dublin, to pronounce a magnificent panegyric on his virtue and devotion to Ireland. He quoted on this occasion Grattan's own memorable expression, "He watched by the cradle of his country's greatness, and he followed her hearse;" and then reverting to his favourite subject, the assistance given by Protestants, he added, "Who shall now speak to me of religious animosity? To any such I will answer,

by pointing to the honoured tomb of Grattan, and I will say, There sleeps a man, a member of the Protestant community, who died in the cause of his Catholic fellow-countrymen!"

In the conclusion of his speech, he adverted to the effort to excite dissension which was made by some of the opposite candidate's party, who boasted of wearing Orange favours, and asked, Who was the most loyal man, the one who would unite the people round the throne in peace and harmony, or the one who would weaken the resources of the constitution by excluding their fellow-subjects from its advantages? He concluded by begging the people to do their duty, and to let their motto be, "*Grattan and Ireland.*"

George IV. had succeeded to the throne in this year, and was actively employed in the prosecution of his unhappy Queen. His accession was made the occasion for a "loyal address" from the Government party in Ireland, and a public assembly was convened for the purpose of adopting it. The Court-house at Kilmainham, near Dublin, was selected as the place of meeting, and a guard of fifty policemen was stationed at the door. As Lord Howth and the other promoters of the proceedings approached the spot, they were more alarmed than gratified to see crowds hastening along the roads. But even then they were not prepared for what followed. The moment the doors were opened, the people crushed in, bearing all before them

like a raging sea; the police were too few for resistance; and in the end, Lord Howth, Lord Frankford, the Sheriff, the county members, and Judge Day, were lifted in through the open windows on chairs by the police.

This proceeding did not tend to quiet the assembly, and the speeches could not be heard for shouts, and groans, and cat-calls, and hurricanes of ironical applause.

O'Connell and his friends had placed themselves in the centre of the hall. He rose up in his giant strength, both physical and moral, and declared his dissent. The Sheriff asked, was he a freeholder? He replied:—

“I *am* a freeholder of this county. I have a hereditary property which, probably, may stand a comparison with the person's who interrogates me; and I have a profession which gives me an annual income greater than any of the personages who surround the chair are able to wring from the taxes.”

A fierce dispute followed; the aristocratic party contrived to nominate their own chairman. Lord Cloncurry now joined the people, for reasons of his own, and he was nominated by them. In the height of the dispute the Sheriff contrived to slip out of the court-house and to call in the military, whom he had stationed outside without the knowledge of the people. Their indignation, when they found themselves treated in this fashion, may well be imagined. It was, indeed, a sharp, practical commentary on the “liberty of the subject” in Ireland. The subject abhorred the conduct of the king, and was only desirous

of expressing his abhorrence, if he were obliged to speak at all. The rulers of the subject were determined to send up a congratulatory address in the name of the subject, and were naturally very indignant that he should dare to thwart their plans.

The court was soon cleared. Lord Cloncurry remained on the bench where the people had placed him. The soldiers, obeying orders, drew their swords at him, and pressing forward, forced him from his place, Lord Cloncurry having determined that he would yield only to compulsion.

But O'Connell was not so easily baffled. It was, indeed, illegal to hold an open-air meeting, but there was a tavern opposite the court-house. O'Connell placed the chairman under cover, and the meeting proceeded. Mr Burne, a king's counsel, took a prominent part in the affair on the popular side. He now addressed the multitude, and proposed an address. But he looked for it in vain. He plunged his hands into one pocket and then into another; he looked hither and thither. His address was gone, lost in the fray, or dexterously filched from him. O'Connell asked what he was looking for. "The address," he stated. "What has become of the address?" "Oh, here it is," replied O'Connell, quietly putting a paper in his hands which he had, and which was adopted, and which was written by O'Connell himself. There were some strong expressions in it which had not been in

Burne's copy; for instance, the prosecution of the Queen was denounced as "unconstitutional and dangerous."

History does not say if O'Connell had anything to do with the abstraction of the original address, so we may leave him the benefit of the doubt. On the 2d of July 1821, O'Connell held another meeting, "to consider the best steps to be taken as to the outrage on Saturday at Kilmainham."

The Protestant aristocratic party convened another assembly of their own. An eccentric Protestant clergyman, Sir Harcourt Lees, wrote a letter to the public papers, in which he said—

"I have just returned from one of the most numerous and respectable meetings of Protestant noblemen and gentlemen of the county of Dublin ever assembled together, for the purpose of assuring a deeply-injured sovereign of their inviolable attachment to his august person and the constitution of the British empire."

But Sir Harcourt was *not* at the meeting. His appearance was remarkable, and he had been actually seen by a considerable number of persons in a different place. He took the accusation of falsehood very coolly, and only advised his censor "to purchase a telescope, and watch his movements with more attention in future."

O'Connell's "pastoral" letter for the year of grace 1821 excited an immense commotion. Mr Shiel was just then making his appearance in public life, and either from personal vanity, or a desire to break a lance with a man so

famous as the Liberator, he ventured the dangerous experiment of attacking him. The result was not encouraging for a second attempt. Few men have been possessed of O'Connell's power of dissecting an adversary, and then holding up to public ridicule, on his scalpel, the choicest morsels of his opponent's slaughtered eloquence.

O'Connell's letter commenced thus :—

TO THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

“MERRION SQUARE, DUBLIN, 1st January 1821.

“FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—After another year of unjust degradation and oppression, I again address you. We have lived, another year, the victims of causeless injustice. Our lives wear away, and we still continue aliens in our native land. Everything changes around us. Our servitude alone is unaltered and permanent.

“The blood runs cold, and the heart withers, when we reflect on the wanton prolongation of our sufferings. The iron sinks into our very souls at the helpless and hopeless nature of our lot. To the severest of injuries is added the most cruel of insults, and we are deprived of the miserable consolation of thinking that our enemies deem themselves justified by any necessity or any excuse for continuing our degradation.

“No, my fellow-countrymen, no; there is no excuse for the injustice that is done us. There is no palliation for the iniquitous system under which we suffer. It contradicts the first right of men and Christians—the right of worshipping our God according to the dictates of our conscience. Nay, this odious system goes farther; it converts the exercise of that right into a crime, and it inflicts punishment for that which is our first and most sacred duty—to worship our Creator in the sincerity of conscience.

“For this crime, and for this crime alone, we are punished and degraded—converted into an inferior class in our native land, and

doomed to perpetual exclusion. Our enemies cannot accuse us of any other offence—other crime we have committed none. Even the foolish charge of intemperance—a charge which was only a symptom of that contempt in which our enemies hold us—even the absurd accusation of intemperance is now abandoned, and our degradation continues without necessity, without excuse, without pretence, without palliation.”

He then showed them how some “honest men” might be deluded into the belief that the profession of the Catholic religion was inconsistent with civil or religious liberty. He showed from the history of the past, and the annals of the present, how utterly unfounded this theory was. He stated that France had a Protestant prime minister, who, if he were in England, could not fill the office of a parish constable without swearing that the mass was impious, and he who heard it an idolater.

O'Connell's object was simply to keep his countrymen from sinking into the apathy of indifference or despair, an apathy which would have been hopelessly fatal to a people who had not yet obtained more than a modicum of freedom. His reply to Shiel must have produced laughter even while it reiterated the arguments of the letter which that gentleman had so unwisely attacked. “Truly, I am at a loss,” replied O'Connell, “to know how I could have provoked the tragic wrath and noble ire of this iambic rhapsodist.”

However O'Connell may have been at a loss on this subject, he certainly was never at a loss for a stinging

epithet, and Mr Shiel's rhapsody had deserved one.⁸ He called O'Connell "a flaming fragment," "lava," "a straw in ambre," "a rushlight with a fitful fire," "a sophist drowning in confutation," "a column of fiery vapour and heterogeneous materials." Mr Shiel's appellations were certainly "heterogeneous," and it is difficult to understand how a man who has left so much eloquence on record, could have written such rubbish. O'Connell's shrewd conjecture that "he was not half so mad as he pretended to be," is probably the key to the enigma.

The whole controversy arose out of O'Connell's objection to Mr Plunket's policy. After Grattan's death, and indeed for some time previous, Mr Plunket was looked upon as the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, or rather of such members of the Liberal party as were disposed to grant any measure of relief to Ireland. Mr Plunket was, on the whole, a disinterested patriot, but he could not understand the position or the necessities of those he desired to benefit, as O'Connell did. He was anxious to obtain some measure of relief for Irish Catholics, or, to speak more correctly, for the Irish nation, for the nation was Catholic; but he could not understand, and probably no Protestant could understand, that the Irish nation would accept no temporal relief, however desirable, however

⁸ Shiel's famous speech in reply to Lord Lyndhurst's statement that "the Irish were aliens in blood, in birth, and in religion," was one of those chosen for recitation at Harrow on the last speech day.

necessary, at the expense of their spiritual interests. Matters, which to him were trifles, or at best mere questions of opinion, were to them of vital importance. He forgot, or he could not be made to understand, that every detail of their religion was all important, because with them religion was not a matter of opinion, but an object of faith.

They believed that the Pope was the divinely-appointed Vicar of Christ upon earth, that to his authority they were obliged to submit in all things spiritual, not because he happened to be good or wise, gifted or powerful, but because of an immutable decree which they read in Holy Writ, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church." For every article of their faith they had been persecuted to death for years; they were still persecuted, not, indeed, to death, but in every position and action of life. It was natural, then, they should look with no little suspicion on any concession, however desirable, to which conditions were attached, which, if they did not actually compromise articles of faith, had at least the appearance of doing so.

But there were few men who grasped the bearings of the whole subject with O'Connell's precision. He saw the insidious nature of the concession, which required that the appointment of Catholic prelates should be placed in Protestant hands, and he set himself to oppose it with a vigour which was strengthened and inspired by his perfect knowledge of the danger.

O'Connell's letters on this subject are not less remarkable for legal acumen than for theological learning. He knew his religion with that intelligent knowledge which is at once the support and the source of faith. It has been, indeed, objected to him that he was too fond of theological discussions, but the objection was rarely made save by those who were unable to meet his arguments.

These letters of O'Connell's were written on circuit, and forwarded to the *Evening Herald* in small portions as they were written.

In his first letter he says: "Mr Plunket's two bills are at length before you." He then proceeds to analyse the bills with a master hand. The first Act, he said, was certainly a relief bill; "if it stood alone it would be received with delight by every rational Catholic." Yet he showed that the Act was liable to misconstruction, and hence to failure. It did not repeal the penal laws, although it was proposed with a view to destroying the effects of these statutes. The simpler method undoubtedly would have been to repeal them, but parliamentary legislation is seldom characterised by simplicity. Besides, there would have been infinite difficulty in effecting such a measure. The "moral consciousness" of that class of men who erect themselves into personal sources of infallibility in religious belief would have been shocked. The bigots of the day were numerous and powerful. They complained, indeed, bitterly of the arrogant claims of the Papacy. But they were hopelessly

ignorant; for there is no ignorance so hopeless as that which has its source in prejudice. Their own infallibility was to them so certain, that it was, indeed, the only part of their creed in which they believed as of Divine right. Yet if you asked these men to tell you the grounds on which they asserted their infallibility, they could not do so. If you asked them why, in the name of common sense, they would not permit the right of private judgment to their Catholic fellow-creatures, why they would not allow them the same liberty of belief which they took care to secure for themselves, they could give no rational answer.

To say that Popery was false because they thought it false, was no argument. Where or from whom did they get the right to decide so momentous a position? and where and from whom did they get the right to subject a fellow-creature to any persecution—social, moral, or physical, because he did not believe in their opinions?

It would seem, indeed, as if persecution were the only proof they had to offer of the truth of their doctrine, and the very power to persecute supported them in their self-righteous delusion.

But if Mr Plunket's first Act promised relief, his second Act was such as to prevent any Catholic from accepting it. O'Connell analysed it thus :—

“Before I proceed to speak of this second Act in the terms it merits, I will give a brief and accurate statement of its contents; and I begin with the title. It is called an Act “*To regulate the*

intercourse between persons in holy orders professing the Roman Catholic religion with the see of Rome.' This title is broken English and bad grammar. But it is infinitely worse. It has all the characteristics of complete falsehood—the '*suppressio veri*,' the '*suggestio falsi*.' TRUTH is suppressed, because the principal object of the bill does not relate to such intercourse at all ; but is to give to the secretary of the Lord Lieutenant the absolute appointment of all the bishops and all the deans of the Catholic Church in Ireland. FALSEHOOD is suggested—because this is not a bill to *regulate* the intercourse (for *regulate* means, '*to order by rule*'), but it is a bill to control, according to caprice, that intercourse, and to control it according to the caprice of a Protestant Secretary of State. It is in this respect a bill to suppress the necessary intercourse upon matters of faith and discipline between that part of the Catholic or universal Church of Christ which is in Ireland, and the Pope or visible head upon earth of that Church."

It was no matter of surprise that O'Connell should write strongly upon this subject, for, from the time of Patrick, when Ireland had been converted by him to the Faith, intercourse with the Holy See had been kept up with unvarying affection. If the intercourse of discipline had ceased, the intercourse of communion would have ceased, and Ireland would have been no longer Catholic. To effect this was undoubtedly the object of many of the promoters of the bill.

But the oath which was required from the Catholic clergy in connection with this bill was not its least objectionable feature. The language used was ambiguous ; but O'Connell showed that whatever might be said of Catholics by their enemies, they at least must keep an oath sacredly.

There could be no mental reservations, no evasions, no non-natural interpretation; the oath must be taken in the sense in which the framers intended it to be taken. No Catholic could take an oath as many Protestants signed the thirty-nine articles of their Church; and if a Catholic were guilty of such evasion, the Protestant who practised it himself would be the very first to denounce him for it.

In his third letter, O'Connell shows that if this bill passed, the Catholic clergy would be actually obliged to derive their faculties from the Government. He does not use the word, probably because he knew that it would not be understood in its technical sense by those whom he addressed, but his argument goes to show this.

The sixteenth section of the Act required—

“THAT EVERY PERSON WHO SHALL HEREAFTER BE *nominated* TO THE OFFICE OF BISHOP OR DEAN, *in the Catholic Church in Ireland, shall, BEFORE his consecration or acting as such, give notice to the Secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant, and that he shall not be consecrated or exercise any functions of bishop or dean if such Secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant SHALL INFORM HIM IN WRITING THAT HE IS CONSIDERED BY HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT TO BE, FOR SOME REASON OF A CIVIL NATURE, A PERSON IMPROPER FOR SUCH OFFICE.*”

The eighteenth section made it an indictable offence to exercise *any part* of the functions of a dean or bishop, without having on his nomination signified the same to the Castle, or after he has been disapproved of by the Secretary.

Many members of the Protestant Established Church

complained even then of their bondage to the State, but it was a trifle to the bondage which the State sought to exercise towards the Catholics.

According to the divinely-appointed discipline of the Catholic Church, no man can exercise the sublime functions of his office, even after his ordination, without receiving an express permission to do so from the bishop of the diocese in which he wishes to exercise these functions. The granting of this permission is technically called giving faculties. A priest, by virtue of his ordination, has always the power to celebrate Mass; an apostate priest has still this power, even as the apostate Judas was permitted to be the means of sacrificing his Master; but no priest can celebrate Mass unless he has permission or faculties from his bishop, without being guilty of canonical irregularity. And, further, so strict are the regulations of the Church in all that relates to her divine functions, that no priest can say Mass in any other diocese than his own, without permission from the bishop of the diocese, or in any parish but his own without the further permission of the parish priest.

The Government now desired to usurp this right, and inflict pains and penalties on those who dared to resist its usurpation.

But there was a yet further, and a yet more grievous injustice.

The Catholic priest cannot administer the sacraments, cannot hear a confession or give an absolution, without

faculties from his ecclesiastical superiors. He has the power, by virtue of his ordination, but he has not the right to exercise the power.

The life of the Catholic priest is one long warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil. He is enlisted a soldier of the Church militant by his ordination, but as a good soldier, he must act under orders. There can be no confusion in the great camp of God's army, and he who introduces confusion does the sinner's work.

There is one exception, and one only, in which the Catholic priest may exercise his divinely-given power without special permission from his divinely-appointed rulers. It is in the case of danger of death. When the enemy of souls is making his supreme effort to snatch his prey, the soldier needs no longer wait for permission to act. On the wayside, in the crowded mart, on the trackless ocean, wherever there is a human soul to save, or help in its awful passage from time to eternity, there and then the Catholic priest must do his office, must give the parting soul all the help the Church provides for his perilous journey. This is one of the most sacred privileges of the priest, and of this privilege—nay, rather of this divine right—the new act not only deprived him, but threatened him with cruel penalties if he exercised it.

The bill began with the higher clergy; had it been passed, the history of English persecution of Irish Catholics leaves no doubt that its restraints would soon have descended

to the lower. The original Veto resolution referred only to bishops. Mr Plunket's bill had descended to deans.

It was idle to say that the Catholic sacraments were superstitious, that a Catholic dean who had not "faculties" from Government, might let the poor sinner who needed his services die unshrived and unannealed; the whole question resolved itself for the Catholic into one single point; he could not sacrifice that which he believed to be of divine right for any human consideration whatsoever.

With regard to those who attempted to enforce on others that which they would not have submitted to themselves for a single moment, it was merely a matter of intellectual obtuseness or unphilosophical bigotry. For a man to stand before his fellow-men with the Bible in his hand, and proclaim liberty of conscience to his fellow-men, to accept his interpretation of the Bible and no other, is to place himself on a throne of individual infallibility; for if he be not individually infallible, by what right does he require others to submit to his opinions? For a man to enforce these opinions by any penal law, however trifling, is an act of the grossest injustice.

Mr Plunket's bills passed the Lower House, but, happily for Ireland, they were thrown out in the Upper House upon the second reading.

Early in July 1821, it was publicly announced that the king would visit Ireland, and O'Connell drew up a form of requisition for a Catholic meeting, to consider an address.

But the Catholic nobility were entirely opposed to O'Connell's plans. They were fearful of compromising their position in any way; they had little to gain by an amelioration of the general position of their religious brethren, and were naturally anxious to identify themselves as little as possible with a proscribed creed.

George IV. was crowned on the 19th of July 1821. On the 10th of July, the Privy Council had refused the appeal of the Queen to be crowned with him. With that stubborn resolution which she displayed invariably at the wrong time, and in the wrong fashion, she did her pitiful best to obtain access to Westminster Abbey. On the 16th, she informed the Duke of Norfolk, as earl-marshal, that she intended to take her place, and requested that persons should be in attendance to conduct her to her seat. She sent a further message to say that she would be at the Abbey by eight o'clock; but she was there at six, the most forlorn and wretched woman in all that great city. Lord Hood was with her, and a faithful friend, but she was repulsed at every door. One or two kindly voices exclaimed, "The Queen for ever!" but the multitude hissed and cried, "Shame, shame! go to Bergamo!"⁹ It was the last blow, and the death-blow. She knew now what her few friends had known for long enough, that she would never be crowned Queen of England.

⁹ Twiss's "Life of Lord Eldon," vol. ii. p. 48.

She entered the carriage weeping bitterly, and she went home to die.

The King, in the meantime, had set out for Ireland. It is difficult to see what could have been his object in this visit. It may have been personal popularity, but it is doubtful if George IV. had sufficient intellect to act on any preconceived plan, even to attain that end. He heard of the Queen's danger with the utmost unconcern; only he had the decency to delay his voyage to Ireland, and to arrange that if he should arrive there before her death his entry should be private.¹

The King landed at Howth on the 12th of August. He occupied himself during the passage eating goose-pie, drinking whisky, and singing songs, and on his arrival he was in the last stage of intoxication.² Such delinquencies were, however, easily condoned in royalty. He was driven to the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, and the city gave way to exuberant loyalty. It was something to have

¹ Knighton's Memoirs, p. 91.—"The King was nearly lost off the Land's End, in one of the yachting expeditions in which he whiled away the time. He thus described his danger :—'The oldest and most experienced sailors were petrified and paralysed.'"

² "The passage to Dublin was occupied in eating goose-pie and drinking whisky, in which his Majesty partook most abundantly, singing many joyous songs, and being in a state, on his arrival, to double in sight even the numbers of his gracious subjects assembled on the pier to receive him. The fact is, he was in the last stage of intoxication; however, they got him to the Park."—*Letter from Mr Freemantle to the Marquis of Buckingham—Memoirs of the Court of George IV., vol. i. p. 194.*

a king in Ireland once more, and a king who had come with liberal promises.

In the meantime, while all this demonstrative loyalty was being rendered in Ireland, some of the King's English subjects were showing their dislike of his neglect of the decencies of life in allowing his Queen to be buried in contempt. Sir Robert Wilson was made the scapegoat, and on the king's return he was dismissed from the army.

The king remained in retirement a few days, and then presented himself in state to his Irish subjects. The pageant was arranged for the 17th of August, and such a pageant, viewed from point of numbers and enthusiasm, was probably never witnessed—Ireland certainly had never seen its like.

The King went in royal procession from one of the finest parks in the world to the finest street in the world. He passed through Phibsborough, then a part of the country, now a continuation of Dublin, through Eccles Street, and into Cavendish Row, skirting Rutland Square, and entering at the Rotunda. Here, at the head of Sackville Street, a pleasant fiction was enacted. A barrier of evergreens was attached to a wooden frame, so as to shut out the view of that noble street, and a gate was left in the barrier or verdant wall, where further progress was denied his Majesty, until he had obtained the freedom of the city from the Mayor. After the usual ceremonies, carried out with the utmost punctilio and with the most magnificent decora-

tions, the gates were thrown open, and the King permitted to enter.

The sight he witnessed was such as had seldom gladdened monarch's heart before. A roar of triumph and welcome rose up to the blue heaven above from thousands and tens of thousands of people. All the chivalry, all the passionate loyalty, all the delicate courtesy which ever welcomed a stranger—and which can scarcely refuse that welcome even to an enemy—had found at last an outlet. They had heard, indeed, of kings who ruled over them, of Williams and Georges, who were said to govern by the grace of God, but who were only known to them by acts which seemed to savour a good deal more of the malignity of the devil. Here was the King; in person noble, in manner gracious, with just that happy blending of conscious royalty with what passed current for the time as affectionate condescension.

The air was rent with acclamations, and the monarch enhanced the favour of his kingly presence a thousand-fold by clasping to his heart the large bunch of shamrocks which he wore. For the time, probably, he was moved; he could not but be moved by their demonstration of loyalty. How were this trusting people to know that the shamrocks would be flung aside in a few brief hours for a carouse with the mistress who accompanied him, and with whom he scandalously kept company at the Viceregal Lodge.

Sackville Street is, as we have said, the finest street in

the world. Its length, three-eighths of a mile, and its breadth of 120 feet, is only broken by Nelson's pillar, which faces the Post-Office, a noble building. Its houses are fairly regular, and of considerable height. Now the multitudes who thronged the streets left only space for the passage of the royal equipage, in which the King continued standing as it passed along, bowing, with a grace peculiarly his own, and pointing histrionically to his heart and to his shamrock. Every "coin of vantage" was literally occupied. Even the very capital which supported the statue of Nelson on its pillar, which shoots up 134 feet into the air, had its occupants. The frontage of the Post-Office was crowded, and gaily-dressed ladies thought themselves happy to find a place on the architrave above. The procession passed over Carlisle Bridge, and then wended its way through the College Green and Dame Street to the Castle.

Even the higher classes were affected by the general outburst of loyalty, and very large sums of money were subscribed (on paper) to build a royal residence. It was agreed that a million of money should be raised through the country for the same purpose from the unhappy peasantry. Fortunately for them, the scheme fell through when the King left Ireland, and when it was found that the noblemen who had been so liberal of their promises were by no means willing to carry them into execution.

O'Connell promised to contribute twenty guineas a year

to the fund, but his subscription was never required. On the King's departure he presented him with a laurel crown. It was reported in the English papers that the King had given O'Connell his cap in return, a statement which O'Connell indignantly denied.

The King sailed away from the Irish shores, leaving after him a loyal and contented, because impressionable nation. There is not on the earth a people so easily deceived as the Irish, because their natural *bonhomie* leads them to trust, and their natural buoyancy of character leads them to hope.

How their trust was betrayed, and their hopes shattered, are too well known to need record here. The King left the country a lecture on unity, and a compliment on their loyalty, in the shape of a letter from Lord Sidmouth to the Lord-Lieutenant; and so the royal visit ended. He embarked at Dunleary, a village then, a town now, and so called from *Laoghair*, a famous Irish monarch. It has since been called Kingstown.

But though the King was obliged to receive the laurel crown from O'Connell, his hatred of the bold advocate of Irish rights was unabated. After the Emancipation Act had passed, O'Connell presented himself at a *levée* in London. He approached the royal presence with the usual ceremonies, but as he saw "the royal lips moving," he advanced, believing that he was addressed. Whatever the King had said was inaudible, so O'Connell kissed hands

and passed on. In a few days some curious reports appeared in the papers. It was said the King had used some strong language, which was not unusual; it was said also that he had cursed some one at the *levée*, which *was* unusual; and more, that the individual favoured by the royal anathema was Irish. O'Connell met the Duke of Norfolk soon after, and asked if he could explain the newspaper reports. "Yes," he replied, "you are the person alluded to. The day you were at the *levée*, his Majesty said, as you were approaching, 'There is O'Connell. G—d—the scoundrel!'"³

When speaking of George IV.'s visit to Ireland, O'Connell's opinion of the royal visitor was by no means complimentary. He described him then "as being a most hideous object;" though in 1794 "he was a remarkably handsome, fine man," and "a very fine-looking fellow." O'Connell's opinion of his appearance in 1820 may have been influenced by the fact that he *was* humbugged by royalty, although he stoutly declared the contrary. If O'Connell softened a little in the presence of royalty, it was because he was Irish, and had imbibed the trusting nature of the Celt with his mother's milk. It was not to his discredit that he should have believed "the greatest liar in England" for a time, when more experienced men were equally deceived.⁴

³ "Personal Recollections of O'Connell." By O'Neil Daunt.

⁴ O'Connell used often to relate the well-known anecdote of Fox and

There is no doubt that the King was carried away either by the enthusiasm of the people or by his copious libations of whisky during his Irish visit.⁵ He found himself in an uncomfortable position on his return from Germany, whither he had proceeded after his visit to Ireland; but the discomfort was of short continuance, Irish opinion was of too little consequence to disturb the royal mind.

Yet there were noble-hearted men in England even then who pitied Irish degradation, and, not altogether understanding the Irish character, blamed the effervescent loyalty of the people. One of the most powerful and stinging political ballads of that or any other age was written on this subject by Lord Byron. He had defended "hereditary

Mrs Fitzherbert. "I believe," he used to say, "that there never was a greater scoundrel than George the Fourth. To his other evil qualities he added a perfect disregard of truth. During his connection with Mrs Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner Mrs Fitzherbert said, 'By the by, Mr Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you, what you *did* say about me in the House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent so very strangely, that one cannot depend on them. You were made to say, that the Prince authorised you to deny his marriage with me!'—The Prince made monitory grimaces at Fox, and immediately said, 'Upon my honour, my dear, I never authorised him to deny it.'—'Upon my honour, sir, you *did*,' said Fox, rising from the table; 'I had always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but now I see that *you* are.'"

⁵ "The Duchess of Gloucester went to see him [the King] yesterday. . . . He is not so much enraptured with Ireland as she expected to see him. I believe he is a little alarmed at the advances and favour he has shown to the Catholics."—*Mr W. H. Freemantle to the Marquis of Buckingham—Memoirs of the Court of George IV.*, vol. i. p. 201.

bondsmen" not only in the heroic metre but in the grander epic of action. In his AVATAR the keenest irony of all was, perhaps, that contained in the opening verse:—

"Ere the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the Triumphant speeds over the wave
To the long-cherished isle which he loved—like his bride."

Even O'Connell did not escape his scathing denunciation, while he certainly did not spare those of his own rank. He taunts O'Connell with proclaiming the accomplishments of the monarch, and asks Lord Fingal, in allusion to his being made a Knight of St Patrick—

"Will thy yard of blue ribbon, poor Fingal, recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
Or has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves who now hail their betrayer with hymns?"

As grave fears were now felt in England of a coalition between the English Radicals and the Irish Catholics, the Marquis of Wellesley was sent to Ireland as Viceroy to raise the hopes of the latter party. But there was just this difference between the policy adopted towards the vast majority of the Irish nation and the few Orangemen who sought to govern it: from time to time, it was whispered to the nation that some measure of justice was to be dealt out to it, but when the time came for doing the justice, it was generally found inexpedient. With the Orange

party, there was less talk, and a great many grants of even unpromised favours.⁶

The Marquis of Wellesley, in pursuance of an occasional policy, professed to come as the friend of the Catholics; but, in pursuance of the usual policy, acted as the patron of the Orangemen. He got scant thanks for his pains, even from them. His marriage with a Catholic lady did not improve his position in their eyes, and the "Exports of Ireland," at public dinners, became a favourite toast, the proposers having scarcely the decency to wait until his Excellency had left the banquet-table.⁷

At the drunken orgies usually held at the decoration

⁶ On the 10th March 1822, Mr Freemantle wrote thus to the Duke of Buckingham from the Board of Control: "With regard to Ireland, I am quite satisfied the great man is holding the most conciliatory language to all parties; holding out success to the Catholics, and a determination to resist them to the Protestants."—*Memoirs of the Court of George IV.*, vol. i. p. 295.

It was no wonder O'Connell worked hard for repeal of the Union.

The Duke of Montrose, in writing to Lord Eldon during the King's visit to Dublin, spoke of Ireland and its inhabitants in a fashion which showed the utter ignorance of English statesmen on such subjects. He was "surprised with the city and its superior inhabitants," no doubt having always believed the traditional Irish barbarian theory; but he was shrewd enough to see, and honest enough to express an opinion on, the misfortunes of the country also. "It certainly wants capital and the residence of its nobility and gentry; the latter will secure the increase of the former, and must, in my opinion, precede the former. The land appears to be let too high, and to be very little manured."—*Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon*, vol. ii. p. 433.

⁷ The Marquis married Mrs Patterson, an American lady, remarkable for her beauty, which was enhanced by her fortune of £100,000. This

of King William's statue, the 12th Lancers shouted "To hell with the Pope," a miserable party cry not yet extinct, and they supplemented their ignorant blasphemy with a curse on O'Connell, "the Pope in the pillory in hell, and the devil pelting O'Connell at him." Probably there were not ten men in the whole rabble rout who had the very least idea what the Pope believed or taught.

The Beefsteak Club held its revels safe under the shadow of respectability. It was originally a musical society, but had long ceased to promote harmony of any kind. At one of the carousals the obnoxious toast was quaffed. Three officers of the Castle were present, and all Dublin was electrified at hearing next morning that they were dismissed. The rage of the Orange party was unbounded. They had not been accustomed to interference in their exhibitions of disloyalty. They determined to have their revenge, and they had it. The Marquis was alarmed at his own boldness. To interfere with the Orange, or Protestant ascendancy party, was an unheard-of "outrage" on the part of the Government. He had to compromise matters by going to dine with the club uninvited. Lord Manners, the Chancellor, presided. All was conducted with due decorum, until his Excellency rose to take his leave. He walked through files of Orangemen to the door, but he had scarcely

lady was the widow of Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother. She was a descendant of Carroll of Carrollton, one of the Irish signers of the American Declaration of Independence.

reached it ere every glass was filled, and before he left, the toast of the "Exports of Ireland" was given and drunk with shouts of triumph. It was a lesson to the Marquis not to interfere with Orangemen again.

English statesmen wrote to each other confidentially for the hundredth time, that they were assured "by very intelligent" friends that "Ireland was in a worse state than ever," and that nothing but "vigorous measures" would save it. The vigorous measures were entirely limited to one side—to the side that could be coerced with impunity; consequently, the "worse state than ever" seemed likely to be still a normal condition of Irish affairs.⁸ What could be done with those who would not be put down, who would rule the Government, and who had the hearty sympathy of the whole English nation in all their misdeeds. If the Marquis of Wellesley had dared to proceed against these men, they would have brought a storm about his ears which would have resulted in his recall. As it was, because he made some little show of justice to the Catholic party, he was grossly insulted in the theatre, and his life threatened on the occasion of the famous "Bottle riot," at the close of the year 1822. The offenders were brought to the bar—their guilt was clearly proved. It was one of the fiercest and most unprovoked attacks ever made on Government. It was the result of a deep-laid plot against the Lord-

⁸ "Letter from the Right Honourable T. Grenville to the Marquis of Buckingham—Memoirs of George IV.," vol. ii. p. 215.

Lieutenant. He narrowly escaped with his life; but the offenders were Orangemen, and they escaped, because no jury could be found to bring them in guilty.

At the commencement of that year, a corporation dinner was given at Morrison's Hotel, at which the glorious memory was drunk, and the proposer, Sir Thomas Whelan, hoped that the corporation "would never forget that great, that brave man, who had made them what they were."

The compliment to the royal memory was a doubtful one. If William tyrannised, he tyrannised to win or keep a kingdom; but those men were, each in their way, petty tyrants, tyrants who boasted of their pitiful illiberality, and gloried in their ignorant bigotry. Even at this very dinner, they declared that the kingdom would not be "safe for six months," because some little grace was shown to their Catholic fellow-subjects. For them, indeed, there was but one kingdom, their own little body corporate, and but one freedom, liberty to insult those who dared to differ from them.

The Catholics obtained a great triumph, however, at this period, by the return of Mr White for the county Dublin. He was opposed by Sir Compton Domville, a violent Orange partisan. Both parties were lavish in their bribes; but O'Connell's eloquence and nerve carried the day for White. He went from chapel to chapel along the Dublin coast, and spoke to the freeholders in small parties with that persua-

sive eloquence which rarely failed of its effect. The priests were, as they have always been, most earnest in supporting the unhappy victims of landlord tyranny, and Sir Compton learned for the first time, with equal annoyance and indignation, that his tenants dared to call their votes their own.



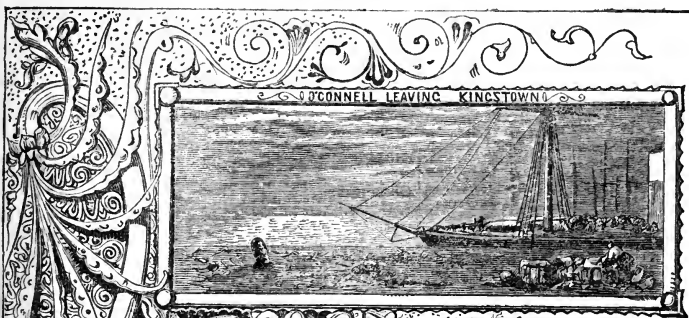
Chapter Eleventh.

CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION—ITS FORMATION AND DEFENCE.

1822-1827.

FLOOD AND CONNOR—CROSS-EXAMINATION OF FLOOD—PLUNKET AND HART —
FORMATION OF CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION—PRIESTS AND PEOPLE BROUGHT
INTO ACTION—FIRST MEETING—THE INEXORABLE PURCELL—THE PENNY-A-
MONTH SCHEME FOR LIBERATING IRELAND—GRAND AGGREGATE MEETING—
THE CONVERSION MANIA—THE POPE AND MAGUIRE CONTROVERSY—ABORTIVE
PROSECUTION OF O'CONNELL—THE DUKE OF YORK'S "SO-HELP-ME-GOD"
SPEECH—THE KING'S SPEECH AND THE ASSOCIATION—LORDS LIVERPOOL AND
BROUGHAM—O'CONNELL IN LONDON—LORDS PALMERSTON AND ELDON—THE
LADIES—O'CONNELL'S POPULARITY—AIMS OF THE ASSOCIATION—ANOTHER
CHALLENGE—SHIEL—CANNING.





CHAP. XI.

WHEN O'Connell was on circuit in the spring of 1822, a most amusing trial took place at Tralee assizes.

The account, which has never before been published, except in a local paper, was supplied to the present writer by a gentleman who was present on the occasion and thoroughly conversant with all the circumstances.

About this time the Government began to take active measures for the suppression of illegal trade. New laws were made, heavy penalties inflicted, and, above all, an active officer was sent down to assist, and *look after* the justices of the peace, some of whom were more

than suspected of complicity and connivance. The man's name was Flood. He commenced life as a lamplighter in the Crow Street Theatre in Dublin. He was a notability there, and used to keep the green-room in roars with his recitations, obtaining more money in this way than many legitimate wearers of the buskin. To his other accomplishments he added that of being a most expert swimmer, and he was given a fine appointment in the revenue as a reward for saving the life of some nobleman's son.

He was active and energetic, and we now find him as John Flood, Esq., settled in Dingle.

But the man was an actor spoiled. Dingle, to use a local expression, was "at the back of God-speed;" and instead of getting up a cutter, he got up a theatre. Flood became at once the most popular man in Dingle. Every house was open to him, and every party. Plays led to supper-parties, and Flood, who was supposed to hunt piracy by sea, turned pirate on land, if tradition does not belie him; and was more than once had up before the "justices" for raids on neighbouring farms, to obtain geese and turkeys for his convivial meetings. Ugly reports went up to Dublin, and Flood felt assured that he must capture something more important than fowl, if he wished to retain his situation.

Fortune favoured him. He seized a Dingle shopkeeper named Connor, who had long engaged unmolested in illicit trade. He seized him at midnight, at the head of forty

horses, each bearing three large sacks of tobacco. Information was given, and special counsel sent down to the Tralee assizes to prosecute.

But Connor, who held a very respectable position, had a great number of friends in Tralee. They wisely retained O'Connell for his counsel. His case certainly could not have looked worse. The man was caught in the act, and fourteen years was the lightest sentence he could expect.

Connor's friends employed the shop boys and others to watch Flood for the three or four days preceding the trial. They made him declaim for them, and act for them, and they supplied him abundantly with drink. They kept him in a state of semi-intoxication; and when he came to give his evidence at the trial, he was, to use the vernacular, more than half-seas over.

The evidence was simple enough. He had lain in ambush for Connor, had seen him approaching with his forty horses, had sprung out upon him and seized him, but the horses had escaped.

He was just going down from the witness-box when he was recalled by O'Connell for cross-examination.

"Come back, Alonzo!" roared O'Connell.

O'Connell knew Alonzo well, every one did in Dublin, and was well informed of his former career by Connor's friends.

The right chord was touched. Flood turned round to the place from whence the rolling tones had proceeded, exclaim-

ing, "Alonzo the brave, and the fair Imogene!" in his best theatrical style.

O'Connell opened fire. There was no fear of his client now.

He began, "And who was your Imogene in Dingle?"

Flood shook his head and made imploring gestures. It was no use. When O'Connell had a victim in the witness-box, he might resign himself; it was useless to struggle. Flood was obliged to answer. He was obliged to tell how many Imogenes he had in Dingle, how many supper-parties he had given, how many parts he had played, and then—how many famous hen-roosts he had robbed. At last Flood got into a towering passion, and abused O'Connell bitterly. So much the better for his client. He puzzled, bewildered, cajoled, and enraged Flood, until he made him contradict his own sworn evidence twenty times over. He plied him with quotations from Shakespeare in one breath, and then most adroitly insinuated a leading question. At last Flood became so excited that he made a spring towards O'Connell, exclaiming, "My love, my life, my Belvidera!" Unhappy man! amidst the roaring laughter of jury, counsel, and judge, he fell between the witness-box and the bench, and was taken up half-unconscious, yet muttering threats of deadly vengeance against his tormentor.

Connor was acquitted by the jury after a quarter of an hour's "deliberation."

When my informant reminded O'Connell of the circumstance some years later, at Darrynane, he said he had completely forgotten it. The next day, however, he said that "Alonzo" and "Belvidere" had been haunting his memory since the previous day, that he distinctly remembered the whole case, and that it was the greatest triumph he had ever had in a court of justice, not even excepting that which he had gained in the Doneraile conspiracy.

I am indebted for the following anecdote to a legal friend who is a distinguished member of the Irish bar⁹:—

"When Lord Manners retired from the Chancellorship, a great part of the public looked to Plunket, the Attorney-General, then in the zenith of his fame as an orator and a statesman, as the successor to the high place. The newspapers announced and the people received it as a fact, and the known object of his ambition seemed already in the possession of the pre-eminent labourer. English policy, however, or it may be the inability to spare such an ally from the House of Commons, stopped his promotion for the time, and Sir Anthony Hart, of the English bar, sat as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. A brilliant gathering of the 'Long Robe' received the stranger on his first sitting with the customary obeisance. The disappointed, if not insulted, Attorney-General was there, and Saurin and Goold, and Bushe, and Wallace and Joy; and, amongst the juniors, Blackburn and Shiel; but, greatest amongst the great, 'the observed of all observers,' the future Liberator. 'How does Plunket look this morning, Dan?' cries Shiel in a shrill whisper. 'Very sore at *Heart*,' responded Dan, rolling his large grey eye towards the bench; and the timely hit ran round the gay circle

⁹ Sergeant Armstrong.

and soon the buzzing and crowded hall, adding to the long roll of the great Dan's hard yet pleasant sayings."

One of the most important undertakings of O'Connell's life was the formation of the Catholic Association. He had formed the Catholic Committee, which was abolished by Government; he had formed the Board, which was also abolished by Government; but as they could not abolish O'Connell, he next formed the Catholic Association. The circular letter which preceded the first meeting was the joint composition of O'Connell and Shiel. The first meeting was held at a tavern in Sackville Street, on the 28th of April 1823. Lord Killeen was voted to the chair, and O'Connell made the opening speech; in which he observed with great truth and shrewdness that "some persons should take upon themselves the trouble of managing the affairs of the Catholics." Never had Catholics a more competent leader than the man who enunciated this truth.

But there was yet more to be done. A plan had to be formed which could not be interfered with by Government. Such an undertaking was one into which the Liberator could enter with a special zest. O'Connell's plan was an open club. Members were admitted on payment of one guinea per annum without canvass or ballot, on the *viva voce* proposal of a friend. But O'Connell saw now that it was time to bring two powerful bodies into action, the priests and the people. Hitherto, all Catholic movements had

been led and carried out by the upper classes, and with fitful and intermitting help from the aristocracy.

The people who were to become members of this Association were to pay one shilling a-year. Poor as the Irish peasant was, there were few indeed who could not give this trifling sum, and fewer still who would refuse it. The very fact of contributing to and being a member of such an association was an incalculable benefit. He hoped for the first time to give the lower class of Irish a sense of power, individual responsibility, and of independence. They had now a personal interest in every debate of the Association, they now felt that something was being done for them, and that they need not seek redress in the wild justice of revenge.

The connection of the Catholic clergy with the Association was an arrangement of still greater importance. In order to rule the people, it was necessary that they should have leaders. The landlords, with whom they were continually at feud who hated their religion and too often opposed them in temporal affairs, were not to be thought of. Who, then, could be chosen but the priest? And the priest did his work wisely and well. He kept the people united, he made them strong, he gave them hope, they learned from him, from time to time, how the great work was progressing. Each individual knew that his penny went safely to the general fund, and contributed its share to the common object. True, it was but a drop in the

ocean, but the ocean is formed of drops ; and the Catholic rent, made up of pennies, became a power in Ireland before which English statesmen and cabinets learned to trim the sails of their barque with cautious fear.

Shiel, always cautious, doubted if the plan would succeed.¹ O'Connell, always bold, said it would, for *he would make it*. This was, indeed, the secret of O'Connell's success, as it must ever be the secret of all success. Yet, when we look at O'Connell, in the zenith of his power and his popularity, we are too apt to forget the difficulties he encountered in arriving at this consummation. It is a common saying that "nothing succeeds like success ;" but it should be remembered that success takes a good deal of disappointment as well as a great deal of labour,—a good deal of discouragement as well as a great deal of indomitable courage.

On the 13th of May 1823, *The Irish Catholic Association*, as it was now styled, met at Coyne's, a Catholic bookseller, who lived at No. 4 Capel Street, and here its future meetings were held. A few gentlemen talked and doubted. O'Connell talked too, but he worked. The gentlemen were for petitioning Parliament in well-considered and courteous language. O'Connell came out with statements of facts as to the oppression exercised on Catholics which no one could deny.

¹ "Memoir of O'Connell," by his Son, vol. ii. p. 409.

At the meeting he showed how the poor Catholics in jail were deprived of the services of a chaplain even in their last moments, in consequence of the bigotry of the Dublin Grand Jury. They first appointed Dr Murphy because they knew he could not attend; they next appointed a Spanish priest because he neither knew English nor Irish; they then selected a gentleman whose intellect was astray; and they at last chose a parish priest in Limerick, who was "to come up by the mail" when a convict was to be executed.

The following anecdote is an evidence of O'Connell's difficulties, and of his energy in overcoming them. It was a rule of the Association that, if the members were not present at half-past three o'clock, that being the time of meeting, an adjournment should take place. Purcell O'Gorman, the secretary, notified the time with rigorous punctuality. O'Connell was harassed by the irregularity of the members. They would all promise to be present, but when the time came the promise would be broken or forgotten. On the 4th of July 1824, says Mr O'Connell's son, "the spell was broken":—

"At twenty-three minutes past three, on that afternoon, there were but seven persons present, including Mr O'Connell himself and the *inexorable* Purcell! the latter, as usual, watch in hand, not in the least moved by the anxiety so plainly depicted in Mr O'Connell's face. Another minute, and Mr O'Connell could remain in the room no longer. He ran towards Coyne's shop, down-stairs, in the faint hope of finding somebody. On the stairs the *eighth* man passed him going up. In the shop itself were fortunately two young May

nooth priests making some purchases. The rules of the Association admitting all clergymen as honorary members without special motion, he eagerly addressed and implored them to come up but for one moment, and help to make the required quorum. At first they refused, there being a good deal of hesitation generally on the part of the clergy to put themselves at all forward in politics, and these young men in particular having all the timidity of their secluded education about them. But there was no withstanding him; partly by still more earnest solicitations, and partly by actual *pushing*, he got them towards the staircase, and upon it, and finally into the meeting-room, exactly a second or two before the half-hour, and so stopped Mr O'Gorman's mouth; and the required number being thus made up, the chair was taken." ²

O'Connell's master-mind had grasped not only the intellectual but even the financial arrangements of his new plan. He calculated that by his penny-a-month subscriptions £50,000 per annum would be raised. It was a goodly sum, but not more than sufficient for the purpose. He proposed the following division of the amount:—

For parliamentary expenses	£5,000
For the services of the press	15,000
For law proceedings, in preserving the legal privileges of the Catholics, and prosecuting Orange aggressors	15,000
For the purpose of education for the Catholic poor	5,000
For educating Catholic priests for the service of America	5,000
	<hr/>
	£45,000

The parliamentary expenses included, or rather involved,

² "Memoir of O'Connell," by his Son, vol. ii. p. 478.

the residence of an agent in London, who would see to the presentation of petitions and other matters of equal importance. For the services of the press the sum was absolutely necessary, since the press was then hostile to Catholics with the rarest exceptions, and it was of vital importance that they should have an organ of their own. O'Connell had already been asked to assist in the providing funds for the education of priests in America, where the Irish were already emigrating in numbers, and laying the foundation of a mighty empire, where they might have ruled and reigned if there had been an O'Connell to govern them.

The principal difficulty was to collect this Catholic rent; but the word *difficulty* was not in O'Connell's dictionary. He said he would collect in his own parish himself: there were few gentlemen likely to follow his example, but the priests came to the rescue, and, with their assistance, the work was done. O'Connell's plan was, of course, scouted at first; and even his sons were taunted at their school with their father's "penny-a-month plan for liberating Ireland."

A grand aggregate meeting was held on the 27th of July 1824, in Old Townsend Street Chapel, Sir Thomas Esmonde in the chair. O'Connell's speech was received with even more than usual applause, and with a good deal of laughter. He had been sent an enormous package of books, pamphlets, and private letters relating to the

Orangemen, of which he made effective and unsparing use. He read extracts from these documents, which proved that the Society was a secret and deadly engine of tyranny, yet the Crown Solicitor for the county Donegal was Grand Master of a Lodge. One of the resolutions was this:—

“Resolved—‘That any Orangeman, who ever has, or may hereafter, sign any petition *in favour of the Roman Catholics, and for their emancipation, be expelled from all Orange Lodges, and his name posted.*’”

From time to time a curious phenomenon occurs in Ireland. Some few individuals, with more zeal than discretion, and more bigotry than intellect, make a desperate attempt to “convert” the people from the religion to which they have adhered with unfailing fidelity for centuries.³ The result is always failure, except in “famine years,” when the unhappy peasantry are sometimes induced to barter their faith for bread. Such attempts are now, happily, comparatively rare. Englishmen are too practical where money is concerned to expend it without a corresponding

³ On the 21st October 1826, Lord Palmerston wrote thus to the Honourable W. Temple:—“The Catholic and anti-Catholic war is, however, carried on more vigorously than ever, and the whole people are by their race like a disciplined pack of hounds.” He forgot, however, that he actually had a share in the hunt himself, for he says in an earlier part of the letter he had “a great mind” to send some “zealous” evangelical from Cambridge, then full of Simeon’s great “revival,” to work on his estates in Ireland. It does not seem to have ever occurred to this intelligent statesman that he was anxious himself to do the very thing which he blamed others for doing, and that he was accusing the Irish of a quarrel which had actually been forced on them. He did

return, and have at last discovered that the speculation in Irish fidelity to religion is more loss than profit.

O'Connell, as might be expected, was a fierce opponent of all such attempts, and not without cause. The conversion mania was rampant in the year 1824, and the famous Pope and Maguire controversy agitated all Ireland. Each party, of course, claimed the victory after the public discussion, at which O'Connell assisted; but it was said that Mr Pope was more than convinced by Maguire's arguments, though he continued to oppose them to the last.

He sank into a state of melancholy, from which neither the vivacity of his Welsh wife, nor the benefit of her fortune, could rouse him. He limited his theological efforts to giving lectures in private houses.

O'Connell's speech at the public discussion was long and telling. At the conclusion he suggested that the gentlemen who were supporting the "Second Reformation," as they were pleased to call this movement, should turn their

not consider at all what the result would be if he had been an Irish Catholic, possessing some English estates tenanted by Protestants, and if he had selected some zealous Jesuit from Stoneyhurst College to go and convert them. In the conclusion of his letter, he blames the Orangemen sharply, and spoke of their "orgies" in this town [Londonderry] and Armagh; and concluded, "It is strange, in this enlightened age and enlightened country, people should be still debating whether it is wise to convert four or five millions of men from enemies to friends, and whether it is *safe* to give peace to Ireland."—*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. i. pp. 178, 179. Yet he was not "enlightened" enough himself to see that he was doing the very thing to a certain degree that he condemned in others.

attention to the Orangemen in the North, though he was not aware that even Lord Palmerston deemed them in need of reformation. He made the pertinent observation that the Catholics were charged with altering Scripture, while, in point of fact, it was altered by Protestants; and he showed that the divisions of Protestants themselves on the most vital questions of doctrine was an evidence that some authoritative source for definition was needed.

Either O'Connell's boldness or the general hatred of the Government towards him brought on a prosecution. On the 20th of December he made a speech in which he said :—

“He hoped that Ireland would never be driven to the system pursued by the Greeks. He trusted in God they would never be so driven. He hoped Ireland would be restored to her rights; but if that day should arrive—if she were driven mad by persecution, he wished that a new Bolivar might arise—that the spirit of the Greeks and of the South Americans might animate the people of Ireland!”

For this O'Connell was indicted, but the grand jury threw out the bill. The Dublin reporters behaved nobly, one and all refusing to give up their notes, or to give information. The reporter of *Saunders' News Letter* was the only exception. This gentleman, however, was obliged to admit on examination that he was asleep when the seditious words were said, and the case broke down for want of proper evidence. It was said that Mr Plunket, the Attorney-General, was the originator of the prosecution, and that he was also the suggester or the active promoter of the

"Second Reformation;" and it was also said that the bill was thrown out to "spite" Mr Plunket.⁴

O'Connell's uncle, old "Hunting-Cap," died this year, and the Liberator succeeded to his property, which proved an important addition to his professional income. He was not, however, free from domestic care. Mrs O'Connell's health was failing, and she was taken to the south of France.

When the king's speech was preparing in the opening of 1825, the "Irish difficulty," as usual, proved an obstacle. The king was ill,⁵ at least he said so; he was out of temper, at least his mistress said so. The cabinet was engaged on the Irish portion of the speech daily for hours. The anti-Catholics, with the Duke of York at their head, were crying out in the "so-help-me-God" style, which has been renewed in our own days.⁶ The Burlington fac-

⁴ "There is much idea that the grand jury threw out the bill to spite Plunket."—*Wynn to the Duke of Buckingham, Memoirs of George IV.*, vol. ii. p. 193. It certainly was not done to favour O'Connell, and it is an edifying specimen of the way "law" was carried out in Ireland.

⁵ "The king is still in his bed, sulky and out of humour, and, therefore, venting his spleen when and where he can. It all, however, originates in the domestic concerns. Lady — is not gone back," &c.—*Memoirs of the Court of George IV.*, vol. ii. p. 217.

⁶ The Duke of York's famous "so-help-me-God" speech was made on the 25th of April 1825, in the House of Lords. The anti-Catholic party were so charmed with it, that it was printed in gold letters like the famous Durham letter. The whole speech was intended to tell, as it did, with a certain class, against even the smallest concession to the Catholics. He said in conclusion :—"I ever have, and ever shall, in any

tion were for masterly inactivity. The Irish Executive would not urge the necessity of a bill to put down the Catholic Association, much as they desired to do it, but they were quite willing to support one if Government would take the odium of it.⁷

There were "innuendoes" and "whispers," and "looks;" and the Opposition sincerely hoped, and had some ground for suspecting, that it would all end in a "dislocation." The Irish Attorney-General Plunket was got over to assist in the deliberation, and at last the speech was written.⁸ Lord Eldon said, indeed, that he "did not admire the composition, or the matter of the speech,"⁹ though he had to read it (and submit to it).

The king's speech first asserted that Ireland was prosperous, and then opened out on the Catholic Association:—

"It is to be regretted that Associations should exist in Ireland which have adopted proceedings irreconcilable with the spirit of the constitution, and calculated, by exciting alarm and by exasperating animosity, to endanger the peace of society and to retard the course of national improvement. His Majesty relies upon your wisdom to consider without delay the means of applying a remedy to this evil."

situation in which I may be placed, oppose these claims of the Roman Catholics. So-help-me-God." The Duke was certainly sincere.

⁷ "How they will arrange the speech with regard to Ireland is the real difficulty; the Cabinet, depend upon it, is engaged in this question daily for hours . . . Your benches are loud for doing nothing."—*Letter from the Hon. W. Fremantle to the Duke of Buckingham, Memoirs of George IV.*, vol. ii. p. 202.

⁸ "Memoirs of George IV.," vol. ii. p. 204.

⁹ "Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon," vol. ii. p. 534.

The result was a bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association, which was brought in by Mr Goulbourn on the 10th of February 1825. The Catholics petitioned against the bill; they explained the working of the Association; but what was the use of explanation to those who were determined not to believe them. There were men both in and out of Parliament who *knew* the whole thing was a "Popish plot," the constitution to be subverted by it, the Protestants to be massacred.¹ Reasoning with men of this class was simply useless, because they were incapable of reasoning. If they asserted anything, that was in itself a sufficient proof of its truth. So, having asserted a falsehood, they reasoned on the falsehood, and might as well be left to the enjoyment of their own delusion. When they condescended to give any reason except their own assertion, it was generally original, and of about as much value as the assertion. They had "heard" that one or two Italian Jesuits² had been

¹ Mr Wynn wrote to the Duke of Buckingham:—"Mr Lewis describes the local alarm as very great; numbers of persons having sat up on Christmas Eve in Dublin in expectation of waking dead corpses if they allowed themselves to go to sleep. This I heard also from Peel, who describes the alarmists as doing incalculable mischief by talking before Catholic servants of the massacre," &c.—*Memoirs of the Court of George IV.*, vol. ii. p. 193. This was an old trick of the Protestant ascendancy party. They chose to suppose or invent a massacre in perspective; thus they excited the unhappy people by denouncing them to Government, by arrests on suspicion, and by using the most violent language before them, and at last they exasperated them into some outrage which seemed to give a colour of truth to the prediction.

² "I am confident, as I have long since been, that the priests have laid

seen in Dublin, therefore, of course, there was a Jesuit plot; and the priests had preached on the last judgment, as they had always done in Advent for centuries before Orangemen or Protestants were heard of, and, of course, they meant, not what they said, but that a judgment in the form of a massacre was to come on the Protestants.

It is scarcely credible that rational beings could be so credulous, and it would be incredible if they had not left their own credulity and folly on record.

These were the class of men with whom O'Connell had to deal. In England, men like the Duke of York, who called God to witness that they would persevere in bigotry to the death; in Ireland, men like Mr Hans Hamilton, who imagined they knew everything about a religion which they despised, and whose only idea of making converts was by physical force.³

a deep plot, and are daily preparing the minds of the people for the execution of it, which is no less than the extermination of the Protestants, and they have said as much."—*Letter from Mr Hans Hamilton to Lord Colchester, Diary of Lord Colchester*, vol. iii. p. 450. Poor Mr Hamilton suffered from Jesuitaphobia. The unhappy man believed that every parish priest was a Jesuit, but he does not tell us how he came to be so intimately acquainted with the councils of the Society. His own letters are a sufficient evidence of his folly. If the priests had laid a plot to massacre the Protestants, it is not likely they would "have said as much" to him at any time. Persons affected with Jesuitaphobia are generally terribly inaccurate in their statements. They represent the Jesuits at one time as the most wise and crafty of mortals, and at others as fearful fools.

³ At the close of the year 1824, Mr Hamilton wrote again :—"Your

Lord (then Mr) Brougham undertook the defence of the Association in the House of Commons. The bill for its suppression was brought in on the night of the 18th February 1825. The House was crowded to excess. O'Connell and his companions, noble specimens of the Irish race, sat below the bar of the House. They had hoped they might be called on to plead, and O'Connell had prepared a speech for the purpose, which he delivered afterwards at a public meeting.

Lord Liverpool opened the charge as Prime Minister. He accused the Association of "evading and nullifying the law of the land," by levying an unauthorised tax upon the Catholic population of Ireland. He said, "If Catholic claims were to be granted, they ought to be granted on their own merits, and not to the demand of such associations, acting in such a manner."⁴

It was the old story. Catholics had put forward their claims very often quietly; they were not listened to. Now they united to demand them, they were not to be granted, because they did not act submissively, as usual, and own they were wrong. They should not have acted at all; the matter and the manner were sure to offend. Some few Irish peers spoke out nobly for fair play. Lord

Lordship has no doubt heard of the arrival of some Italian priests in Dublin a short time ago." In the same letter, he says, in one place, that he had discovered and disclosed all the plans of the Jesuits, and in another, that the Jesuits acted in such a way as to "evade discovery."—*Diary of Lord Colchester*, vol. iii. p. 356.

⁴ "Life and Administration of Lord Liverpool," vol. iii. p. 320.

Brougham said the Association was not seditious, and that "the Catholic clergy had been most active, and more than usually successful, in discouraging sedition and tumult."

Lord Clifden said that he was himself a subscriber to the Association.

A month later, when Lord Liverpool moved the second reading of the bill, he poured forth a torrent of platitudes as to what had been already done for Ireland. According to his view of the case, the Irish had been overwhelmed with benefits, and were the most ungrateful people in existence.

O'Connell's visit to London brought him in contact with many of the Catholic nobility, and helped to remove some prejudices on both sides. The English Catholics found that O'Connell did not belong to the class of individuals who were then agitating in England; and the Irish deputation received so much unexpected courtesy, that they could not fail to take kindly recollections back with them to Ireland. Even the *Edinburgh Review* paid a tribute to the deputation, probably because that periodical was under the influence of Brougham. It admitted that "no men in circumstances so delicate had ever behaved with greater temper and moderation;" and more than hinted that they had been deceived as to the subject of Catholic Emancipation.

O'Connell was examined before the Committee on the 9th of March, and again on the 11th. Lord Colchester has left

an interesting note on this subject in his diary, though his description of O'Connell is not very complimentary.⁵

He was an object of universal attraction, and made favourable impressions on some of the leading politicians of the day.

Shortly before leaving London, he attended a public meeting at which the Duke of Norfolk presided, where he spoke out in very plain language. Lord Colchester describes his speech as "long and furious," and complains he called Lord Liverpool a "driveller." Lord Palmerston had called him a "spoony," which was equally offensive; but as the opinion was given in private correspondence, it only proves that noble English lords could use such expressions as well as Irish agitators.⁶ Indeed, there was a good deal of low language used in confidential communications at that period. Party feeling ran high, and some ladies even went so far as to keep their husbands at home

⁵ *Extract from Diary.*—"9th Irish Committee.—O'Connell examined for four hours; confined himself to the state of the administration of justice, how far satisfactory or unsatisfactory, from the highest to the lowest jurisdiction, police included. O'Connell appears to be about fifty-three or fifty-four years of age, a stout-built man, with a black wig, and thin light coloured eyebrows, about the middle stature, pale countenance and grave features, blue eyes, reflecting expression of countenance [*sic*], his whole deportment affected respectful and gentle, except in a few answers, when he displayed a fierceness of tone and aspect. He went to the Munster Circuit twenty-three or twenty-four years, but now only on special occasions."—*Diary of Lord Colchester*, vol. iii. p. 372.

⁶ "I can forgive old women like the Chancellor [Lord Eldon], spoonies like Liverpool, ignoramuses like Westmoreland, stumped-up old Tories

by force to prevent them from voting on the Catholic question. As a reward for their enterprise they were toasted daily as "The ladies who locked up their husbands."⁷

Lord Eldon's opinion of O'Connell at this period is also on record, as well as Lord Sidmouth's. The observations of these men are of special interest. Lord Eldon says:—

"On May 21, 1825, Mr O'Connell pleaded as a barrister before me in the House of Lords on Thursday. His demeanour was very proper, but he did not strike me as shining so much in argument as might be expected from a man who has made so much noise in his harangues in a seditious Association."

Lord Eldon evidently expected the "agitator" would not conduct himself with propriety in a law court, and was surprised to find him "proper." O'Connell, who hated conventional propriety, was out of his element, and therefore he did not shine; but notwithstanding Lord Eldon's prejudiced opinion, there was not a man in England, or out of, who could surpass O'Connell in arguing points of law.

like Bathurst; but how such a man as Peel, liberal, enlightened, and fresh-minded, should find himself running in such a pack, is hardly intelligible."—*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. i. p. 178. It was precisely because Peel was neither liberal nor enlightened when Irish affairs were concerned that he did run with the pack.

⁷ Possibly it was because Lord Eldon was "an old woman" that he especially notes the proceedings of these ladies. He says:—"I forgot to tell you yesterday that we have got a new private toast. Lady Warrick and Lady Braybrooke (I think that is her name) would not let their husbands go to the House to vote for the Catholics, so we Protestants drink daily as our private toast, 'The ladies who locked up their husbands.'"—*Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. ii. p. 554.

In January 1826, Lord Sidmouth wrote thus :—

“Dr Doyle and Mr O’Connell have a lasting claim upon the gratitude of all good Protestants. They have completely dulcified my feelings towards them. Emancipation from poverty, and idleness, and ignorance, and consequently from bigotry, is, I am satisfied, advancing rapidly in Ireland.”⁸

O’Connell returned to Ireland on the 1st June 1825, no doubt heartily glad to be freed from the restraints of English society, where he could scarcely move or speak without the utmost caution, so closely was he watched on all sides. Mrs O’Connell and his daughters met him at Howth, which was then the landing-place for English packets, and he was escorted to his house in Merrion Square by an immense and most enthusiastic multitude. On his arrival he was obliged to address the people from the balcony before they could be induced to disperse. In sunshine and storm, in summer and winter, by day, and even at night, O’Connell stood on that balcony from time to time, and, to the no small annoyance of his Protestant neighbours, responded to the calls of a grateful and faithful people.

An aggregate meeting was held in a few days, and so great were the crowds who flocked to it for admission, that Anne Street Chapel, where it was held, was filled to overflowing five hours before the chair was taken. O’Connell was dressed in the uniform of the Association, a blue frock with black silk buttons, black velvet collar, and

⁸ “Diary of Lord Colchester,” vol. iii. p. 408.

a gilt button on the shoulder, white vest, and white trousers.

Mr Coppinger spoke at the meeting, and made a sharp hit at the Duke of York, who, he said, should have had his "*clerk*" to say amen to his so-help-me-God speech. The renowned Jack Lawless was also present, and attempted to censure O'Connell for his conduct towards the forty-shilling freeholders, whom he had sacrificed for the Relief Bill; but he was soon silenced. O'Connell took care to avoid the subject. His popularity certainly was not lessened by it in Dublin, for at the conclusion of the meeting, the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn in triumph to his house. Such scenes, now of frequent occurrence, must have been extremely offensive to the Government, yet they might have learned a lesson from them. It only needed a man to show an honest interest in the poor and the oppressed to receive in return their life-long gratitude.

A new Catholic Association was now formed, and in the formation, O'Connell contrived, with his usual discretion, to keep himself within the bounds of law. It was, indeed, no easy matter to suppress a man, whose resources seemed to be infinite, and who, as soon as he was hunted from one form, started up in another.

The first purpose of the new Catholic Association was to promote public and private peace; the second, to encourage education; the third, to ascertain the number of the

Catholic population; the fourth, to erect Catholic churches and protect the poor; the fifth, to promote science and agriculture; the sixth, to encourage literature; the seventh, to refute the charges made against Catholics. It was indeed a noble and exhaustive programme, and truly worthy of the enlightened mind which originated it.

It has been one of the misfortunes of Ireland that those who have worked for her most faithfully, most earnestly, and from the very purest motives, have been always thwarted in their plans by some of their own nation. It is impossible to account for this strange and sorrowful phase in the Irish character, but it is none the less true. It may be, it probably is, the remains of that evil spirit which was introduced and fostered carefully by English statesmen, who, acting on the *divide et impera* system, left no effort unused to disunite Irishmen. Let us hope that this national disgrace will pass away in time, and that Irishmen will learn the folly and the reproach of division.

O'Connell's conduct towards the forty-shilling freeholders was made the ground for a dastardly attack on his character, by men who were neither able nor willing to do one tithe of what he had done for Ireland. It was just possible for them to snarl, terrier-fashion, at the noble lion who defended the sheep from the wolf. It is always a gratification to little minds to throw contempt on those whose intellect is far beyond their reach; and they have

not sufficient intelligence to see that, though they may have the gratification of annoying a nobler mind for a time, the real disgrace is their own; and their names have only to be known that they may be held up to posterity to meet the contempt they merit.

A "private public" meeting was held to denounce O'Connell, and O'Connell, like a man, presented himself at it, and defended his own policy as far as it was defensible, while he was too much a man not to admit that he might have been mistaken. One thing at least was certain: through reproach, or contempt, or the powerful opposition of men who should have rallied round him, he was resolved to stand up for Ireland. He could not but know that he had served her as no man had ever served her yet. That *bonhomie*, which was his greatest charm, never forsook him, and he concluded his speech on this occasion with that happy mixture of earnestness and fun which never failed to tell with quick-witted Celtic audiences:—

"I now call upon and conjure gentlemen to bury animosity and captious irascibility, and to join with me in fighting the common enemy. I can only say that if the entire country were to turn against me, I would not, like Scipio, go to lay my bones in foreign earth, but I would go to the aggregate meeting on Wednesday to reproach them by exerting myself to serve them, if possible, twenty times more. (Laughter and applause.) I am happy to be able to tell you that I have the report already prepared; it will probably pass in the committee to-day, and will be presented at the aggregate

meeting on Wednesday—where we shall all meet, I hope, with no other object than the success of our common cause—no other view than the interests of the people.”

When O’Connell went on circuit now, he only went “special.” His dexterity in cross-examination made him a forlorn hope, and it is to be feared that his professional duty required him to shield the guilty much more frequently than to defend the innocent. One of these cases occurred in the county Cork, where a father, brother, and son named Franks were murdered for arms, according to one account, and to prevent the marriage of the latter, according to another. A maid-servant had escaped by hiding herself under a table, and one of the party turned informer; but O’Connell so bewildered them in cross-examination, that they contradicted themselves and each other hopelessly, and the result was an acquittal of the prisoners.

Wherever O’Connell went, he was received with acclamation, surrounded by an exultant multitude. At Wexford, when he went special, he was met by a fleet of boats, and obliged to take his place in a barge gaily decorated; the rowers were dressed in green and gold. After a short cruise, he was landed at the bridge, and entertained in the evening at a public dinner.

At the close of the year 1825, O’Connell was challenged by Mr Leyne, a Kerry barrister. O’Connell had forsworn duelling, and his son Maurice took up the affair. Mr Leyne, however, refused to meet him, but John and Maurice

O'Connell prosecuted the affair with vigour. The result was, that O'Connell had both his sons arrested and bound over to keep the peace.⁹

O'Connell acted with his usual prudence in the formation of the new Catholic Association. He passed by the "under growl" of Jack Lawless, estimating it just for what it was worth; but he excluded the Honourable Mr Bellew, because that gentleman was known to receive a large pension from Government, for which no reason could be assigned. A committee of deliberation sat for fourteen days, and consisted of the following gentlemen:—O'Connell, Shiel, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Michael Bellew, Hugh O'Connor, the Hon. Mr Preston, the O'Connor Don, Lord Gormanston, Lord Killeen, Sir J. Burke, Captain Bryan, N. Mahon, W. Murphy, H. Lambert; S. Coppinger, C. M. Laughlin, M. O'Brien, the Hon. G. Ffrench, J. Baggot, and P. Fogarty. The Catholics under the new Act could only meet for fourteen days at a time, but O'Connell's genius made this a help rather than a hindrance. He made it a reason for encouraging larger assemblies, and for convening assemblies in the different pro-

⁹ Through the kindness of friends, we have been obliged by some private correspondence on the subject. On the 8th December, Mr Leyne wrote, "The matter is now pretty well tranquillised, but I understand it is positively rumoured amongst friends that Maurice, under no circumstances belonging to this transaction, was either to receive from or send a message to any of his sons." The family considered Mr O'Connell had been "guilty of a gross insult."

vinces and counties of Ireland at which both Protestants and Catholics assisted.

The first great meeting was held on the 16th of July 1826. The deliberation continued for fourteen days. In the course of proceedings, the Rev. Mr L'Estrange, O'Connell's chaplain, stated that when a mutiny broke out in Gibraltar, only one regiment out of seven remained faithful, and that was the Catholic Fifty-fourth. The men saved the life of the Governor, and preserved Gibraltar to England. During the war, the 47th and 87th regiments, which were entirely Catholic, were opposed at one time to ten thousand men and defeated them.¹

The year 1827 was remarkable for political changes. Shiel made one of his telling speeches at an aggregate meeting, in which he said :—

“Peel is out—Bathurst is out—Westmoreland is out—Wellington, the bad Irishman (he was once a page in the Castle, and acquired the habit of thinking as dependant as a lady lieutenant's gown), is out—and, thanks be to God, the hoary champion of every abuse—the venerable supporter of corruption in all its forms, the pious antagonist of every generous sentiment—Eldon, procrastinating, canting, griping, whining, weeping, ejaculating, protesting, money-getting and money-keeping Eldon, is out. This, after all, is

¹ O'Connell had a quarrel with the Dublin papers about this period, for not reporting him fully. The *Morning Register* very quietly retorted, that as O'Connell uttered two hundred words in one minute, and sometimes spoke three hours at a time, it was scarcely possible. We believe O'Connell's feats of language are exceeded by Mr Butt, who is said to utter three hundred words in a minute.

something. We have got rid of that candid gentleman, who for an abridgement of the decalogue would abridge Ireland of her liberties. We have got rid of the gaoler who presided over the captivity of Napoleon, and was so well qualified to design what Sir Hudson Lowe was so eminently calculated to execute. We have got rid of that authoritative soldier who has proved himself as thankless to his sovereign as he has been ungrateful to his country, and who has been put to the right-about-left: and better than all—better than the presumption of Wellington, the narrow-heartedness of Bathurst, the arrogance of Westmoreland, the ostentatious manliness and elaborate honesty of Mr Peel—we have got rid of Lord Eldon's tears."

The reins of government were now in the hands of Canning, a man of singular ability and power. His party had held an important position under Lord Liverpool's administration, and Lord Palmerston had sided with this party, and, as far as he had political power, he had resisted the illiberal faction headed by Lord Eldon.² Lord Anglesea was sent to Ireland, for the king, who was by no means in a quiet frame of mind, said, "he *must* have a Protestant Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland."³

² Lord Palmerston said that George IV. "personally hated" him. He certainly tried to get rid of him by offering him the government of Jamaica.—*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. i. p. 183.

³ "Diary of Lord Colchester," vol. iii. p. 487. In all the political correspondence of this period, those who favoured the Catholics were called Catholics, and the rest Protestants. It is at first puzzling to read of men being called Catholics for such a reason.



Chapter Twelfth.



O'CONNELL AND THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.

1827-1815.

COMMENCEMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR MACHALE—PRIESTLY CO-OPERATION—A NEW ERA—SKETCH OF DR MACHALE'S LIFE—SKETCH OF DR DOYLE'S LIFE—HIS "VINDICATION OF CATHOLICS"—DR DOYLE AND THE LORDS' COMMITTEE—HONEST JACK LAWLESS—HENRY GRATTAN—MR O'GORMAN MAHON—SCENE IN THE "HOUSE"—STEELE—MR BARRETT—MR RAY.





CHAP. XII

AT the close of the year 1827, O'Connell made the most energetic and active preparations for mass meetings of the entire people of Ireland, and at this period he commenced the long and affectionate correspondence with the Right Rev. Dr MacHale, which ended only with his life. These letters form a most important illustration of the latter period of O'Connell's career, as we have in his own words his own opinions. He might be obliged at times to conceal his real motives from the public, but, in reading his correspondence with his chosen friend and his most valued adviser, we have the very secrets of his heart.

The first letter of this important correspondence is dated at the close of this year :—

“ MERRION SQUARE, 31st December 1827.

“ MY LORD,—The public papers will have already informed your Lordship of the resolution to hold a meeting for petition in every parish in Ireland, on Monday, 13th of January.

“ I should not presume to call your Lordship’s particular attention to this measure, or respectfully to solicit your countenance and support in your diocese, if I was not most deeply convinced of its extreme importance and utility. The combination of national action, all Catholic Ireland acting as one man, must necessarily have a powerful effect on the minds of the Ministry and of the entire British nation ; a people who can be thus brought to act together, and by one impulse, are too powerful to be neglected, and too formidable to be long opposed.

“ Convinced, *deeply, firmly* convinced of the importance of this measure, I am equally so of the impossibility of succeeding unless we obtain the countenance and support of the Catholic prelates of Ireland. To you, my Lord, I very respectfully appeal for that support. I hope and respectfully trust that in your diocese no parish will be found deficient in activity and zeal.

“ I intend to publish in the papers the form of a petition for Emancipation, which may be adopted in all places where no individual may be found able and willing to prepare a proper draft.

“ I am sorry to trespass thus on your Lordship’s most valuable time, but I am so entirely persuaded of the vital utility of the measure of simultaneous meeting to petition, that I venture, over again, but in the most respectful manner, to urge on your kind and considerate attention the propriety of assisting in such manner as you may deem best to attain our object.

“ I have the honour to be, with profound respect, my Lord, your Lordship’s most obedient humble servant,

“ DANIEL O’CONNELL.

“ To the Right Rev. Dr MacHale.”

O'Connell was well aware of the value of clerical co-operation, and no man ever desired it more. His plan succeeded to admiration; simultaneous meetings were held in every part of Ireland at the same day and hour; and at the same time more effective arrangements were made for Catholic association. Churchwardens were appointed, one by the priest and the other by the parishioners, to collect the rent, to watch the landlords, to protect the tenants from proselytism and from coercion in voting. Such organisation was never attempted before in any nationality, and yet it was carried out to a degree of perfection worthy of the master-mind which originated and worked it out.

Mr Canning's unexpected death dissolved his Cabinet. Lord Goderich came into office, and went out of it, "nobody knew how and nobody knew why." On the 22d January 1828, the Wellington Ministry was formed.⁴ In four months the Cabinet was rearranged in consequence of the disfranchisement of an English borough. The result was indeed momentous for Ireland. Mr Vesey Fitzgerald obtained a place, and consequently was obliged to vacate his seat for the county Clare. The omission of one word in the Act of Parliament enabled a Catholic to be elected, though it did not permit him to take his seat. We all know the result; but before we enter into details of that event, which an English statesman, who even at the moment had

⁴ "The king would not have Sir Robert Peel, to whose '*bowing*' he had serious objections."—*Diary of Lord Colchester*, vol. iii. p. 539.

resigned his office, has described as "*a new era in the history of Ireland*," we shall say a few words of the men with whom O'Connell worked, or, to put it more correctly, who worked with O'Connell.

And first—because first in Irish affection, and because the long and hitherto unknown correspondence which we now publish shows that he was first in O'Connell's confidence—we must name the Rev. Dr MacHale, the present Archbishop of Tuam.

This distinguished prelate was born in 1791 at Tubbernavine, a village in the county Mayo. He belongs to an old and honourable family, who trace their pedigree back for many generations; but as they preferred heavenly to earthly wealth, they sacrificed their temporal possessions for conscience' sake.⁵ Even if his Grace were not distinguished as a theologian, a poet, and a man of letters, the Irish hearts of his people would cling to him fondly because of his fidelity.

His early education was given to him at Castlebar, as best it could be when penal laws made knowledge forbidden

⁵ The Archbishop of Tuam is directly descended from Bishop MacCaile, who received the profession of St Bridget. His family lived for centuries in the valley where Amalgaid, then king of that country, met St Patrick, and near the wood of Fochut.—(*See Life of St Patrick, by the Author of the Illustrated History of Ireland*, p. 526.)

A considerable number of Dr MacHale's relatives on both sides of his family have been priests. The Very Rev. U. Burke, of St Jarleth's College, is his nephew, and is well-known as a scholar and writer on Celtic literature.

fruit. His vocation to the service of God in the ecclesiastical state manifested itself early, and he entered the College of Maynooth, where, after his ordination, he held the professorial chair of dogmatic theology for eleven years. The importance of this office can only be fully understood by Catholics, who know that their Church, and their Church alone, has a creed which it is heresy to deny, and which must be taught by all its priests, wherever scattered throughout the world, with harmony of expression. Being divine, it cannot vary, for with the Eternal Truth there is no changeableness. But as it must be taught by fallible mortals to others equally fallible, it is necessary that there should be an infallible authority to define even those delicate lines of expression which divide truth from error. Such is the province of the professor of dogmatic theology. He teaches to his students what they must teach to others in their turn, he having been taught himself by that Church founded by Christ, and taught not only what it should do, but what it should believe. The Divine injunction was to go forth and teach all nations, not to dispute which of two opinions might be the more correct, but to teach "whatsoever" they were "commanded."⁶

⁶ As many educated Protestants are not only ignorant of Catholic doctrine, but in many cases, from education or prejudice, are grievously misinformed, it may be well to observe—First, That we see in the Epistles how exactly the Apostles carried out the Divine instructions on this subject. They taught a certain definite doctrine, and those who did not believe or accept that testimony were considered and treated as

While at Maynooth, Dr MacHale was named Coadjutor Bishop of his native diocese, Killala, *cum jure successionis*, and consecrated with the title of *Mononia in partibus*. He published a series of letters while at Maynooth on the Bible Societies, the Protestant Church in Ireland, and Catholic Emancipation, under the signature of *Hierophilus*. In 1827, he published a work "On the Evidence and Doctrine of the Catholic Church," which is so highly esteemed that it has been translated into both French and German.

During the Melbourne Administration, the well-known series of his letters appeared signed John Archbishop of Tuam. Like many distinguished Irish prelates, Dr MacHale was selected to preach the Lent at Rome during the spring of 1832. His lectures attracted so much attention that they were translated into Italian by the Abbate de Lucia, who has since been raised to the purple. Nor has Dr MacHale forgotten his native tongue. The melodies of Moore have been translated into Irish by his facile and

heretics. Obviously if there were no definite rule of faith, there would be no harmony, and if variation of opinion were allowed on any one point of doctrine, the faith would be no longer one. "Sects of perdition" are especially condemned in Holy Writ (2 Peter ii. 1). Secondly, The Church has power to decide controversies on matters of faith, and exercised this power from the very commencement (Acts xv. 7). There may be "much disputing" on any subject until the voice of Divine authority has spoken. Once it has spoken, there can be none. Obviously the Church would be of no use as a teacher, unless she had power to define what should, and what should not be believed.

gifted pen, and part of the Iliad of Homer ; but, true to his exalted calling, he has not forgotten the poetry of Truth, and he has commenced the translation of the Holy Scripture into his native tongue.⁷

Dr MacHale's work was done quietly. He was a tower of strength to O'Connell. His dignified defence when attacked by a petulant judge shows that he is still a tower of strength to Ireland. He stands yet, majestic and still as the grand old mountains of his native Connemara, ruling his flock in wisdom and power, and heeding but little the angry assaults of those who cannot reach his altitude.

The Right Rev. Dr Doyle, though less a personal friend of O'Connell, devoted himself publicly to the cause of Ireland and religion, and by his pen as well as by his bearing

⁷ In the year 1851, Mr Keogh, in his speech at the banquet given to him by his constituents in Athlone, spoke thus of Dr MacHale :—" I see here the venerable prelates of my Church, first amongst them—" the observed of all observers"—the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, who, like that lofty tower which rises upon the banks of the yellow Tiber, the pride and protection of the city, is at once the glory and the guardian, the *decus et tutamen*, of the Catholic religion." His reversal of this compliment in the year 1872 is amusing, and, as a matter of contemporary history, deserves to be placed on record :—" His Lordship then dwelt on the meeting in detail, observing with regard to the term 'Great Prelate of the West,' applied to the Archbishop of Tuam, denouncing the epithet as fulsome flattery. For his part, he had often considered whether he would not rather prefer to be well abused than fulsomely flattered, whether it would not be more offensive to have the slaver of the tongue or the venom of the teeth."

when under cross-examination before parliamentary committees, did no little service. He was born at New Ross, in the county Wexford, in 1786, and was educated at Coimbra in Portugal. He was a man of more fervour than quickness of thought, and of an ascetic habit of mind. The terrible events of the rebellion of 1798 were vividly impressed in his memory, as he was then for some hours in personal danger. He was appointed Bishop of Kildare and Leighton at the early age of thirty-two, and his devotion to the affairs of his diocese, from the care of the very poorest of his people to the supervision of his clergy, was beyond all praise. He first appeared as a public writer when replying to an offensive charge delivered by the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr Magee. His letter electrified the Protestant party, and Catholics pointed to it with no little pride, as one of many evidences of the ability of their prelates. His style was singularly pure, and while entirely free from anything like invective, was none the less truculent. He has been paid the doubtful compliment of late years of not being "Ultramontane,"⁸ yet there never was a man more deeply and truly devoted to his Church. The following passage, which we extract from

⁸ A writer in the *Standard* of August 17, 1872, describing the pictures in the Dublin Exhibition, says:—"Next hangs J. K. L." [this was the *nom de plume* adopted by Dr Doyle], "who was too much of a scholar and a statesman to countenance, had he lived, the Ultramontane tactics of the present day in Ireland. Many thousand Roman Catholic Irishmen sigh for the days of the Dr Doyle whom this picture vividly recalls."

his *Vindication of Catholics*, a letter addressed to the Marquis of Wellesley, must have made a deep impression on any mind not hopelessly prejudiced:—

"It was the creed, my Lord, of a Charlemagne and of a St Louis, of an Alfred and an Edward, of the monarchs of the feudal times, as well as of the emperors of Greece and Rome; it was believed at Venice and at Genoa, in Lucca, and the Helvetic nations in the days of their freedom and greatness; all the barons of the Middle Ages, all the free cities of later times, professed the religion we now profess. You well know, my Lord, that the charter of British freedom and the common law of England have their origin and source in Catholic times. Who framed the free constitutions of the Spanish Goths? Who preserved science and literature during the long night of the Middle Ages? Who imported literature from Constantinople, and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford? Who polished Europe by art, and refined her by legislation? Who discovered the New World, and opened a passage to another? Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, and of music? Who invented the compass and the art of printing? Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research and profound literature? Who have exalted human nature, and made man appear again little less than the angels? Were they not, almost exclusively, the professors of our creed? Were they, who created and possessed freedom under every shape and form, unfit for her enjoyment? Were men, deemed even now the lights of the world and the benefactors of the human race, the deluded victims of a slavish superstition? But what is there in our creed

The writer of this paragraph probably never read the "Life of Dr Doyle." If he had done so, he would never have committed himself to the absurd assertion that any Irish Catholic "sighs" for the days of penal laws, tithes, and Orange ascendancy. O'Connell's portrait in the same Exhibition is amusingly described with a small sarcasm as "showing him as he was, big, burly, theatrical, and overbearing."

which renders us unfit for freedom? Is it the doctrine of passive obedience? No; for the obedience we yield to authority is not blind, but reasonable. Our religion does not create despotism; it supports every established constitution which is not opposed to the laws of nature, unless it be altered by those who are entitled to change it. In Poland, it supported an elective monarch; in France, an hereditary sovereign; in Spain, an absolute or constitutional king, indifferently; in England, when the houses of York and Lancaster contended, it declared that he who was king *de facto*, was entitled to the obedience of the people. During the reign of the Tudors, there was a faithful adherence of the Catholics to their prince, under trials the most severe and galling, because the constitution required it. The same was exhibited by them to the ungrateful race of Stuarts. But, since the expulsion of James (foolishly called an abdication), have they not adopted, with the nation at large, the doctrine of the Revolution—‘that the crown is held in trust for the benefit of the people; and that, should the monarch violate his compact, the subject is freed from the bond of his allegiance?’ Has there been any form of government ever devised by man, to which the religion of Catholics has not been accommodated? Is there any obligation, either to a prince or to a constitution, which it does not enforce?”

Dr Doyle was examined before a parliamentary committee in 1825. His examiners were under the impression that they knew far more about the Catholic religion than he did, and their principal object was to try and entrap him into some admission⁹ which would be hostile to

⁹ Dr Doyle was asked the most absurd questions. If any of his examiners had taken the trouble to procure a Catholic Catechism from the poorest Irish girl in London, and had then studied it honestly, they would have obtained all the information they desired. The difficulty was simply this: These members of Parliament, some of whom cer-

the religion for which he would have given his life. Such ignorance is pitiable, and, unfortunately, even in the present day is not uncommon. To the educated Catholic, prelate or gentleman, it would be simply amusing if it did not involve such serious consequences. Dr Doyle was very indignant. When a statue of this prelate was exhibited in Dublin, Lord Anglesea went to see it with a large party of gentlemen. One of the number observed that he had never seen Dr Doyle in that remarkable position. The Marquis replied, "I remember it well. When he was giving evidence before a committee in the Lords, a peer put a question to him about Catholic teaching. He flung up his arm just in that empathic manner and exclaimed,

tainly were honest-hearted and honourable men, had been educated in a system naturally and necessarily framed on the belief that Popery was founded on lies and corruption, else why would the "glorious Reformation" have been necessary? Men who did not believe in the "immortal memory" of the usurper William, or who cared very little about it, believed this. Their mothers had taught it to them, their fathers had acted upon it. Why, then, should it not be true? Catholics indignantly deny their theory. They were too honest themselves to disbelieve their Catholic fellow-subjects altogether, yet they were too prejudiced to alter their own preconceived imaginary theory. The result was hopeless confusion. They tried to get the Catholics to make admissions which would fall in with their theory; but the Catholics would not make them, because their theory was false. They asked a dozen questions on one subject, and got a dozen clear answers, and yet they were not content, simply because they would not give up their preconceived theory. Lord Carbery wrote in despair on the subject to Lord Colchester. They had examined and re-examined Dr Doyle on the subject of Confession, the whole theology of which, dogmatic and moral, was disposed of in half-a-dozen questions and answers in the Catechism,

‘I did not think there was a Protestant peer so ignorant as to ask that question.’ ”

During Dr Doyle’s examination, the Duke of Wellington left the room for a few moments in order to examine some parliamentary document. “Well, Duke,” exclaimed a peer, who happened to be entering the committee room at the time, “are you examining Dr Doyle?” “No,” replied the Duke drily, “but Doyle is examining us.”

Shiel was O’Connell’s most active coadjutor in the early part of his career. He was born near Waterford, on 16th of August 1791, and after spending some years with the Jesuits at Stoneyhurst, ended his academic career in Trinity College, Dublin, a circumstance which may perhaps account for his opposition to O’Connell on the Veto question. In 1823 he again joined with O’Connell, as

which they had not read, and which, if they had, they would not believe. Nothing could be done with such men, either in the early or the latter part of the 19th century, except to leave them to their ignorance. Lord Carbery was sure that “the Confessional was the source of all the barbarous and bloody scenes which disgraced Ireland.” He had indeed learned from Dr Doyle that a Catholic could not receive absolution unless he was truly penitent, that being all that God required ; but Lord Carbery and other Protestant noblemen required a great deal more from the Irish peasant. The priest was to act as spy, informer, policeman, and at least moral executioner. He was not to give absolution to the penitent unless the penitent gave himself up to human justice. Lord Carbery knew very little of the religion of the Bible, or he would have remembered the example of Him who said to the penitent, “Go, and sin no more,” and who did not require her or any of those whom He forgave to make public confession of their crimes.

already related. Mr North said of him, that he had erred in the choice of a profession, and that if he had cultivated the drama instead of law, he would have equalled Shakespeare. His physique was anything but attractive; he was small of stature, careless as to personal appearance; his voice was shrill, but his bursts of eloquence thrilled to the very souls of his audience. His complexion was dark, and his hair fair and unkempt. Yet this man had a soul that poured itself forth in such torrents of eloquence as are rarely heard, and a magnetic power which kept his hearers spell-bound and entranced. He generally entered the Association when the business was nearly ended, and while O'Connell was speaking. There was not much difference in their age, yet the great master spoke of him as "his eloquent young friend, whose power and genius were unequalled by the orators of Greece and Rome in the days of their brightest glory."

He always dressed in black, with white neckcloth, and he always wore black kid gloves. When at the close of some thrilling and truly terrible outburst, he would draw off one glove, and stretch forth his white delicate hand to heaven, as if calling down vengeance on the oppressors of his race. His finest speech was that already mentioned, when he replied to Lord Lyndhurst's unwise onslaught on the Irish nation, and asked, "Where was Arthur Duke of Wellington when these words were uttered? Breathlessly he should have started up to disclaim them—

'The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he passed,'
ought to have come back upon him."

In 1825 he would certainly have become subject to a Government prosecution only for the death of Lord Liverpool. The memoirs of Wolfe Tone had just been brought to Ireland. Shiel possessed himself of a copy, and made it the subject of comment in a manner which could not fail to excite the anger and the fury of England. He spoke like an "enraged prophet:"—

"Let England," he said, "beware of another Wolfe Tone. Let her not rely for safety on her old protectors, the *winds*! She may call upon them in her hour of peril, but they may not come, or should they volunteer their force, it will be subdued by the power of steam. A vote of the Catholics of 1793 procured for Tone an introduction to the French Directory, and the sympathy of its legions. Let England remember that the Catholics of 1825 are more than double those of 1793. The hair of Samson has grown again. Should oppression drive the Catholics to the field, England will not find the Catholic altars of the nineteenth century barriers to their impetuosity and revenge!"

He lost his popularity, great as it was, for a time, by accepting a retainer from Lord George Beresford in his contest for Waterford; and he did not improve his position in a national point of view by siding with the Government he had so often denounced, and accepting a silk gown as his reward.

He came forward again in 1832, when the Repeal agitation commenced; was returned on Repeal principles for Tipperary, and was the bitter opponent of Sir Robert

Peel as long as he remained in the House of Commons. He was counsel for Mr John O'Connell at the State Trials. He died in 1851, and, like many a more consistent Irishman, is buried in a foreign land.

"Honest Jack Lawless" was a Belfast man, and editor of the *Irishman*, then published in that city. He was a powerful, earnest speaker. He was something of an original character also, and was generally in opposition to O'Connell. He went to the bar late in life, and died in 1840, a few months after receiving the appointment of assistant barrister.

Henry Grattan, the second son of *the* Grattan, was the first member of Parliament who joined the Repeal movement after the O'Connells. He did not take a prominent part in public affairs until that period when O'Connell was imprisoned, when he dared the Government in the most fearless language; but for some unknown reason he was not indicted.

Mr O'Gorman Mahon was a prominent and most active member of the Association. He was a clear and effective speaker, and his personal appearance was very much in his favour. He was one of those who joined in putting down the disastrous attempts made by English members of Parliament to prevent the Irish Roman Catholic members from speaking in the House. O'Connell styled these attacks "beastly bellowing," and "ruffianly interruption." The language was strong, but hon. members did "bellow,"

and some of the sounds they emitted very closely resembled the inarticulate cries of the lower creation. The word "ruffianly" was unparliamentary, but so was the conduct of those gentlemen, although the Irish members only were made the subjects of such interruptions,¹ the object of which was to silence them. O'Gorman Mahon, O'Connell's two sons, John and Maurice, Mr O'Dwyer, and a few others, wished to put down these ungentlemanly interruptions in the only way in which they could be put down. In the midst of cries of "Chair" and "Order," the party walked across the floor of the House of Commons, and politely presented their cards to the Tory gentlemen who led the attack. A scene followed of another and stormier kind, but this interruption was not put down until O'Gorman challenged Sir James Graham, and Morgan O'Connell fought Lord Alvanley.

Steele was another of O'Connell's enthusiastic followers. He was a man of great energy and poetic temperament, which led him to prefer "forlorn hopes" to more ordinary battlefields. He set off in early life on a somewhat

¹ The English House of Commons has not always been remarkable for gravity and gentlemanly demeanour in debate, and even in the Lords, propriety is not always observed. On the 22d April 1831, there was "a state of confusion almost unexampled since the dispersion of the Long Parliament by Oliver Cromwell." The noise was so great no one could hear what was said. The Duke of Richmond was at last obliged to move that the standing order against the use of "offensive language," should be read.—*Hansard*, iii. 1806.

Quixotic expedition to assist the overthrow of monarchy in Spain, and proved his earnestness by mortgaging his property for ten thousand pounds to purchase military stores. On his return he joined O'Connell, and became *Head Pacificator*.

Mr Barrett was another very effective ally of the Repeal party. As a journalist he did much and effective service. He was frequently prosecuted by Government, and was imprisoned three times. In 1827 he established the *Pilot*, which became O'Connell's principal organ. This paper was printed in the office of the *Morning and Weekly Register*, and when it was suppressed by Government, Barrett easily continued it, evading the law by changing the title, which he now made to run thus:—"The *Morning Register*—THE PILOT *having been suppressed*." Evidently it was not easy to suppress Mr Barrett. The *Pilot* was an evening paper, and was kept up as such with its new title, and, of course, increased largely in circulation.

In 1833 he was prosecuted for publishing a letter of O'Connell's which first appeared in the *London Morning Chronicle*, and which presumably became treasonable by its transmission back across the Channel. Shiel was engaged for the defence, but on the very evening of the trial he became either ill, or unwilling to act, and returned his brief. O'Connell was, therefore, obliged to lead himself. Barrett was found guilty, as he expected, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He might have saved himself

by giving up O'Connell's name as the author, but he was far too true a patriot.

Mr Ray, better known to O'Connellites as "My dear Ray," belongs to later times, with other men who served the great Liberator for a time, but with less heartiness than his earlier followers.

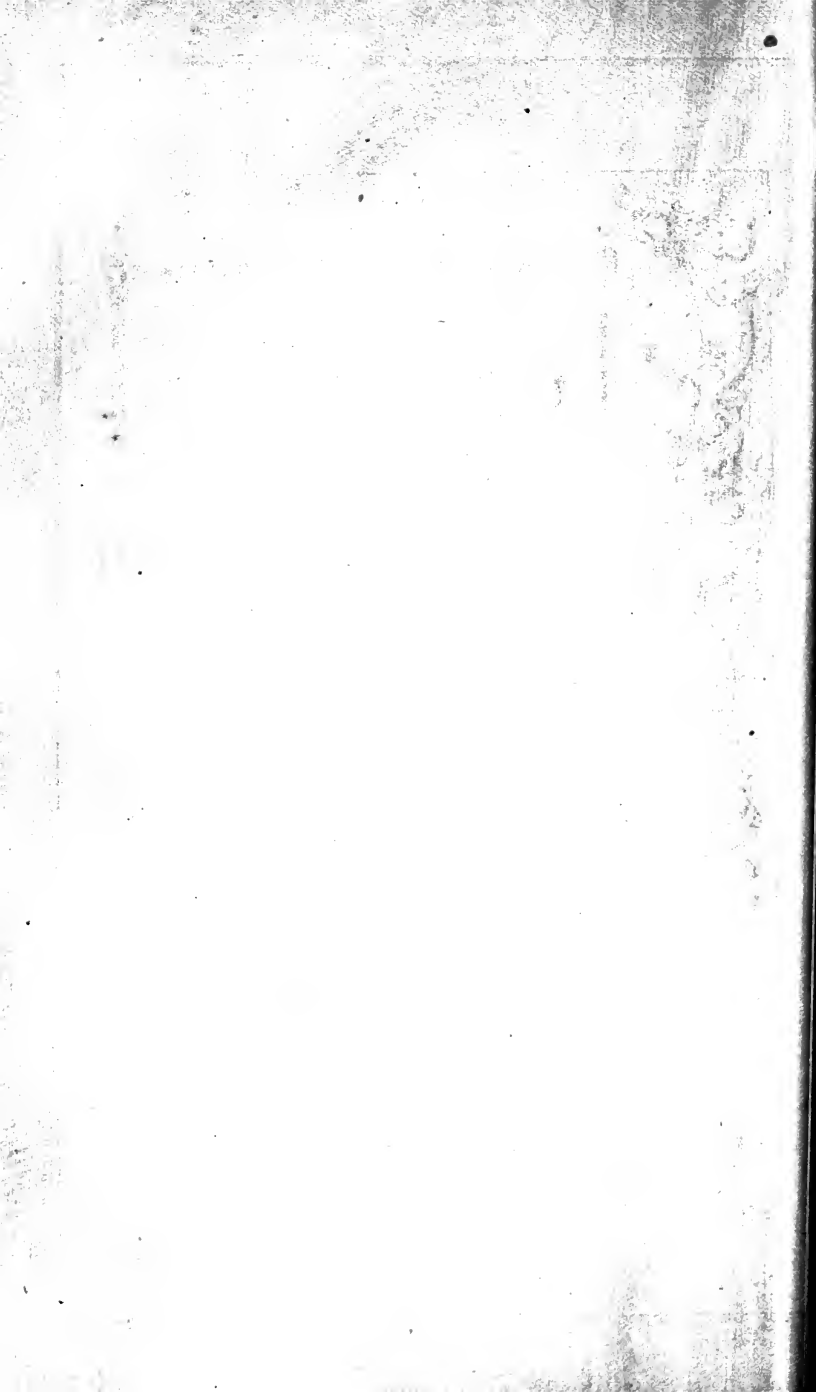


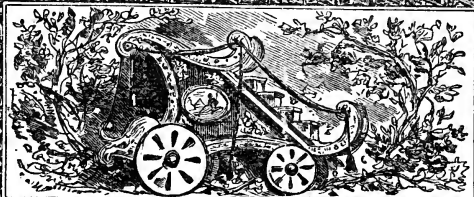
Chapter Thirteenth.

KING DAN.

1825-1829.

ENGLAND'S ANSWER TO IRELAND'S CRY FOR JUSTICE—DECLINE SINCE THE DAYS OF HENRY VIII.—IRELAND A NECESSITY FOR ENGLAND—A CATHOLIC TRIUMPH—ADDRESS TO THE CATHOLICS OF CLARE—EXCITEMENT AND AGITATION—CONSTERNATION IN ENGLAND—MONSTER MEETING AT ENNIS—SCENE AT THE HUSTINGS, THE SHERIFF AND O'GORMAN MAHON—THE VOTING DAY—MR VANDALEUR AND HIS TENANTS—RETURN OF O'CONNELL—SPEECH OF SHIEL—THE CHAIRING—EXCITEMENT IN ENGLAND—THE BISHOPS AND PRIESTS—OFFICIAL IRRITATION—KING DAN—THE LEICESTER DECLARATION—LETTER OF WELLINGTON—THE EMANCIPATION BILL PASSED—O'CONNELL'S RIGHT TO A SEAT DISPUTED—AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE—RE-ELECTION—SMITH O'BRIEN—ENTHUSIASM.





THE TRIUMPHAL CAR

CHAP. XIII

THE Clare election is a stand-point in Irish history. For centuries no Irishman was allowed a voice, or even the humblest utterance of his opinion, in the government of his native land.

The English Government boasted of its freedom—wonderful things were said about *Magna Charta*, the “palladium of the people’s rights,” for which, be it noted, the people were indebted to the Catholic clergy, as they are still indebted to the Catholic clergy in Ireland for protection against landlord coercion at elections. But, however excellent the constitution of England may have been, the Irish were not permitted to enjoy

its benefits.

When their own Brehon law, sacred to them by its even-handed justice and its centuries of observance, was taken from them, they asked again and again to be allowed the justice of English law. But no; for all reply they got the sword, the triangle, and the gallows. Their cries for justice were silenced occasionally by brute force by men like Cole, Coote, Bagnel, Cromwell, and Grey,² who did the devil's work, and enjoyed it thoroughly, because, as yet, they had not the devil's sufferings to bear as well. The Irish were "dogges" to be shot down, and hunted, and got rid of, if possible; but then it was not always possible, and despite hunting, and shooting, and violent banishment to Connaught and Jamaica, and polite banishment to continental countries, the Irish race grew and prospered numerically.

From the time of Henry VIII., the prestige of the English nation steadily declined. The decline was slow, but it was none the less sure. All the bright and fair chivalry which found its embodiment in early ages in Arthur, and in mediæval times in the Black Prince, died out—died of inanition. There can be no physical or spiritual beauty

² A cursory acquaintance with Irish history will supply details of the bloody work done by these men. In the "Commons' Proceedings" of 1644, vol. iii. p. 517, it is recorded that Captain Swanley, having captured a vessel at sea, and thrown seventy persons overboard *because they were Irish*, was summoned to the bar of the House, and had thanks there given him for his good service, and a chain of gold." This was by no means an exceptional case.—See *Clarendon*, vol. ii. p. 478.

without life. The life died out in England when it denied the source of life. The foul filthy immorality of the Court of Henry VIII., the first "head" of the Protestant Church, was perpetuated in the reign of the Virgin Queen, with this difference only, that it was a little disguised. A very slight acquaintance with history is sufficient to prove what the Courts of the Georges and the Williams were. The vices of the Courts descended to the people. What, indeed, was there to prevent the descent? And as corruption of mind and morals became more and more prevalent, so did hatred of that race become more and more intense which had kept its morality because it kept its faith practically.³

At the commencement of the present century, it was discovered that the services of Irishmen were necessary for the very existence of the British Empire. She boasts of her victories, and with justice; but they were won for her by Irish soldiers. Irishmen came at last to know their own value to England, to see that some price, however trifling, could be put upon their services. England was

³ Protestants who cannot deny the morality and exceptional freedom from crime in Ireland, point to continental countries also Catholic, and ask why are these countries not equally moral? The answer is simple. We deny that Catholic countries are less moral, using the word in a broad sense, than Protestant countries. Protestant tourists admit this, with the exception of a few prejudiced persons. If Ireland is exceptionally moral, it is because the Irish practise their religion, as a people, and have always done so, more faithfully than any other nation.

not in a position to deny the debt, but she paid by instalments and as scantily as possible. It would have been better to have made a virtue of necessity. So it came to pass that, in the year 1829, an Irish Catholic freeholder was allowed to vote theoretically ; practically, however, the vote was of little use ;—he dared not disobey his landlord, and, above all, he dared not vote for any individual who could really be his representative, since no Catholic could sit in the Imperial Parliament. The whole system of parliamentary representation was an anomaly,—it *is* an anomaly even yet to a certain extent, and probably will be to the end of time, since there will always be a power to which the “free and independent elector” must bow—or take the consequences. As a general rule, electors do not see why they should take the consequences. O’Connell taught them for the first time to act as free men.

In the year 1825, there was an election in Waterford ; and then, for the first time, Irishmen knew that it was possible for them to be free and independent if they dared. The Beresfords were lords of the soil, and expected their serfs to obey them. They had been obeyed until now. A Catholic population was compelled to vote for an Orange representative ; it was that—or starvation. Mr Stuart came forward now to oppose Lord George Beresford, and engaged O’Connell as counsel. He chose wisely. At the hustings, O’Connell was proposed merely to give him the opportunity of speaking, for the idea of the election of a

Catholic does not seem to have occurred to any of the national party. The indignation of the Orange clique may be better imagined than described. They were no longer the "recognized leaders" of the people—their power had received a blow which it never recovered.

O'Connell spoke for two hours, and then withdrew the claim he had no intention of prosecuting; but his purpose was answered. Lord George withdrew in a few days, when he perceived that there was not the least hope of his return, and Mr Stuart was elected.

This success gave an impetus to the cause of freedom. The people learned that it was possible for them to exercise the power which they had hitherto believed to be merely ideal. They began to see that it was for them to decide whether they would be "free and independent electors," or mere voting machines. They saw the cost also; but when did an Irishman ever shrink from personal sacrifice for the good of his country?⁴

Curiously enough, O'Connell's return for Clare was sug-

⁴ Shiel used to tell an anecdote of this election, of which he vouched for the accuracy. Lord Waterford was dying at the time, but the ruling passion was strong in death. He heard that his own huntsman, Manton, was going to "vote against him." He sent for the old and faithful follower; but though the poor man's heart was sore, both from affection for his old master, and the knowledge of the consequence of exercising his right, he refused to vote "against his country and his religion." The dying peer had his revenge. Manton was dismissed, deprived of his farm, and driven out on the world a beggar.

gested by a Tory. This gentleman, Sir David Roose, was under considerable personal obligations to O'Connell. He met Mr Fitzpatrick, the son of the well-known Catholic bookseller, in Nassau Street, who informed him that Mr Fitzgerald would be obliged to seek re-election for Clare, and suggested that O'Connell should oppose him. Mr Fitzpatrick went instantly to O'Connell, who was by no means disposed to enter upon the contest. Mr Vesey Fitzgerald was a Liberal, and had acted very fairly towards the Catholics, but he was not a Catholic. No Catholic had ever yet stood for Parliament since the time when every member of Parliament was a Catholic; it was time that something should be done to assert their claims. O'Connell saw this, and he saw also that such an opportunity might not occur again for a considerable period.

With him to decide was to act. He went at once to the office of the *Evening Post* and wrote his address. This paper had now passed into the hands of Mr Conway, with whom O'Connell was not on friendly terms; but all discord was at an end when the Liberator entered his office, declared his purpose, and exclaimed, "Let us be friends!"

The address was soon written, and that evening all Dublin was in a state of wild excitement; and in a few days the flame had extended throughout Ireland, and reached to England.

The address was masterly, and worthy to be the first

appeal to Irish electors from one of their own ancient faith :—

“TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF CLARE.

“DUBLIN, *June* 1828.

“FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—Your county wants a representative. I respectfully solicit your suffrages to raise me to that station.

“Of my qualifications to fill that station I leave you to judge. The habits of public speaking, and many, many years of public business, render me, perhaps, equally suited with most men to attend to the interests of Ireland in Parliament.

“You will be told I am not qualified to be elected. The assertion, my friends, is untrue. I am qualified to be elected, and to be your representative. It is true that, as a Catholic, I cannot, and of course never will, take the oaths at present prescribed to members of Parliament; but the authority which created these oaths (the Parliament) can abrogate them; and I entertain a confident hope that, if you elect me, the most bigoted of our enemies will see the necessity of removing from the chosen representative of the people an obstacle which would prevent him from doing his duty to his King and to his country.

“The oath at present required by law is, ‘that the sacrifice of the mass, and the invocation of the blessed Virgin Mary, and other saints, as now practised in the Church of Rome, are impious and idolatrous.’ Of course I will never stain my soul with such an oath. I leave that to my honourable opponent, Mr Vesey Fitzgerald. He has often taken that horrible oath. He is ready to take it again, and asks your votes to enable him so to swear. I would rather be torn limb from limb than take it. Electors of the county of Clare! choose between me, who abominate that oath, and Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, who has sworn it full twenty times! Return me to Parliament, and it is probable that such a blasphemous oath will be abolished for ever. As your representative, I will try the question with the friends in Parliament of Mr Vesey Fitzgerald. They may

send me to prison. I am ready to go there, to promote the cause of the Catholics, and of universal liberty. The discussion which the attempt to exclude your representative from the House of Commons must excite, will create a sensation all over Europe, and produce such a burst of contemptuous indignation against British bigotry in every enlightened country in the world, that the voice of all the great and good in England, Scotland, and Ireland, being joined to the universal shout of the nations of the earth, will overpower every opposition, and render it impossible for Peel and Wellington any longer to close the doors of the constitution against the Catholics of Ireland.

“Electors of the county of Clare ! Mr Vesey Fitzgerald claims, as his only merit, that he is a friend to the Catholics. Why, I am a Catholic myself ; and if he be sincerely our friend, let him vote for me, and raise before the British Empire the Catholic question in my humble person, in the way most propitious to my final success. But no, fellow-countrymen, no ; he will make no sacrifice to that cause ; he will call himself your friend, and act the part of your worst and most unrelenting enemy.

“I do not like to give the epitome of his political life ; yet, when the present occasion so loudly calls for it, I cannot refrain. He took office under Perceval,—under that Perceval who obtained power by raising the base, bloody, and unchristian cry of ‘No Popery’ in England.

“He had the nomination of a member to serve for the borough of Ennis. He nominated Mr Spencer Perceval, then a decided opponent of the Catholics.

“He voted on the East Retford measure—for a measure that would put two virulent enemies of the Catholics into Parliament.

“In the case of the Protestant Dissenters in England, he voted for their exclusion—that is, against the principle of the freedom of conscience ; that sacred principle which the Catholics of Ireland have ever cultivated and cherished, on which we framed our rights to emancipation.

“Finally, he voted for the suppression of the Catholic Association of Ireland !

“And, after this, sacred Heaven ! he calls himself a friend to the Catholics.

“He is the ally and colleague of the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel. He is their partner in power ; they are, you know, the most bitter, persevering, and unmitigated enemies of the Catholics ; and, after all this, he, the partner of our bitterest and unrelenting enemies, calls himself the friend of the Catholics of Ireland.

“Having thus traced a few of the demerits of my right honourable opponent, what shall I say for myself ?

“I appeal to my past life for my unremitting and disinterested attachment to the religion and liberties of Catholic Ireland.

“If you return me to Parliament, I pledge myself to vote for every measure favourable to Radical REFORM in the representative system, so that the House of Commons may truly, as our Catholic ancestors intended it should do, represent all the people.

“To vote for the repeal of the Vestry Bill, the Subletting Act, and the Grand Jury Laws.

“To vote for the diminution and more equal distribution of the overgrown wealth of the Established Church in Ireland, so that the surplus may be restored to the sustentation of the poor, the aged, and the infirm.

“To vote for every measure of retrenchment and reduction of the national expenditure, so as to relieve the people from the burdens of taxation, and to bring the question of the REPEAL OF THE UNION, at the earliest possible period, before the consideration of the Legislature.

“Electors of the county of Clare ! choose between me and Mr Vesey Fitzgerald ; choose between him who so long cultivated his own interest, and one who seeks only to advance yours ; choose between the sworn libeller of the Catholic faith, and one who has devoted his early life to your cause, who has consumed his manhood in a struggle for your liberties, and who has ever lived, and is ready

to die, for the integrity, the honour, the purity, of the Catholic faith, and the promotion of Irish freedom and happiness. Your faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The next movement was to collect funds. In one week fourteen thousand pounds were at his command. Cork, always liberal for country or religion, helped considerably to swell the amount. Canvassers were wanted, too, as O'Connell could not leave Dublin until the last moment; and they were found also. Mr Shiel, who arrived several days before O'Connell, was his counsel. Father Tom, as the Rev. Dr Maguire was familiarly termed, went also. Mr Ronayne, a Cork man—one of the famous Cork Ronaynes—accompanied him. A host of lesser Repeal luminaries followed; but Father Tom and Mr Ronayne were very towers of strength, for they spoke to the people in their own old Celtic tongue, and told them why the Liberator was the best man for Ireland.

When all this was known in England, the consternation was terrible. The old war-cries were declaimed with double vigour. Lord Clancarty wrote in a panic of alarm from the Under-Secretary's Lodge in Dublin about "the state of the country,"—that unhappy country, which is always in a "state," unpleasant, from one cause or another, to English legislators. He uttered loud complaints of the "unalterable hostility" of the Roman Catholics "to us;" but he forgot to add, as he was too prejudiced to see, that their hostility was not to individuals, but to a system.

They would have been strange men these Irish Catholics, and very unworthy of their manhood, if they had not been hostile to a system which did not permit them a voice in their own government. They talked "loudly" about "Parliamentary reform," that was another of their crimes; yet Parliament reformed itself soon after. Every "rational man,"—an expression which he glossed, every man agreeing with Lord Clancarty,—was disgusted with these miserable Irish. They *would* not sit down and hug their chains—they *would* assist themselves—they *would* declare that they *should* have the rights of men. If they had not been Irish, their spirit and independence would have been highly commendable; if they had not been Catholics, they would have been pronounced martyrs to their desire for political and religious liberty, and would have been extolled accordingly. But as they were Irish, and also Catholics, as they could not alter their nationality, and would not alter their religion, they were denounced as traitors. Yet Lord Clancarty declared that the English public "were as ignorant on the whole subject as if no such island existed;" and concluded, and showed his own ignorance by saying, that the Government of the day "had handed over its administration to a Popish hierarchy and Popish priests."⁵

⁵ "Diary of Lord Colchester," vol. iii. p. 575. Precisely similar expressions are used in the present day by the anti-Catholic party in the House of Commons, because the Government does not compel submission to the ministrations of a suspended priest.

Lord Colchester has left it on record, that "every one agreed that O'Connell's present proceedings could not be tolerated, and that the interference of the priests must be put down." He adds, however, "The question is, By what means?" And that was the question. They could not be hanged for voting, because they were allowed to vote; they could not be imprisoned for selecting a candidate, because the object of a vote was supposed to be to allow a man a choice; they could not be transported beyond the seas, for they had not committed any indictable offence.

But there were two or three English statesmen who took a broader view of the affair, like Lord Palmerston, and saw that "the event was dramatic and sublime;"⁶ and so it was. Thirty thousand Irishmen assembled in and about Ennis on a sultry day in July, and yet not one of them touched a mouthful of the ardent spirit which is the special temptation of the Celt. There was indeed one drunken man seen, but only one; but he was an Englishman and a Protestant, and strangely enough, if one contemporary record is to be believed,—O'Connell's own coachman, whom he committed on his own deposition for a breach of the peace.⁷

Lord Anglesea had seven thousand regulars in reserve, but he prudently kept them "all out of sight." He need not have troubled himself, for there was not so much as a

⁶ "Life of Lord Palmerston," vol. i. p. 306.

⁷ So Lord Palmerston says; but we doubt if O'Connell had an Englishman in his service, though he may probably have had a Protestant.

blackthorn stick to be seen in the whole assembly. Bands of music enlivened the scene, green flags and green banners waved in all directions; and some enterprising manufacturer had gone so far as to supply the women with handkerchiefs on which the portrait of O'Connell was printed.

A scene occurred on the hustings. Mr Vesey Fitzgerald and his party stood on one side of the High Sheriff, and, unhappily, with him stood the few Catholic aristocracy in the county. O'Connell stood on the other side. He had only the aristocracy of talent, and a few faithful friends; but the people were around him in their thousands, and the priests in their hundreds.

The High Sheriff was in an uncomfortable position. It can scarcely be pleasant to preside over a contested election under any circumstances. His sympathies were naturally with the aristocracy, and he felt it incumbent on him to show his power, and make an example (if he could) of some one on the opposite side. He made an unhappy selection. Just as the proceedings were about to commence, a gentleman leaped over the gallery; and quietly sat down on the side of it with his feet suspended over the people. His dress was as remarkable as his appearance. He wore a coat and trousers of Irish tabinet; he dispensed with a waistcoat, and wore a blue shirt, open at the neck; but his offence was wearing an immense sash scarf-fashion across his shoulder, with a medal of the "Order of Liberators" on his breast.

Mr Mahony, the High Sheriff, tried to put him down. He had been accustomed for some years to govern at Canton, and spoke with an air of authority. "Who, sir, are you?" he demanded, addressing the offender. The offender replied in stentorian tones, "My name is O'Gorman Mahon." "I tell that gentleman to take off that badge," replied the Sheriff. There was a moment's pause, and then O'Gorman Mahon replied, in slow clear accents, and with the utmost courtesy of demeanour, "This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman (pointing with the other to the Sheriff) that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has the arm of a gentleman to protect him."

The Sheriff sat down.

There was a shout of triumph in court, and then Mr Vesey was proposed, and made an extremely telling speech. He was by no means unpopular, and as loud applause followed, O'Connell found it necessary to exert all his eloquence in reply. He began by dissecting the political career of Mr Fitzgerald's supporters, and then by attacking Mr Fitzgerald. His great point here was that he had acted under Mr Perceval. "He is the friend of Peel," exclaimed O'Connell, "the bloody Perceval, and the candid and manly Peel; and he is our friend, and everybody's friend!"

This observation had a powerful effect on the multitude. At the close of the poll on the first day, the two candidates

were found nearly equal. On the second day, O'Connell was considerably ahead. But the county gentlemen were determined not to give in to the last. It was all the fault of the priests, they said; if the priests could only be put down or got rid of, they might easily frighten their easily-terrified tenants. But, as Lord Colchester said, "the question was the means." At last they hoped for success. An attorney employed by Mr Fitzgerald dashed furiously into the court-house, and declared that a priest was "terrifying the voters." The counsel for O'Connell denied the charge; the assessor demanded the culprit. The High Sheriff hoped for a bad case of "priestly intimidation." The victim was caught *flagrante delicto*. It was Father Murphy, of Corofin. He was brought before his judges,—a man of ghastly, almost spectral appearance, with heavy eyebrows overhanging his piercing eyes. "You were looking at my voters," roared the attorney. "But I said nothing," replied the priest; "and I suppose I may be allowed to look at my parishioners." "Not with such a face as that?" exclaimed the irate functionary. There was a shout of laughter; the priest certainly could not alter his natural appearance. One of O'Connell's agents rushed in now and appealed to the unhappy Sheriff. "We have no fair play, Mr Sheriff. Mr Singleton is frightening his tenants; he caught hold of one just now and threatened vengeance against him."

A priest, indeed, might not even "look" at a voter or

give him advice, but a landlord might drive his unhappy serfs before him to the poll like sheep, and, if they dared resist, threaten them with "inconvenience" in the future.

Mr Vandaleur, of Kilrush, drove in to Ennis with three hundred tenants behind him guarded by military, a singular specimen of free voting, but one by no means uncommon even at the present day. As they approached the town, Mr Vandaleur took the footman's place behind his own carriage to watch them. But in vain. As they passed O'Connell's hotel, he came on a stand from whence he and his friends addressed the voters from time to time. The air was rent with a shout for the *Liberator*; the crowd dexterously shut in the voters from Mr Vandaleur's carriage, and he was obliged to pass on and leave the tenants to vote as they pleased, or as they dared, with the prospect of such "inconvenience" as demands of rent they could not pay, of loss of custom, or of wholesale ejection.

O'Connell was returned triumphantly, and the much-enduring Sheriff was obliged to announce the fact with such resignation as he could command. The air was rent with acclamations, with such shouts as only Irish lungs can give and Irish hearts can suggest. O'Connell addressed the people in the intoxication of gladness, and, with his usual courtesy, for he was never sarcastic without cause, he paid Mr Fitzgerald some well-merited compliments on the manner in which he sustained his defeat, and asked a hearty cheer for him. He apologised to him for

any hard things he had said in the heat of the canvass, and said Mr Fitzgerald was in many ways worthy of his Anglo-Irish patronymic.

Shiel came out in great force. He spoke strongly of the absurd party-cry which was then beginning to be raised, and which will probably increase more every day in intensity. So long as the priests and people were fettered by penal laws, there was no complaint; only Government was very willing to pension the clergy if they would act as spies. But the clergy would neither have the pension nor undertake the duty. They were indeed at liberty to interfere for the Government as much as they liked; but if they dared speak their own minds, or advise the people to give their votes according to their consciences, no matter what the consequence might be—if they told them that voting was a solemn and sacred duty, for which they were individually responsible to God and their country, then up rose a clamour against “priestly interference,” and a demon shout of rage against “priestly dictation.”

Shiel was a Catholic, but he was not ashamed of his faith or of its priesthood.

“Do not be surprised,” he exclaimed, in those thrilling tones he knew so well how to use,—“do not be surprised that the peasantry should thus at once throw off their allegiance to you, when they are under the operation of emotions which it would be wonderful if they could resist. The feeling by which they are now actuated would make them not only vote against their landlords, but would make them rush into the field, scale the batteries of a fortress, and mount

the breach. I hear it said, that before many days go by there will be many tears shed in the hovels of your slaves, and that you will take a terrible vengeance of their treason. . . . But you will ask, Wherefore should they prefer their priests to their landlords, and have purer reverence for the altars of their religion than for the counter on which you calculate your rents? Ah! gentlemen, consider a little the relation in which the priest stands towards the peasant. Let us put the priest into one scale, and the landlord into the other, and let us see which should preponderate. I will take an excellent landlord and an excellent priest. The landlord shall be Sir Edward O'Brien, and the priest shall be Mr Murphy, of Corofin. Who is Sir Edward O'Brien? A gentleman who has a great fortune, who lives in a splendid mansion, and who, from the windows of a palace, looks upon possessions almost as wide as those which his ancestors beheld from the summit of their feudal towers. His tenants pay him their rents twice a year, and they have their land at a moderate rate. So much for the landlord. I come now to Father Murphy, of Corofin. Where does he reside? In a humble abode, situated at the foot of a mountain, and in the midst of dreariness and waste. He dwells in the midst of his parishioners, and is their benefactor, their friend, their father. It is not only in the actual ministry of the sacraments of religion that he stands as an object of affectionate reverence among them. I saw him, indeed, at his altar, surrounded by thousands, and felt myself the influence of his contagious and enthusiastic devotion. He addressed the people in the midst of a rude edifice, and in a language which I did not understand (the old Irish); but I could perceive what a command he has over the minds of his devoted followers. It is not merely as the celebrator of the rites of divine worship that he is dear to his flock: he is their companion, the mitigator of their calamities, the soother of their afflictions, the trustee of their hearts, the repository of their secrets, the guardian of their interests, and the sentinel of their death-beds. A peasant is dying; in the midst of the winter's night a knock is heard at the door of the priest, and he is told that

his parishioner requires his spiritual assistance ; the wind is howling, the snow descends upon the hills, and the rain and storm beat against his face ; yet he goes forth, hurries to the hovel of the expiring wretch, and taking his station beside the mass of pestilence of which the bed of straw is composed, bends to receive the last whisper which unloads the heart of its guilt, though the lips of the sinner should be tainted with disease, and he should exhale mortality in his breath. Gentlemen, this is not the language of artificial declamation ; this is not the mere extravagance of rhetorical phrase. Every word of this is the truth—the notorious, palpable, and unquestionable truth. You know it ; every one of you knows it to be true ; and now let me ask you, Can you wonder for a moment that the people should be attached to their clergy, and should follow their ordinances as if they were the injunctions of God ? Gentlemen, forgive me if I venture to supplicate, on behalf of your poor tenants, for mercy to them. Pardon them, in the name of that God who will forgive you your offences in the same measure of compassion which you will show to the trespasses of others. Do not, in the name of that Heaven before whom every one of us, whether landlord, priest, or tenant, must at last appear, do not persecute these poor people ; don't throw their children out upon the public road ; don't send them forth to shiver and to die."

O'Connell's triumph was complete. The Catholics at last had a representative. He was chaired in Ennis, and he was followed by thousands on his route home. Even the military could not restrain their exultation. Why should they, since so many of them were of his own nation and his own faith ? They began to see that they might be something more than mere fighting machines for a nation who condescended to accept their sword and blood on the field of battle, but who denied them the right to receive the con-

solation of their religion as they lay in the agony of death.⁸

In England the news of O'Connell's election excited absolute consternation. The slaves of political bondage had dared to assert themselves. Very glorious, indeed, it would have been had such self-assertion occurred in any other country, or had it been made by any other people. A fight for liberty, physically or morally, is seldom appreciated near home. It was true, indeed, that the Irish had been promised for a long time that "something should be done for them." They were to stay quiet, "perfectly quiet," for a

⁸ The Duke of Wellington, in 1829, addressing the House of Lords in favour of Catholic Emancipation, observed—"It is already well known to your Lordships, that of the troops which our gracious sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command at various periods during the war—a war undertaken expressly for the purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—that at least one-half were Roman Catholics. My Lords, when I call your recollection to this fact, I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. . . . We must also confess that, without Catholic blood and Catholic valour, no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents in Europe might have been exerted in vain at the head of an army. My Lords, if on the eve of any of those hard-fought days, on which I had the honour to command them, I had thus addressed my Roman Catholic troops:—'You well know that your country either so suspects your loyalty, or so dislikes your religion, that she has not thought proper to admit you amongst the ranks of her citizens; if on that account you deem it an act of injustice on her part to require you to shed your blood in her defence, you are at liberty to withdraw'—I am quite sure, my Lords, that, however bitter the recollections which it awakened, they would have spurned the alternative with indignation; for the hour of danger and glory is the hour in which the gallant, the generous-hearted Irish-

few years, and then, if the whole affair was not forgotten, perhaps "the claim might be considered." Even English statesmen could see the absurdity of this.

The news of O'Connell's return for Clare was received in London on the 3d of July 1828. The indignation and excitement in political circles was great. A Protestant Club was established immediately in London, and Dr Philpotts wrote to Lord Colchester, that "stringent conditions"—whatever that might mean—should be imposed on the Irish for their "violence,"—the "violence" having consisted solely in the constitutional exercise of their

man best knows his duty, and is most determined to perform it. But if, my Lords, it had been otherwise; if they had chosen to desert the cause, . . . the remainder of the troops would undoubtedly have maintained the honour of the British arms, yet, as I have just said, no efforts of theirs could ever have crowned us with victory. Yes, my Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud pre-eminence in our military career; and that I, personally, am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow—for the honours which you have so bountifully lavished on me, and for the fair fame (I prize it above all other rewards) which my country, in its generous kindness, has bestowed upon me. I cannot but feel, my Lords, that you yourselves have been chiefly instrumental in placing this heavy debt of gratitude upon me—greater, perhaps, than has ever fallen to the lot of any individual; and, however flattering the circumstance, it often places me in a very painful position. Whenever I meet (and it is almost an everyday occurrence) with any of those brave men, who, in common with others, are the object of this bill, and who have so often borne me on the tide of victory; when I see them still branded with the imputation of a divided allegiance, still degraded beneath the lowest menial, and still proclaimed unfit to enter within the pale of the constitution, I feel almost ashamed of the honours which have been lavished upon me."

rights as electors. Parliament was accused of "shameful neglect;" but his Lordship, a sharp practical man, had wit enough to see that if the "elective franchise" could be restrained in Ireland, that this would be the effective remedy for all future evils. The suggestion had at least the merit of simplicity; for clearly if the Irish Catholics could be deprived of a voice in the choice of their representatives, they would not have selected one so obnoxious to the English Protestants. He was not so much afraid of the upper classes. He hoped they would fall into the standing course of parliamentary ambition, and then would not trouble themselves much about the interests of the Church.⁹ Henry Philpotts was an acute man, he knew the value of worldly advancement, none better; and he knew how such advancement would prove a salve if not a sedative to the conscience.

The bishops and the priests were the great difficulty. They could not be bribed, so a wily plan was suggested by this worldly prelate. He proposed that an "influence might be acquired on the nomination of priests at Rome by appointing a resident Minister there to treat personally on political concerns." Few people, indeed, have suffered for their faith as the Irish have done; and had this scheme succeeded, it would have been the last and the bitterest ingredient in their cup of sorrow. It was the old battle

⁹ "Life of Lord Colchester," vol. iii. p. 577.

between God and Cæsar; and had the Church been Cæsar's Church, she must surely have yielded. The protection of England would have been found a tempting bait, the very prestige of England's name would have influenced any merely Erastian establishment. Ireland was despised by the world, England was esteemed. There was even the further temptation that a certain odour of respectability pervaded the few English Catholics who had remained faithful to their Church, because they were English—and, unhappily then, as at a later period, a few were found who thought first of their nationality, and last of their religion. But the Catholic faith is the religion of all peoples, because it is divine; and even had Ireland been less faithful to the Holy See, any attempt to sow discord would have equally failed.

And yet the priests were really the "head pacificators" of Ireland. Jack Lawless went on a mission to the North, and, with his characteristic recklessness, contrived to exasperate the Orangemen, and afterwards escape from the scene of discord. Happily a priest was with him, and he remained behind, and, by his wisdom and influence, saved the country from fearful bloodshed.¹

¹ The Rev. Mr M'Donough, who afterwards emigrated to America. "Mooney's Lectures on Irish History," p. 1284; a most valuable work, published by P. Donahoe, Franklin Street, Boston. Lord Anglesea said to Sir John Byng that "the Protestants of the North were much more violent, and likely to disturb the public peace, than the Catholics of the South."—*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. i. p. 311.

O'Connell freely used his "frank" as a member of Parliament, but he did not take his seat. It was a time of intense agitation and anxiety to all parties. The Brunswickers, as the Protestant Clubs now called themselves, were acting with such gross violence as to form an unpleasant contrast to the well-ordered Catholic Association. The Lord-Lieutenant declared that he could keep the country quite quiet for one year, and no longer. He complained bitterly that the Duke of Wellington had only sent him official letters, and that he was kept completely in the dark as to the plans of Government.

The Solicitor-General Doherty said he could just keep the country together till Parliament met, and he would "hand it over to the table of the House."² A Protestant Archbishop of Dublin talked about the "insane" declaration of the associate demagogues, and the still more insane attempts of the leading demagogue to thrust himself into Parliament.³ The "leading demagogue," meanwhile, went on the even tenor of his way. Lord Arden said that no one knew anything about the state of Ireland, even if they lived in it like himself, but left it to be understood that he was an exception; and said also that O'Connell kept up a "continual ferment." Lord Eldon showed his hopeless ignorance of the Catholic religion, by saying that O'Connell would not be allowed to take his seat in the House, unless

² "Palmerston," vol. i. p. 312.

³ "Colchester," vol. iii. p. 582.

he took the oaths, and that he would not do unless he could get absolution, obviously believing that it would be quite possible for a man to get absolution for taking a solemn oath that his own religion was blasphemous and idolatrous. He declared that nothing was talked of "which interested anybody the least in the world except the election of Mr O'Connell and the mischief it must produce;" and he had just intelligence enough to see, what most intelligent men saw very plainly, that "the business must bring the Roman Catholic question, which has been so often discussed, to a crisis and a conclusion." The crisis was the debate on Emancipation, and the conclusion was the granting of that act of common justice.⁴

In October 1828, Lord Anglesea issued a proclamation to put down the disturbances in the North, and at the same time O'Connell issued a proclamation to put down faction fights in the South. He was, indeed, becoming the uncrowned king of Ireland. Few crowned monarchs of that country had ever held such sway. He was King Dan to four millions of people, and his word was law.

The Duke of Wellington kept his opinions to himself, but there is no doubt that he saw Catholic Emancipation must be granted; and once he made up his mind, action soon followed. The Liberal party, or, as they were then usually denominated, the Whigs, were extremely angry to

⁴ Twiss's "Life of Eldon," vol. iii. p. 63.

find that a Tory Ministry was to have the credit of doing what they should have done if they had had the Duke's courage.

At the close of the year, a declaration was drawn up by the Duke of Leinster, and signed by two dukes, seven marquises, twenty-seven earls, seven viscounts, twenty-two barons, fifty-two members of the House of Commons, and upwards of two thousand gentlemen. They asked for a settlement of the Catholic claims, proving that the astute Dr Philpotts was not far wrong when he said that fully one-half the House of Commons was in favour of granting justice to Catholics—though he did not call Emancipation by that name—and that nearly half the Upper House were of the same opinion.

In December 1828, Dr Curtis, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, who was an old and valued friend of the Duke of Wellington, wrote to him begging that he would reconsider the state of Ireland, which was certainly most alarming, and apply some remedy. The Duke replied promptly :—

“LONDON, *December 11, 1828.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 4th instant ; and I assure you that you do me justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic question, which, by benefiting the State, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it. But I confess that I see no prospect of such a settlement. Party has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is impossible to expect to prevail

upon men to consider it dispassionately. If we could bury it in oblivion for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides (for they are very great), I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy.

"Believe me, my dear sir, ever your most faithful humble servant,
"WELLINGTON."

One of the Archbishop's curates was with him at breakfast; he obtained a copy of the letter, and it appeared at once in the papers. The sensation which it created was immense. The Duke wrote an expostulation to Dr Curtis, but it was too late. Dr Curtis had enclosed the laconic epistle to Lord Anglesea, and Lord Anglesea's reply soon found its way to the papers also. He recommended the Catholics to persevere in constitutional agitation; and for this letter he was at once recalled. On his departure, he received such an ovation from the Irish as had never been granted to any other representative of royalty.⁵

⁵ Lord Anglesea was very unpopular during his second term of office. Mr O'Neil Daunt says :—"During his second viceroyalty he became one day the subject of conversation in O'Connell's house. 'Poor Anglesea!' said O'Connell; 'the unfortunate man was not wicked, but misguided.' 'That is exactly what *he* says of *you*,' replied N. P. O'Gorman. 'One day I visited him he said to me: "That unfortunate O'Connell means well, but he is misguided!"' O'Connell laughed heartily. 'Certainly,' said he, 'Lord Anglesea was wonderfully weak and misinformed. Only conceive his gravely assuring the British Government that I had little or no influence in Ireland!'" Though Lord Anglesea was so popular once, he never travelled without a "life preserver." On one occasion he went to dine with Lord Concurry, but would not take an escort. The carriage was ordered early, as it was not considered prudent to be late on the

The Duke's letter proved him to be a greater adept at the sword than at the pen. The idea of "burying a subject in oblivion"⁶ while it was being diligently discussed, could not fail to provoke a laugh. It is said that the Duke had private knowledge that George IV. was near his end; that at his death one great obstacle would be removed; and that he desired to keep matters quiet until that event took place. Whatever his motive or intentions may have been, the following sentences were inserted in the king's speech on the 4th February 1829:—

"His Majesty laments that in that part of the United Kingdom (Ireland) an association still exists which is dangerous to the public

road. At the last moment Lord Anglesea's "stick" could not be found, and he positively refused to leave without it. No one had noticed it positively, but it was at last found in a summer-house where he had spent the afternoon. When the carriage moved off Lord Anglesea touched a spring and the slide flew open, showing a most formidable rapier. The handle concealed a pocket-pistol, into which was inserted a dagger-shaped blade covered with a guard. This formidable weapon was given to him by the Duke of York, who had a number of them prepared for himself and his friends after the discovery of the Thistlewood conspiracy."—*Chiefs of Parties*, Maddyn, vol. i. pp. 160-8.

⁶ The *Times* of the day had a good squib on the subject:—

"To catch the banker all have sought,
But still the rogue unhurt is;
While t'other juggler—who'd have thought?—
Though slippery long, has just been caught,
By old Archbishop Curtis.
And, such the power of Papal crook,
The crosier scarce had quivered
About his ears, when, lo! the Duke
Was of a bull delivered."

—*Life and Times of Dr Doyle*, vol. ii. p. 109.

peace. . . . His Majesty feels assured that you will commit to him such powers as may enable him to maintain his just authority. His Majesty recommends that, when this essential object shall have been accomplished, you should take into your deliberate consideration the whole condition of Ireland, and that you should revise the laws which impose disabilities on His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects."

This startling announcement was followed by a salve to the Protestant, as it had been preceded by a threat to the Catholic. The Duke manifestly knew how to make a royal speech better than how to word a private epistle.

"You will consider whether the removal of these disabilities can be effected consistently with the full and permanent security of our Establishments in Church and State, with the maintenance of the Reformed Religion established by law, and of the rights and privileges of the bishops and of the clergy of this nation, and of the churches committed to their charge."

The publication of this speech convulsed the country from one end to the other. The "glorious constitution" was in danger, the Pope would be King of Ireland, the Protestants would be massacred, the Duke was in league with the priests. Nothing was too absurd to be said, and nothing was too absurd to be believed by men who had allowed their prejudices to run away with their common sense.⁷

In the debate on the address, in answer to the speech from the throne, Lord Eldon declared "that if ever a Roman Catholic was permitted to form part of the Legis-

⁷ "Life of the Duke of Wellington," by the Rev. J. R. Gleig, p. 460. Yonge's "Life of Wellington," vol. iii. pp. 171-180.

lature of this country, from that moment the sun of Great Britain would set.”⁸ So tenacious is prejudice, that if he had lived to the present day, facts to the contrary would not have changed his opinion.

The Duke of Cumberland declared that if the king gave his assent to Catholic Emancipation, he would leave the country never to return to it again.⁹

The bill passed through both Houses with extremely large majorities, that in the Upper House being 213 against 109; but the king's signature was still necessary, and was not obtained without some difficulty. The truth was, that he only yielded to the pressure of circumstances, which he could not withstand; and exclaimed petulantly, “The Duke of Wellington is king of England, O’Connell is king of Ireland, and I suppose I am only Dean of Windsor.” The royal assent was given on the 13th of April 1829.

A clause was introduced into the Act, manifestly to annoy O’Connell, that no Catholic could take his seat unless he should be elected “after the commencement of the Act.” O’Connell hoped to evade the difficulty by offering Sir Edward Denny £3000 for one of his boroughs, but the offer was refused. O’Connell therefore determined to claim

⁸ “Life of Lord Eldon,” vol. iii. p. 63.

⁹ Letter from the Right Honourable T. Grenville to the Duke of Buckingham. He adds, “A declaration to that effect may produce a very general cheer even in the dignified assembly of the House of Lords.”—*Memoirs of George IV.* vol. ii. p. 393.

his own seat, and presented himself for that purpose at the bar of the House on the 15th of May. His appearance was expected, and made an immense sensation. He was introduced by Lords Dungannon and Ebrington.

The following extract, from the next issue of the *Times*, gives the best contemporary account of the whole affair :—

“The attempt was made by Mr O’Connell last night to take his seat in the House of Commons, and the narrative of the proceeding will be read with interest in our parliamentary report. Yet that can convey but an imperfect idea of the silent, the almost breathless attention with which he was received in the House, advancing to and retiring from the table. The benches were filled in an unusual degree with members, and there is no recollection of so large a number of peers brought by curiosity into the House of Commons. The hon. gentleman was introduced by Lords Dungannon and Ebrington ; a perfect stillness ensued. By his action he evidently declined the first oath which was tendered to him—that of supremacy and allegiance—and required the oath prescribed by the late Act. The explanation by the Speaker to the House of what had taken place was clear, his expression of countenance and manner towards the hon. gentleman on whom he fixed his regards extremely courteous, and his declaration that ‘he must withdraw,’ firm and authoritative. Mr O’Connell for a moment looked round, as one who had reason to expect support, and this failing, he bowed most respectfully and withdrew. After his departure, Mr Brougham spoke, but in a somewhat subdued tone ; some discussion followed, but the debate on the subject is fixed for Monday next.”

O’Connell expected to have been heard at the bar of the House on this occasion, but he was refused.

On the 18th of May, Peel proposed that he should be

allowed that privilege, and on the following day he appeared at the bar of the House, attended by Mr Pierce Mahony, his solicitor. The House was so crowded that many peers were unable to obtain seats in the space allotted to them under the gallery. The Duke of Sussex was there listening with breathless attention to every word which fell from the lips of the "Irish agitator;" and when O'Connell returned to his place, after a most masterly speech, he found it occupied by the Duke of Orleans, who next year ascended the French throne as Louis Philippe, Mr Mahony's seat being occupied by his son, the Duc de Chartres, both of whom congratulated O'Connell on his position and his success.

As it was a question of law, Sir N. Tindal, the Solicitor-General, rose to reply, and he opened his speech by passing an evidently sincere compliment to O'Connell.¹ His address, indeed, deserved all the praise it received, but one part was especially telling, and was cheered loudly by the Whig party, although such manifestations of applause were not usual on such occasions. After he had presented all the arguments in his favour, he said, "I cannot give any other construction to the enactments of this statute; for it is impossible to suppose that a great nation, and the Government of a great nation, could combine with a measure of national justice like this an act of outlawry against an

¹ The Attorney-General, Sir C. Wetherall, had resigned his seat on the first introduction of the Emancipation Bill.

individual, solely because that individual devoted himself heart and soul to the obtaining of this great measure of national justice for himself and his fellow-countrymen." The dignity, tact, and temper of this rebuke was admirable, and was in perfect keeping with his manner and matter throughout.

On the following day O'Connell appeared at the bar for the third time, and was told by the Speaker that he could not take his seat unless he took the oath of supremacy.

" 'Are you willing to take the oath of supremacy?' asked the Speaker.

" 'Allow me to look at it,' replied O'Connell.

" The oath was handed to O'Connell, and he looked at it in silence for a few seconds; then raising his head, he said, 'In this oath I see one assertion as to a matter of fact, which I *know* to be untrue. I see a second assertion as to a matter of opinion, which I *believe* to be untrue. I therefore refuse to take this oath.'

O'Connell at once wrote his second address to the electors of Clare, and boasted, as well he might, that they had conquered the Government. He told his constituents that they had "converted Peel and conquered Wellington." It is no exaggeration to say that no man ever achieved such a moral victory, and that the Catholics of the present day owe to his boldness and courage the position they hold in the British Legislature. If O'Connell had not risen in his might to do as well as to dare, it is not improbable that Catholics might still be timidly petitioning for relief, instead of enjoying the liberty of free-born subjects.

The papers of the day were unusually full of the event. The *Times* had a leader on the subject, which was congratulatory.²

It was perfectly well known in England that O'Connell would be re-elected for Clare, and anything almost was preferred to a second exhibition of the national strength and national opinion. The *Times* of May 18 spoke severely of the wording of the Act, and hinted that it was not creditable to the "sincerity," and certainly not to the "sagacity," of its author; and concluded that "His Majesty's Ministers must deeply regret the necessity they caused for another Clare election."

Reports had already reached London that O'Connell would be returned without opposition and without expense. He wrote himself to Mr Roche, on the 22d of May, "I am determined to contest Clare, which I will now, even if I was undetermined before I got your *kindest* note. My accounts thence are most favourable."³

The Brunswick Clubs had their paper, called the *Brunswick*

² "It will be a gratification to him, or at least an abatement of his disappointment, to observe that his exclusion does not arise from private opposition, from personal pique, or petty spite (which we dreaded), but is the result of a candid discussion of the question. We should have been more contented if a case (and that thought by some eminent authorities a doubtful one), which, by the nature of things, could not be drawn into a precedent, had been *slurred* over, and the honourable gentleman had been permitted to slip into the House through the opening which was made between the old and new law."

³ "Roche's Essays," vol. ii. p. 109.

wick Star, and it lavished abuse and ridicule, both in prose and in execrable verse; but the great chieftain went on the even tenor of his way, taking it all for what it was worth, *vox et præterea nihil*. He looked for fame in another place, and under other circumstances. Even his own countrymen, and those who honoured him most, had scarcely fathomed the depths of this man's religious mind, or suspected the source of his high principles of action. It is impossible in the present work to give details of his inner life; but no history of him, however brief, would be complete without some allusion to this subject. The following letter, which he addressed to the Rev. Father O'Meara, shows the source from whence his strength was obtained, and the motives which actuated him:—

“Confidential.

“19 BURY STREET, ST JAMES', 18th March 1829.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I am standing counsel for the friars, so that you owe me no apology nor any thanks for attending to any affairs of yours. My fee is paid by one moment of recollection of me occasionally in the pure and Holy Sacrifice.

“I have the happiness to tell you the proposed law is one which has been well described as a class by the celebrated jurist Bentham in one word, *unexecutable*—that is, that can never be executed. This is literally one of those laws. It is insolent enough in its pretensions. It will be, and must be, totally inefficient in practice, for these reasons—1st, There is no power at all given to magistrates to interfere in this subject, nor any jurisdiction whatsoever given to magistrates in that respect. 2dly, No private person can prosecute any friar or monk; nobody can do it but the Attorney-

General, so that you are thus free from private malice. 3dly, The person prosecuted—that is, if any friar or monk be prosecuted, he is not bound to disclose anything, or to say one word, but simply to allow his attorney to plead *nil debet* to the information. Thus you see nobody will be obliged to accuse himself. This will put the prosecutor on his proofs. Now, 4thly, The prosecutor will have nobody to prove his case, because, mark, there is a penalty on all persons assisting at the taking of the vows; therefore if any of these persons be examined as witnesses, they can with perfect safety object to give evidence, and totally refuse, lest they should convict themselves.

“Thus you see that it is almost impossible any prosecution should be instituted at all; and it is quite impossible that any prosecution should be successful. Besides, the existing class of friars are all legalised; my advice, therefore, decidedly is, that the friars should keep quiet. Let this Act take its course, recollecting, also, that you will have Catholic members in Parliament before the time comes to give these laws any effect even in point of form.

“Go on with your building and prosper. Be so good as put down my name for £50. I will give it to you when I arrive in Cork. Regretting I cannot afford to give more, I have the honour to be, with sincere respect, your faithful and obedient servant,

“DANIEL O’CONNELL.

“To Rev. W. A. O’Meara,
Franciscan Convent, Cork.”

O’Connell was received in Ireland as conqueror. As he passed down to Clare the people crowded round him with shouts of triumph; at night the town was illuminated. He arrived in Limerick at eight in the morning. The fatigue was too great even for the herculean frame of the “Agitator,” and he was obliged to rest for a few hours. Then he came out to the people and began his address, as

usual, with the query, "How is Andy Watson?"⁴ The Limerick tradesmen had assembled with flags and banners; the Limerick people had assembled in their thousands, and, with cheers and shouts, escorted O'Connell out on the Ennis road. As he neared the town of victory he was met by another multitude, who brought a triumphal car with them, and on this he was driven into the city.

The forty-shilling freeholders had ceased to vote, and O'Connell had now to deal with a new class, the ten-pound freeholders. But there was more. He had to console or satisfy those who lost their votes, and he had to propitiate those who gained. But he was equal to the occasion.

William Smith O'Brien now appeared in public for the first time. He opposed O'Connell, and declared that he had hindered instead of helping the Catholic cause. He quoted the old arguments, which are now and then adduced even at the present day. He had the temerity to declare that the English were disgusted by O'Connell's agitation, and that if he had not agitated, Emancipation would have been granted long before. He forgot, or he did not find it

⁴ Andy Watson was the editor of the local Tory paper. See "History of Limerick," by Maurice Lenihan, Esq., J.P., p. 482. Undoubtedly one great element of O'Connell's success was his tact in adapting himself to circumstances. When he visited a town or village, a court-house or drawing-room, he at once made himself perfectly *au courant* of what was going on, and then, with consummate tact, he availed himself of his information. This gift of adaptability is one which few public men possess, but those who do possess it are generally masters of the situation.

convenient to remember, that both the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel had admitted that the consideration of the Catholic claims was the result of fear. If O'Connell had not roused up a spirit in Ireland which had made them fear, and if he had not originated a clamour which English members of Parliament could not help hearing, it is impossible to say how much longer justice would have been deferred. There will always be a certain class of men who will attack success. They cannot deny a fact, but they at once pretend, with the most daring unconsciousness of their own pretensions, to show how that fact could have happened without the intervention of the person who accomplished it. They make a votive offering to their own sagacity, and would have men believe that they should have been the authors of the success, only that they were not, from fault of circumstances with which they did not choose to contend. They may find a few jealous individuals to applaud them or rejoice in their theory, but the historians of the future will give a very different verdict.

O'Connell proceeded at once to expose the origin of this feeling, which was not very creditable. Steele attacked O'Brien personally (in private). The result was a hostile meeting at Kilburn in London. Shots were exchanged, and Mr O'Brien expressed himself satisfied through his second. But Steele had prepared himself for a campaign, and would have gone on until one or both were on the ground, if O'Gorman Mahon had not come forward

and expressed a wish to have an "affair of honour" on his account. They were not Clare men, and considered that Smith O'Brien had cast an imputation upon them by asserting that none of the Clare "gentlemen" had supported O'Connell. Smith O'Brien seems to have been satisfied with his escape, for he declared that he had not included Mr O'Gorman Mahon in the obnoxious expression.

O'Connell ran up from Ennis to Dublin, and found himself in an unpleasant position. A pugilistic attorney, known as Toby Glascock, threatened to fight O'Connell; and finding that O'Connell would not fight, threatened to make his servant whip him. This man was generally supposed to be deficient in intellect, and for this very reason O'Connell thought it advisable to have him bound over to keep the peace. He appeared in court for the purpose. Mr Glascock declared that his own size (he was a small man) should have saved O'Connell from any apprehension, and he offered to produce his servant. He dived under the attorney's table, lifted up a large bag, untied the strings, shook out the corners, and tumbled out a little black boy on the table, clothed in green livery, and grinning from ear to ear. The court was convulsed with laughter, and for once in his long career O'Connell found the joke against him.

O'Connell was returned for Clare for the second time on the 30th of July 1829; and wherever he went, he was again received by the people with the wildest enthu-

siasm. He needed a time of rest after this long period of excitement and heavy labour, and repaired for this purpose to his ancestral home at Darrynane. But rest was not for him in this world. He was the defender of the people's rights, as well as the king of the people's hearts; and wherever those rights were in danger, O'Connell was found at his post.

The Liberator was always an early riser, and as he looked out of his bedroom window on a Sunday morning in October 1829, he saw a man on horseback approaching his house with a haste which indicated business. O'Connell went to him at once. His story was soon told. A conspiracy had been got up against the Catholics of Done-raile, and a number of men, some in the most respectable positions, were accused of an attempt to murder their Protestant neighbours. Several men had already been found guilty, and others were waiting their trial in Cork. William Burke—his name deserves to be recorded—had set off the previous evening, and had ridden without stopping a journey of twenty Irish miles, to secure the services of O'Connell. "If you don't undertake their defence," exclaimed the man, "Pennefather and Doherty will hang every man of them, though they are as innocent as the unborn."

O'Connell was soon in Cork. Burke rested only for two hours, and then set off to let his friends know that the Liberator was on the way. Relays of men were stationed

all along the road, with fresh fleet horses, to meet Burke on his return, so as to fly on at once with the news. At eight o'clock on the following morning Burke arrived back in Cork, and two hours later O'Connell was at the Court-house. His appearance gave an electric shock to the Attorney-General, who, it is said, turned white with anger and apprehension.

O'Connell did not wait even to get food ; he asked permission of the Court to have his breakfast brought to him ; and while Mr Doherty opened his address, he demolished a large bowl of milk and some sandwiches.⁶ From time to time, as the case proceeded, he would start up and exclaim, "That's not law, sir." As O'Connell never made an assertion of this kind unless he was sure of its correctness, the Court was with him, and the Attorney-General was not a little discomposed. It was, however, by his skill in cross-examination that O'Connell brought out the truth. A man named Nowlan was the principal informer, and when he had been driven to contradict himself again and again, he roared out, "It's little I thought I'd have to meet you here, Mr O'Connell."

The informer's statement was that a certain number of men had met in a tent at the fair of Rathclare, and that they had signed a paper declaring that one of those gentlemen

⁶ O'Connell was a voracious eater. Like most men who exercise their brain much, he was obliged to proportion the supply of physical material to the demand for mental effort.

on whom they had designs should be shot. A gentleman farmer named Leary was sworn against as the principal promoter of this diabolical scheme. He was tried with five other men, who were all sentenced to be hanged in seven days, though his own landlord, a gentleman of high respectability, to whom he paid £250 per annum in rent, declared his moral certainty of the man's innocence. Baron Pennefather seems to have had his doubts, for he ordered the information taken before the magistrates to be sent for, and it was found that not one word was said in them of the tent scene. He called O'Connell to him, and showed him the papers, pointing out the omission. O'Connell was not slow to take the hint, and it soon became evident how much false swearing there had been. The Solicitor-General talked about "false facts;" but O'Connell detected the blunder. "*False facts*, Mr Solicitor! How can facts be false?" "I have known false facts and false men," growled the representative of royalty. Doherty had an English pronunciation which was either natural or acquired. "You may go down, sir," he said to a witness. "Naw, daunt go down, sir," said O'Connell, and set the Court in a roar.

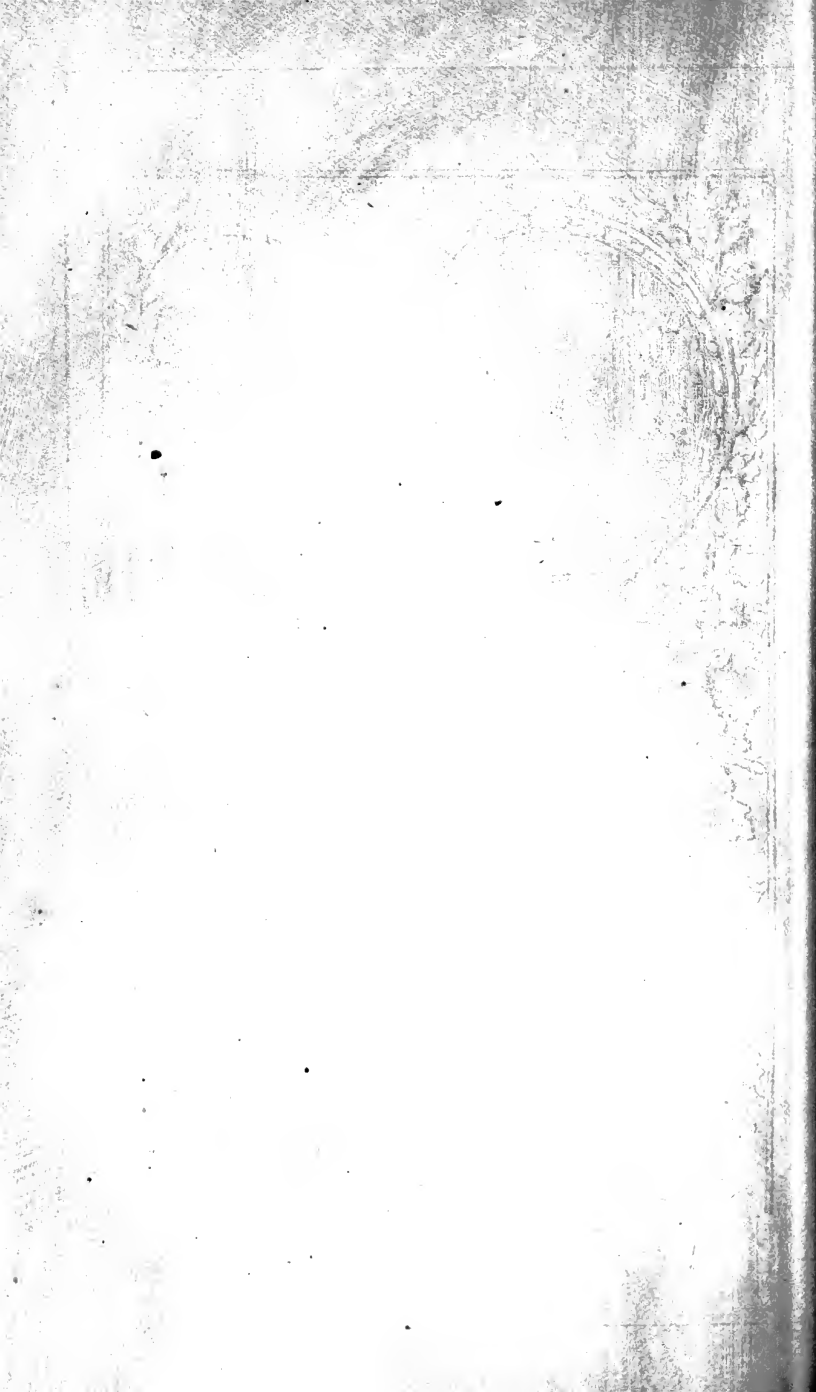
The result was the acquittal of all the prisoners; but the unhappy men who had been sentenced to be hanged on the informer's evidence were, as a great favour, only transported for life.

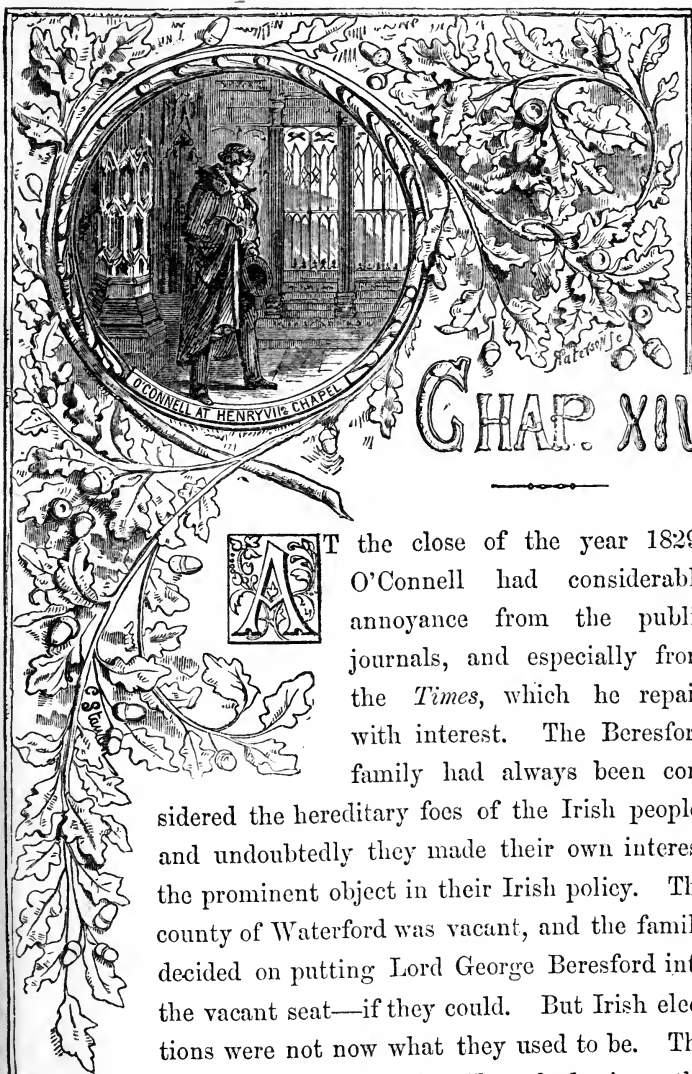
Chapter Fourteenth.

PARLIAMENTARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

1829-1839.

THE WATERFORD ELECTION—MONTALEMBERT AND O'CONNELL—LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND—LORD LEVESON GOWER—PALMERSTON AND WELLINGTON—HISTORY AND POLITICS—THE EMANCIPATION ACT NOT FOLLOWED BY THE MILLENNIUM—EXASPERATION OF THE ORANGEMEN AND DISTRESS AMONG THE PEASANTRY—TEMPORARY ARREST OF O'CONNELL—LETTER TO DR MACHALE—ANTI-TITHE RIOTS—IN PARLIAMENT—LORD ALTHORPE AND SHIEL—O'CONNELL'S MOTION FOR REPEAL—CATHEDRALS—LETTER—MELBOURNE AND O'CONNELL—D'ISRAELI AND THE O'CONNELLS—LETTER—LYNDHURST'S ATTACK ON THE IRISH—BANQUETS—SPEECH OF DR MACHALE—LETTER—O'CONNELL UNDERTAKES A RETREAT—RECEPTION AT THE ABBEY—LETTERS—ENTERTAINED IN LONDON—DEFIES THE HOUSE—LETTERS.





CHAP. XIV

AT the close of the year 1829, O'Connell had considerable annoyance from the public journals, and especially from the *Times*, which he repaid with interest. The Beresford family had always been considered the hereditary foes of the Irish people, and undoubtedly they made their own interest the prominent object in their Irish policy. The county of Waterford was vacant, and the family decided on putting Lord George Beresford into the vacant seat—if they could. But Irish elections were not now what they used to be. The return of O'Connell for Clare had given the

people a taste for independence, and there was at least an apprehension they might begin to consider their votes their own. The Beresford family were wise in their generation. They secured the services of Mr Mahony as their counsel, and, through Mr Mahony, they thought to secure the services of O'Connell and Shiel. To O'Connell they offered a fee of £600, which was a good sum for him, and a small outlay for them, the seat having cost the family £35,000 in 1826. O'Connell was in Clare when he received the offer, and was at first disposed to accept it.

One of his first objects—an object which he kept steadily and constantly before him—was to amalgamate all classes and creeds of Irishmen. This seemed a favourable opportunity; and in his reply to Mr Mahony, he said, “I am exceedingly delighted at the offer made me, as it proves that the memory of former dissensions is to be buried in oblivion.” He said, further, that he would accept the retainer, if it was understood that his political principles and opinions should not be compromised in any way. The Beresford family were more than satisfied; it was something even not to have O'Connell against them. On consideration, however, O'Connell wrote again to Mr Mahony and declined. In the meantime the *Times* had got hold of the story, and renewed its previous opposition to O'Connell by attacking him for what he had not done. O'Connell's reply was marked by length of invective rather than courteous denial.

In the commencement of the year 1830 the Liberator addressed a number of letters to the people of Ireland, and opened a "Parliamentary office" for the furtherance of petitions to the Legislature.

It was a most critical period of Irish history—a supreme moment at which peace waited to spread her wings over the two countries, and unite them, not merely in name, but in fact. After long delay, which almost deprived it of its freshness, the olive-branch was held out by England, but scarcely had Ireland grasped the peaceful emblem ere it was followed by a thunderbolt of impotent rage.

O'Connell's fame was now European. When the King of Belgium was elected, three votes were given for O'Connell. France was agitated to its very centre, and some of its ablest men were asking themselves, What next? and were looking to Ireland and O'Connell, not indeed with the view of making him monarch of their slippery throne, but of learning from him how he worked bloodless social revolutions. The young Count de Montalembert was one of the men who looked, and one of the men who wished to learn. He had already planned a *History of Ireland*, but Victor Cousin had prevailed upon him to relinquish his plan. He was full of enthusiasm for this unknown land and this unknown man; and he set out for Ireland expecting to find his imaginary ideal, and met with the disappointment inevitable under such circumstances. He expected to meet the O'Connell of his imagination, he found instead the

O'Connell of fact. We doubt if his ideal, had it been in existence, would ever have obtained Catholic Emancipation. There was rough, hard, stern work to do which never so much as entered into the imagination of the French poet-historian. It was charming, indeed, to meet a little ragged boy on the mountain-side, who knew the Hail Mary. Montalembert probably was not aware that there are very few Catholic Irish boys, ragged or otherwise, who do not know their prayers, and at least the essentials of their Catechism. But it was quite another affair to hear O'Connell address a crowd of frieze-coated peasants in homely accents, and to miss that peculiar polish of manner and gesture which is natural to the Celtic Gaul. Montalembert forgot the "three days of July," with its brutal carnage; he forgot that the very "agitation," which seemed to his poetical fancy so commonplace and so distasteful, was a safety-valve for passions which might otherwise have found vent in deeds of violence. But in truth the man who had been courted by Felicité de Lamennais, and made the companion of Henri Lacordaire, was scarcely capable of understanding the stern and rugged grandeur of O'Connell's character.⁶

⁶ An account of Montalembert's visit to Darrynane will be found in Mrs Oliphant's "Life of Montalembert," vol. i. p. 67. It is to be regretted that this biography was not written by a Catholic. It is full of mistakes and misapprehensions on the subject of religion, and of prejudices against Ireland. The one weak point in Montalembert's character is indeed fairly though tenderly indicated, but the source of this

In his first letter, written just before the opening of Parliament, he said that his motto was "For God and the people." He proved it by his fidelity to his faith, not only in words, but in deeds. In the early mornings, summer and winter, no matter how late he might have been up on the previous night, he was found one of the first at the nearest Catholic Church, and at the Sacrifice there offered daily he obtained the strength and courage for his great and noble work. O'Connell was eminently a practical Catholic. He was not deficient in that peculiar sense of perception which forms the practical mind; but a man may be a practical Catholic, and yet sadly want the nerve needed for daily encounter with opposition from without, and discouragement within.

The honest nature of the man came out most amusingly in his fourth letter, in which he said that he would apply for leave to bring in a bill "to declare that truth was not a libel." In a few weeks' time O'Connell became a power in the English Parliament, and both Hunt and Brougham were glad to avail themselves of his services. When he was attacked, as was frequently the case, he generally managed to leave his opponent the doubtful triumph of a name which clung to him for life. Lord Leveson Gower was at this time Chief

weakness is not even hinted. His want of that perfect, entire, child-like submission to the Holy See, the very perfection of faith, was the note wanting in the harmony of a mind which would otherwise have been complete.

Secretary for Ireland. O'Connell had brought the conduct of Mr Doherty, in connection with the Doneraile conspiracy, before the House. Doherty could not deny the facts, but he tried to retaliate on O'Connell by accusing him of speaking very differently in Ireland and in Parliament. Lord Leveson Gower defended Doherty, and thereupon brought forth from O'Connell one of his often-quoted nicknames :—

“He has ventured to censure my conduct out of this House; out of this House or in this House, I hold his censure at nought—nor do I undervalue it. He has taken upon himself, forsooth, to pronounce on my conduct. I have a right to retaliate upon him as a public man. For his taste, for his judgment, I have no regard; I rejoice that he disapproves of my conduct—I should be sorry he approved of it. He is mighty in his own conceit—he is little in mine. If he served my country, I would value him. But what has he done? What one act of his official life has been useful to Ireland? Where shall I find his services? He has condescended to accept the salary of an officer amongst us. I take it for granted that he has received the emoluments of that office—I do not know how he has earned them. He has ornamented by his presence the apartments of Dublin Castle. But has he done any act of liberality?—has he promoted any one friend of civil or religious liberty?—has he, in short, raised himself into importance or consideration by any one act of his administration? I deny that he has. He is an apprentice in politics, and he dares to censure me, a veteran in the warfare of my country. His office is a mere apprenticeship. The present Premier was Secretary in Ireland—the present Secretary of State was Secretary in Ireland—so was the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their juvenile statesmanship was inflicted upon my unhappy country. I have heard that barbers train their apprentices by making them shave beggars. My wretched country is the scene of his political education—he is the shave-beggar of the day for Ireland! I have now done

with the noble Lord. I disregard his praise—I court his censure. I cannot express how strongly I repudiate his pretensions to importance, and I defy him to point out any one act of his administration to which my countrymen could look with admiration or gratitude, or with any other feelings than those of total disregard. His name will serve as a date in the margin of the history of Dublin Castle—his memory will sink into contemptuous oblivion.”

It was believed or hoped, after the passing of the Emancipation Act, that Ireland would suddenly become prosperous and content. The one, indeed, inferred the other, for no country can prosper unless it is content, neither can it be contented unless it is prosperous.

Lord Palmerston, who had clearer ideas as to the real state of Ireland than any English statesman then living, broke forth into an eloquent prophecy of the fate of Ireland, with an ardent generosity which did infinite credit to his heart, though it showed that his judgment allowed itself to be carried away by his feelings.⁷

The Duke of Wellington said, “The House well knew that a great majority of its members, as well as a greater majority of the other House, had been generally desirous of effecting that object [Catholic Emancipation]. It well

⁷ “I cannot sit down without expressing the satisfaction I feel, in common with the nation at large, at the determination which the Government has at last adopted to give peace to Ireland. The measure now before us will open a career of happiness to that country which for centuries it has been forbidden to taste, and to England a prospect of commercial prosperity and national strength which has never yet been recorded in our annals. The labours of the present session will link together two classes of the country which have long been dissevered ;

knew that a great majority of the young and growing intellect of the country had ardently wished for the measure; and would any noble Lord now contend that the Government did not stand on firmer and better ground with respect to the Union than if the Catholic question had not been carried?"⁸

There was no mere boast, no attempt to prop up a falling cause by party exaggeration in this statement. It was a matter of fact that a great majority of educated Englishmen, both peers and commoners, were most anxious to give Ireland an instalment of the justice long asked and long denied, but it was equally true that the result disappointed or perplexed them according to their various dispositions.

It has been said, until one is almost weary of the truism, that history repeats itself. It has been said also that history is philosophy teaching by experience. History does repeat itself. We find English statesmen who have disestablished the Irish Protestant Church as perplexed now why that measure did not produce tranquillity and

they will form in history the true mark which is to divide the shadow of evening twilight from the brilliant effulgence of the rising sun; they will form a memorial, not of the crime or ambition of man, not of the misfortunes or revolutions of society, but of the calm and deliberate justice of benevolent wisdom watching the good of the human race; and we ought to be proud to be employed on an act which will pass down to the latest posterity as an object of the highest gratitude and admiration."—*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. i. p. 341.

⁸ "Courts of William IV. and Victoria," vol. i. p. 94.

prosperity in Ireland, as English statesmen were why Catholic Emancipation did not produce the same results in 1830. History may be philosophy teaching by experience, but the science of political economy is a difficult philosophy, because it is rarely studied apart from class prejudice. No man takes to the study of the inductive sciences the prejudice which hampers the politician at every turn.

Men who think at all generally think out their logic. Politicians for the most part are guided by circumstances. There are not many men who change their political creed except for personal advantage; and such being the fact, it follows that there are not many men who have formed a political creed as the result of careful and philosophic deduction.

There were many reasons why Catholic Emancipation was not likely to make Ireland either prosperous or contented in a week, yet there were men sanguine enough and unreasonable enough to expect it. As well might it be expected that a man who had been chained hand and foot for years, and fed on such sustenance as would barely suffice to sustain life, should become suddenly strong, vigorous, and grateful the moment his chains were removed, the moment he had received for the first time an ample supply of food.

There were circumstances special to the time, and there were circumstances special to the passing of the Act itself, which combined to frustrate the hopes of those who, from

the highest principles of statesmanship, wished to benefit Ireland. We shall first briefly point out the circumstances special to the Act itself.

First, eighteen months' delay in passing the Act injured its value and efficacy when granted. The reiterated asking and the reiterated refusal had agitated the public mind. It could not be expected, after years of effort to obtain an act of justice, that those who at last obtained it should be very grateful. Furthermore, it was well known that this act of justice was granted through fear. Under such circumstances it could not be received as a grace. That there were men in both Houses who gave their vote for Emancipation from the purest motives, no one can doubt; but the people of Ireland could not know the opinions or motives of private individuals, and they did know a good deal of the opinions and motives of public characters.⁹ It was given grudgingly, unwillingly, and

⁹ Lord Palmerston wrote, "The Duke is fully resolved to remain Minister. . . . He found he could not carry on the government without yielding the Catholic question, and he wisely surrenders that point." In another place, he gives a curious illustration of how Ireland was governed: "I heard by accident the other day a strong proof how wholly the Duke's acquiescence to Catholic relief was a bending to necessity, and not a change of opinion; but it was told me in confidence, and do not repeat it. A Catholic gentleman applied to him lately to be placed on the Commission of the Peace, but though the man was perfectly respectable and eligible, and a landed proprietor, the Duke refused him because he was a Catholic."—*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. i. p. 337.

ungraciously. The King was not the only person who resolved that the Act should be a dead letter as far as possible.¹ And when, at last, some little sign was made to show that it possessed vitality, the same pitiful spirit which inserted a clause in the Act to oblige O'Connell to contest his seat a second time, provided for the appointment of silk gowns. Six Catholic gentlemen were named for this honour, but O'Connell's name was not amongst the number. It was a paltry revenge, but the consequences were serious.

The King slighted O'Connell at his levee more or less openly, and there were but too many who followed the royal example. The highest possible commendations were uttered in Parliament of "the brave and learned youth of France," and "the brave and honest working-men of Paris, who did not hesitate to risk their lives when they saw that a system of tyranny and taxes was about to be fixed for ever on them and on their children."² Resistance to tyranny in Ireland was described in a different fashion.

Again, the English Government, having made an act of concession to the Catholics, felt bound to make it as little practical as possible, in order to please the Orangemen. If the Liberal party had been wise they would have coalesced with O'Connell when the Tories went out, but

¹ See note on previous page.

² Speech of the Marquis of Blandford in moving an amendment to the address.

they would not coalesce with him, first, because they hated him for obtaining Catholic Emancipation; and secondly, because he was Irish. Later, indeed, they were glad to avail themselves of his splendid talents; but, like all gifts to Ireland, the delay proved dangerous.³ Lord Grey and his party made an enemy of O'Connell at the very moment when it was above all essential that he should be a friend.

O'Connell was human, a fact which is not unfrequently overlooked when he is charged with faults of policy or temperament. It was only natural that he should feel the slights shown him so gratuitously, and he was too keen an observer of the political atmosphere not to discern the absurdity and to despise the weakness which tried to revenge itself on him, for being obliged to make this concession to Ireland. O'Connell was a victim to his country in more ways than one.⁴

If the Irish were not satisfied with Emancipation, nothing would satisfy them. A large party, always ready to govern Ireland by force, a convenient method, because

³ "The old Tory principle of non-concession, till concession lost all power and effect, was again persisted in."—*Memoirs of Thomas Drummond*, p. 235.

⁴ Sir Lytton Bulwer has made some very sensible remarks on Irish policy in his "Life of Lord Palmerston," vol. i. p. 340. He says: "Although the Catholic disabilities were removed, the spirit which had established them on the one side, and rescinded them on the other, still remained; and up to this day [1870] there seems a difficulty in persuading those most interested in its welfare, that if you wish to govern

it saved the trouble of argument, cried out for martial law. A smaller party, who had some good feeling and a little common sense, asked why was Ireland always discontented, but did not wait for a reply. Irish affairs were treated very much as a necessary nuisance, to be heard of as seldom as possible, and when heard of, to be got rid of as fast as possible. Every one hoped in his own fashion that Ireland would "settle down" into prosperity. No one considered how much was yet needed to make Ireland prosperous.

When Emancipation was granted, the English Government assumed that Ireland wanted nothing more; the Irish had asked for Emancipation, and nothing more, therefore they wanted nothing more. It is difficult now to judge how far this was the real sentiment of statesmen, or how far it was a convenient excuse for crushing all attempts at further legislation.

In the first place, no Act, however beneficial, could be expected to operate instantaneously. In the second place, no Act, however good in itself, can supply the place of other Acts equally necessary.⁵

Ireland as a statesman, you must not govern it as a sectarian, nor debate any political question with the predominant idea that you are dealing with the Protestant, the Catholic, or the Dissenter. It is this external feeling which poisons the Irish atmosphere, and until laws shall have changed manners, we must not expect to see any practical benefit from laws."

⁵ We find a characteristic instance of the ignorance of Ireland, which

If an Act could have been passed for the Diffusion of Common Sense, and if its embodiments could have been carried out, a good deal of trouble would have been saved. The Relief Bill gave relief to Catholics, hitherto denied the rights of subjects, but it required time before they could obtain the benefit of that relief. But the bill did not provide profitable employment for thousands who were nearly starving, and who could not be expected to rejoice very much in the future prospect of political relief while they were suffering very hardly from the present pressure of personal distress. It might be convenient to embarrass a political opponent by pointing to the distressed state of Ireland after the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, and saying

seems indigenous to some English minds, in Mrs Oliphant's "Life of Montalembert." She says, "It is sadly and curiously characteristic of Ireland, that all the great reforms for which she has agitated have been found, immediately after their attainment, to be just what she did not want, and to have done little for her." It is certainly wonderful, in this nineteenth century, to find a highly-educated Englishwoman so lamentably ignorant of the true state of Ireland. Because the Irish do not go into ecstasies of gratitude for each separate act, not of mercy, but of simple justice, a certain class of Englishmen consider them ungrateful and dissatisfied. If they are dissatisfied, it is not because one act of justice which was done to them was granted, but because other acts of justice required to be done, and were refused.

Montalembert himself was equally ignorant of the state of Ireland when he said "that this 'immense event' [Emancipation] had, after all, done but little for Ireland; the truth being, that all the ridiculous and monstrous penalties legally abrogated by that enactment were already abrogated in fact." Such ignorance was, however, pardonable in a foreigner.

that the Irish were never satisfied, no matter what was done for them, because they were not satisfied now; but such a line of argument showed a singular want of comprehension. The Irish were satisfied that one act of justice had been done for them, but they still wanted a great deal more.

The Marquis of Anglesea succeeded the Duke of Northumberland in 1830, and in one month issued no less than four proclamations against public meetings and Repeal and breakfasts. O'Connell was a man who might be conciliated, but he was not a man who could be put down. Better a thousand times to have allowed him to agitate in his own fashion than to exasperate him into open defiance of the Government. His public meetings served as a safety-valve for excitement, which, driven into other channels, was apt to explode in acts of violence.

Lord Anglesea said he went to Ireland "determined to tranquillise the *old ascendancy*." He could not have gone with a worse principle. The "*old ascendancy*" were men who would not be tranquillised while an Irish Catholic remained in the land. They could not, indeed, exterminate four million and a half of people, but they could keep them in perpetual agitation. The Government, having exasperated them by granting Emancipation, now proceeded to tranquillise them. Whenever an act of justice was done to Catholics, it became necessary at once to offer a hecatomb to the offended feelings of Orangemen. Nothing

could have been more absurd, and nothing more unwise. The Orangemen took the offering, but it never reconciled them to the justice which their fellow-subjects had received, and it had the injurious effect of showing that party their power, and of arousing the evil spirit which a wise Government should have done its utmost to extinguish.⁶

The Marquis of Anglesea's first act certainly did not "tranquillise" either party. He made Mr Doherty Chief-Justice. This gentleman and O'Connell had had a standing feud from the time of the Doneraile conspiracy, and he was universally hated by the Catholic party.

There were also causes peculiar to the times which kept up agitation in Ireland. The poverty of the people was extreme, and that was a difficulty which no amount of Acts of Parliament could remedy at the moment. When English statesmen declared that it was useless to be legislating for Ireland because she had obtained Emancipation and still required coercive Acts, they forgot that starving men, in all times and places, had been guilty of deeds of violence, and that Irishmen at that time were starving.

⁶ A writer, by no means partial to Ireland or the Catholics, says, "It was not only the Catholics who were excited, the Protestant fanaticism of Ireland was in a blaze. There was a hope of re-establishing the ascendancy. Earl Roden was rolling into the presence of majesty a petition, on great wheels, 4500 feet long, signed by 236,000 men devoted to the constitution, and determined to be free."—*Life of Mr Drummond*, p. 237

They forgot also that, even while they were in the very direst distress, they were still obliged to pay tithes to a Church which was to them only an engine of oppression.

Disturbances in England were also general at the very same period, and from the same cause. There was, however, this difference: Irishmen could live contentedly on what Englishmen considered barely sufficient to support the necessaries of life. Many English noblemen had great confidence in Dr Doyle's good sense, and hoped he might be able to suggest some measure which might tranquillise his native land. But what could he do with a starving people, and with a Government which stultified itself by offering an embrace with one hand and a blow with the other? He assured one of his noble correspondents that the whole of the South of Ireland was indignant at Mr Doherty's appointment, as they well might, when he had caused the punishment of so many innocent men; and he concluded, "I am tired, my Lord, of appealing to the religious feelings of men, who either have no employment, or labour during six days for five shillings. Men cannot exist in that state, and it is almost a benefit that they follow O'Connell, for, if they did not, they would rob and plunder, or destroy property, preferring death by the hands of the executioner to death by cold and hunger."⁷

⁷ "Life and Times of Dr Doyle," vol. ii. p. 239.

Such was the condition of the unhappy Irish when England expected them to be peaceful and contented.⁸

On the 19th of January 1831, O'Connell was arrested in his own house for holding illegal meetings, but was bailed out; evidently the Government was glad to drop a prosecution which should never have been instituted. Certainly if he had either intended or wished to excite an insurrection, he could easily have done it then, and he only saved the country by his prudence. He had fixed the 31st of January as the day of his departure for England. He

⁸ On the 19th of January 1831, the Duke of Wellington wrote to the Duke of Buckingham on the state of public affairs, and said, "There appears a sort of feverish anxiety in every man's mind about public affairs. No man can satisfy himself of the safety either of the country or of himself."—*Courts of William and Victoria*, vol. i. p. 188. When such was the state of England, it cannot be wondered that Ireland was disturbed also. Thousands of handbills were circulated in London of a most inflammatory character, of which we give specimens. An Irish "Rory of the hills" could scarcely have framed more seditious documents.

"To arms! to arms! *liberty or death!* London meets on Tuesday next, an opportunity not to be lost for avenging the wrongs we have suffered so long. *Come armed*, be firm, and victory will be ours!!! AN ENGLISHMAN."

Another ran thus :—

"*Liberty or death!* Englishmen, Britons, and honest men, the time has at length arrived. All London meets on Tuesday, *Come armed!* We assure you, from ocular demonstration, that six thousand cutlasses had been moved from the Tower for the immediate use of Peel's bloody gang. Mark the *cursed speech from the throne!* These damned police are now to be armed. Englishmen, will you put up with this?"

There were eight hundred convictions in England for riot and agrarian outrages during this year.

was escorted to the pier at Kingstown by thousands with bands and banners, but he took care not to let them know that his departure was obliged to be postponed, as he had that morning received a summons to appear in court personally on the following day. If his excited and devoted followers had heard this, there would have been blood shed in Dublin before night that would not have been easily appeased.

The following letter, written to the Most Rev. Dr MacHale at the close of the year 1830, shows how devoted O'Connell was to his parliamentary duties, and how much his heart was in all that concerned his native land:—

“LONDON, 3d December 1830.

“MY LORD,—I had the honour of receiving your Lordship's letter this day, and feel heartily obliged for its length. I will, of course, present any petition you send me, and never think of the trouble. In fact, it is none, as I attend the House constantly from its sitting to its rising. But as you wish to diversify your favours, I would suggest (and which I do only because you require it) O'Connor Don, Wise, O'Farrell, and above all, Lord Killeen. Browne, also, would cheerfully present some. I think you had better confine them to Catholic members. Give me as many of them as you please.

“As to my obtaining co-operation or support from many of my countrymen, I must not complain on those heads. I have *done* but little, however much I *wish* to do for Ireland. I think I may venture to hope that wish is sincere. I also hope that the time is arriving when *more, much more*, may be done for our long-oppressed country. Your mind is too elevated not to behold as from an eminence the events that are passing beneath your view. The signs

of the times indicate great and mighty changes. The aristocracy of the feudal system has been reduced by the superior strength and information of the classes styled inferior. The silken and sordid aristocracy of the present day are, in my opinion, arrived at their last term. A change is taking place even while we write. Oh ! for superior spirits to guide and direct its course, to steer the mighty ark of human liberty through the boisterous waves of passion and turbulence into a haven of calm enjoyment !

“I hate this figurative language, and yet I fall into it because it is the only applicable phraseology. The moral and political revolution is plainly on its march. It is, I may say, *self-moving*. I am as convinced as I am of to-morrow’s sun, that within the space of probably less than two years, the monopolies of corporations, and the still more gigantic oppressions of the Established Church, will have passed away for ever. ‘The Repeal of the Union’ is good for everything. It is good as the means of terrifying the enemies of the people into every concession practicable under the present system. If I were to relax the agitation of that measure, then the men in possession of power would enjoy their state in repose, and adjourn to the Greek calends all practical improvement. But after all, what can they do ? Nothing, without restoring Ireland to herself. The income accessary from the soil of Ireland and the labour of the inhabitants must be spent in Ireland. Conquest and confiscation had their function in the Union. They were made complete by that measure, but they have exhausted the vitality of the land, and it is no longer able to give sustenance of life to its inhabitants. There must be a law to take off the Church burthen. An Irish Parliament alone can do *that*. There must be an end to absenteeism. An Irish Parliament alone can do *that*. The crying wants of the poor, the increasing indigence of the people, demand the restoration of a Parliament which will not only keep at home ‘the rents,’ but diminish their amount by the influence which tenants, voters, sharers in a free government, neighbours, friends from kindness received, enemies from oppression practised, must

necessarily have over the landlord who resides within their view, and can hear with his own ears their curses on hardheartedness, or receive their blessings for generosity. The machine of the state would break to pieces unless we consolidate it by a domestic legislation, and thus preserve the kingdom of Ireland for the king's crown, and the connection for the benefit of both countries. Let me then respectfully urge the adding petitions for 'the repeal' to those your Lordship mentions. To you in fact, as well as in name, they would be productive of some utility. I shall support this Administration as long as they observe their promise; but, of course, I scorn their offers of place or promotion for myself.

"I fear I have taken unwarrantable *revenge* on your Lordship in point of length of epistle, but no length of writing could adequately express the sincerity of that respect and regard with which I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most respectful and faithful servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Right Rev. Dr MacHale."

During the year 1832, O'Connell had a sharp controversy with Dr Doyle on the poor-laws. In the same year the tithe agitation was at its height. The people were shot down like dogs by the police, often headed by a Protestant clergymen; and the people in return inflicted on the tithe collectors the most horrible cruelties. Rathcormac was the scene of one most horrible massacre of the unfortunate peasantry. The military and police were headed by the magistrates, one of them a clergyman. They fired so close that the muzzles of their guns almost touched their victims. At a place called Hervey, the people assembled in thousands to resist the payment of tithes, and had a regular encounter with the military, whom they overpowered by numbers.

For this resistance, twenty-five men were sent to Kilkenny for trial by special commission, and O'Connell was retained for the defence. The principal evidence against the first man who was put up for trial was that of a policeman who had escaped from the scene of slaughter. His testimony could not be shaken, and O'Connell was about to send him down in despair, when his attorney handed him a piece of paper. It contained these words: "The witness's father was a sheep-stealer."

O'Connell went on with his cross-examination, much to the surprise of the attorney, without taking any notice of the circumstance. Just as the witness was about to escape, as he hoped, finally, O'Connell called him back.

"Are you fond of mutton?"

"I like a good piece well enough," replied the unsuspecting witness.

"Did you ever know any expert sheep-stealers?"

The witness coloured crimson, but replied quietly, "I have met with a few in the discharge of my duty as a policeman."

"Just so; only in the discharge of your duty? Did you ever know a sheep-stealer before you entered the police?"

"Never," replied the witness.

O'Connell put the question again mildly, and received the same reply, and then, in tones of thunder, charged at the unhappy man, and obliged him to admit the truth, and

to admit himself a perjurer. An *alibi* was proved for the prisoner, and he was acquitted.

In the year 1833, O'Connell took his full share in the debates on the Coercion Bill. Peel quoted stock anecdotes about the barbarity of the Irish, and the necessity for "putting them down." O'Connell admitted that there had been outrages, but he showed that the fault of these outrages lay at the door of those "who gave the peasants stones for bread, and martial law for justice."⁹

O'Connell had some of the greatest men of that or any other day against him; and even his worst enemies were obliged to admit that the Irish agitator was equal to most of them, and surpassed many. He had to answer Stanley, Macaulay, Brougham, and Peel. The bill passed, nevertheless, by a "spanking" majority, to the great satisfaction of many members of both Houses, some of whom at least believed coercive Acts the best mode of governing Ireland.

⁹ The first reading, March 5, was carried after a debate of five nights, by 466 to 89; the third reading, on March 29, by 345 to 86. Lord Palmerston said, "You see by what spanking majorities this reformed House of Commons is passing the most violent bill ever carried into law, which contains in one Act the Insurrection Act, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and martial law. It is a real *tour de force*, but then it is to be followed by remedial measures; and there is this difference between us and Metternich or the Pope,—we coerce as they did, but we redress grievances, as they do not." It does not seem to have occurred to Lord Palmerston that it would have been wiser to have prevented the grievances.

O'Connell had now the assistance of his "household brigade," his two sons-in-law and his three sons having seats in the first reformed Parliament.

"Even at this early stage of the session," observes Mr John O'Connell, "there was earnest given of the hostile spirit towards Ireland which was to work its ruin. The only part of the speeches of William IV. which his infirmities or his inclinations allowed him to deliver with any distinctness was that in which he threatened Ireland ; and even this agreeable topic did not give more dignity to his demeanour than that of a good scold."¹

O'Connell, certainly, did not scold—he thundered. At the close of one of his speeches, during this session, he exclaimed, addressing the Whigs, "You have brains of lead, hearts of stone, and fangs of iron." The famous Fergus O'Connor was in the House at this time also. He got a seat in Cork, in connection with the obtaining of which some amusing reminiscences are recorded by Mr John O'Connell. He was an impetuous man, without sufficient steadiness of purpose or breadth of mind to carry out a plan of parliamentary agitation. Nevertheless, he was extremely desirous to be a leader, and gave O'Connell

¹ "Recollections of a Parliamentary Career," vol. i. p. 9. Fergus O'Connor and O'Neil Daunt were elected about the same time ; the former had no money, but he contrived to steal a march on the opposing candidate. It was considered necessary he should be "invited" to stand for the county, and he was invited. His supporters gave him a dinner, but to his extreme dismay a bill was sent to him afterwards for the whole cost of the entertainment.

some trouble by trying to press on the Repeal movement during this session.

By way of compensation for the Coercion Bill, the Church-cess imposition was taken off in Ireland, and Irish Catholics were no longer compelled to pay for the repairs and maintenance of Protestant Churches. At the same time, ten Irish bishoprics were abolished by the Church Temporalities Act.

It was during this year, also, that O'Connell had his famous quarrel with the London reporters, and, as usual, came out victor. He complained that they misreported his speeches. They retorted by refusing to report them at all. O'Connell retaliated by calling the attention of the Speaker to the "strangers" in the gallery, and clearing them out of the House. The reporters capitulated, and reported O'Connell correctly to keep their places without molestation.

At the close of the year 1833, an attempt seems to have been made to divide the Irish party by calumny. It was announced by the member for Hull that an Irish member had voted against the Coercion Act, who strongly urged it in private, and declared to the Ministry that "no man could live in Ireland" unless it was passed. The question arose, "Who was the traitor?" The member for Hull, being sorely pressed, agreed that he would say, Yes or No, if asked privately by each of the suspected persons. This was done, and it appeared that Shiel was the guilty individual.

O'Connell asked Lord Althorpe in the House if the charge was true, and to name the person. Lord Althorpe evaded the question by saying that he believed more than one Irish member who voted against the Coercion Act spoke favourably of it in private.

There were cries of "Name," "Name." The Irish members started to their feet, and demanded, both individually and collectively, "Was it I?" Shiel made a special inquiry, and Lord Althorpe admitted he was one of the persons. The result was a hostile message, after Shiel had most solemnly denied the imputation in the House. The House interposed, and gave both parties into custody; but eventually a committee investigated the matter, and it was proved that the whole affair was a fabrication.

On the 23rd of April 1834, O'Connell brought forward his motion for Repeal of the Union. He was compelled to do this against his own judgment, being fully aware that the time for passing so important a measure had not yet come. As he walked down to the House from his residence in Langham Place, he paused a moment at a point where Westminster Abbey became visible, and exclaimed, "The Lord Almighty be merciful to your soul, Henry the Seventh, who left us so magnificent a monument of your piety. You left provision at your decease to have perpetual masses offered up for your soul; but from the time that ever-execrable brute Henry the Eighth seized on the revenues of the Church, and of course laid hands on

that endowment with the rest, perhaps no human being recollected to aspirate the words 'The Lord have mercy on *your* soul,' until it struck the humble person who now offers that prayer with the utmost sincerity."

O'Connell frequently expressed a wish that he might live to see mass offered up in Westminster Abbey. The tide of conversions from Protestantism which had then set in excited hopes which were not realised. The earnestness of his own character, and his deeply religious sentiments, gave him a deep interest in the converts, whom he used to meet frequently in London at a later period. Having suffered for the faith themselves, and knowing something of the reality of persecution, they sympathised with Ireland more deeply than it could be sympathised with by those who had no practical experience of such trials.

"O'Connell," observes Mr Daunt, "was an enthusiastic admirer of the ancient cathedrals of England. In that of Canterbury he took a peculiar interest, as it was the scene of the martyrdom of St Thomas à Becket; an occurrence which he employed Mr Alfred Elmore to commemorate in the spirited picture which hangs in the church of St Andrew, Westland Row, Dublin. O'Connell said, 'I have presented this picture to the church, in the hope that the sight of it may put other people in mind to follow my example.'

"There was a slight incident connected with his visit to Canterbury Cathedral, which he took pleasure in frequently recording. 'While walking through the noble old Catholic pile,' said he, 'I chanced to remark to my daughter, who accompanied me, that it was not a little singular that not one Protestant prelate had ever been interred within its walls. This remark was overheard by the female guide who shows the Cathedral to visitors. She listened

attentively, and after some apparent hesitation, said, "May I take the liberty, sir, of asking a question?" "Certainly," said I. "Then may I make so bold as to ask, if all those Archbishops were Papists?" "Every one of them, madam," said I. "Bless me!" cried the woman, in astonishment, "I never knew that before." I then described the effect of the high altar lighted up for the celebration of mass in Catholic times; when the great aisle, now boxed up into compartments by the organ loft, stretched its venerable and unbroken length from the altar to the portal, thronged with kneeling worshippers. The picture delighted the woman. "Oh!" cried she, clapping her hands, "I should like to see that!" "God grant you may," returned I.

"Then he would sometimes add—'And He may yet grant it—England is steadily and gradually returning to the Catholic faith.'

"Comparing the cathedrals of Catholic times with those erected since the Reformation, he observed, 'Westminster Abbey and St Paul's afford us good specimens of this sort of contrast: the very architecture of the former seems to breathe the aspiring sentiment of Christianity; but St Paul's—it is a noble temple, to be sure; but as for any peculiarity of Christian character about it, it might just as well be a temple to Neptune!'"

O'Connell's Repeal motion was opposed by Mr Spring Rice, who was well supplied with facts and fictions for the occasion. The motion was, of course, lost; and it is said that O'Connell's speech was by no means equal to his usual efforts, because he did not anticipate success.² Lord Grey's administration was not of long continuance;

² Mr Daunt says:—"O'Connell told me he was forced to take this step, bitterly against his will. 'I felt,' said he, 'like a man who was going to jump into a cold bath, but I was obliged to take the plunge.' His speech was certainly an able one, but very inferior to the masterly

he was succeeded by Lord Melbourne. O'Connell's private opinions will be best seen in the following letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam :—

“LONDON, 22d March 1834.

“MY EVER-RESPECTED LORD,—I had the honour of receiving a letter from you some time ago *promising* a Repeal petition, and I wish to say that the petition has not come to hands. I regret to be obliged to add, that the number of Repeal petitions does not at all correspond with my hopes and expectations. I am the more sorry for this, because *I have the most intimate conviction that nothing of value can possibly be done for Ireland until we have a domestic Parliament.* The faction, which in all its ramifications, bears so severely on our people and our country, can never be rendered innoxious whilst they can cling, even in idea, to support from the Government of this country. It is a subject of serious but melancholy speculation to reflect upon, the innate spirit of hatred of everything Irish which seems to be the animating principle of their existence. You certainly have two distinct specimens of the worthlessness of that existence in your county members. Two such ‘lubbers,’ as the seamen would call them, two such ‘bustoons,’ as we in Munster would denominate them, never yet figured on any stage, public or private. One of the best of your Lordship's good works will be assisting to muster such a combination of electoral force in your county as will ensure the rejection of both at the next practical opportunity. I should be tempted to despair of Ireland if I could doubt of your success.

“I read with deep and painful interest your published letters to

oration in which he introduced the same question to the Dublin corporation in 1843.

“Notwithstanding the obstacles thrown by the Coercion Act in the way of petitions to the Legislature, O'Connell was backed, on this occasion, by more than half a million of signatures to petitions in favour of Repeal.”—*Personal Recollections*, vol. i. p. 18.

Lord Grey. What a scene of tyranny and heartless oppression on the one hand ! what a frightful view of wretchedness and misery on the other ! A man is neither a human being nor a Christian who does not devote all his energies to find a remedy for such grievances. But that remedy is not to be found in a *British Parliament*.

"You will see by the papers that the Protestant Dissenters in this country are storming that citadel of intolerance and pride—the Established Church. The effect of such an attack can operate only for good in Ireland. This was the stronghold of the Irish Establishment ; as long as they had England at their back, they could laugh to scorn all attempts in Ireland to curb them ; but I believe, firmly believe, their days are numbered, and hope that we shall see, but certainly not weep.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, most respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Right Rev. Dr MacHale."

"MERRION SQUARE, 10th December 1834.

"MY REVERED LORD,—There have been many letters of congratulation addressed to your Grace, but none, I will venture to say, so cordial as mine ; because I not only congratulate you as a gentleman whom even as a private individual I highly respect, but congratulate you in the name of Ireland, and for her sake ; and above all, for the sake of that faith whose sacred deposit has been preserved by your predecessors, and will be preserved unblemished, and indeed with increased lustre, by your Grace.

"Indeed, I venture to hope that there are times coming when the period of the oppression of the Church in Ireland, destined by God in His adorable dispensations to arrive—will have arrived. *I do, I confess*, venture to augur favourably from your nomination by his Holiness the Pope—you who had proved yourself too honest an Irishman not to be obnoxious to the British Administration. It seems to me to be the brilliant dawn of a noonday in which the light of Rome will no longer be obscured by the clouds of English influence. I often sighed at the delusion created in the

political circles at Rome on the subject of the English Government. They thought—good souls—that England *favoured* the Catholics, when she only *yielded* to our claims—not knowing that the secret animosity to Catholicity was as envenomed as ever it was.

“The present Pope—may God protect his Holiness—has seen through that delusion, and you are a proof that it will no longer be a cause of misconception to be as true to the political interests as to the spiritual wants of the people of Ireland. I am delighted at this new era. No man can be more devoted to the spiritual authority of his Holiness. I have always detested what were called the *liberties* of the ‘Church in France.’

“I am convinced that the more direct and unequivocal is that authority according to the canons, the more easy will it be to preserve the unity of the faith.

“I need not add, that there does not live a human being more submissive—in *omnibus*—to the Church than I am, from the most unchangeable conviction. I have only to add, that if your Grace *could* have any occasion for *any* exertions of mine in support of *any* candidate in *any* county in Connaught, I shall have the greatest pleasure in receiving your suggestions as cherished commands.

I have the honour to be, with profound respect, my Lord, of your Grace, the most obedient faithful servant,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“Most Rev. Dr MacHale, &c.”

The immense power which O'Connell wielded at this period in the English Parliament, and how his least word or act was carefully weighed by English statesmen, is evident from the recently-published *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Hatherton*. Those persons who, from ignorance or educational prejudices, have looked on O'Connell as a mere agitator, will do well to peruse this work. No mere agitator could have obtained such influence or exer-

cised such power ; no brawling demagogue could oblige a powerful party in the State to consider his influence first in almost every step they took.³

In 1835, when Lord Melbourne had formed a Cabinet, Lord Alvanley asked if he had not the "powerful aid" of O'Connell and his party? Lord Brougham interfered to put aside such an inconvenient interrogatory; but the Premier was obliged to defend himself by a denial. An angry scene ensued. Lord Londonderry congratulated Lord Melbourne, and said he was glad to hear that he had repudiated O'Connell and his Radical crew, as he was sure that any ministerial connection with him or his tail would be the curse of the country. A few nights after Colonel Sibthorp hoped the House would have a safe and speedy riddance of the band. O'Connell replied with interest to each of

³ The following extracts from the correspondence will show this :—Lord Hatherton wrote to Lord Wellesley, "Under such circumstances, a complete union in the House of Commons between the Government and the great mass of the Irish members is of the first importance." In order to effect this union, O'Connell was courted and deceived. Again he writes, "In the course of the day, O'Connell came to the Irish Office. I cautioned him against any unnecessary excitation of the people in Ireland until he should have seen the new Coercion Bill, which would be renewed, but with certain limitations. He thanked me, and promised to consider my communication as strictly private and confidential." And so he did, until he found how he had been deceived ; perhaps not with full intention, but certainly he was deceived.

O'Connell appears to have had his doubts, however ; for Lord Hatherton, in writing to the Lord-Lieutenant, says, "On O'Connell expressing some doubt whether others in the Cabinet would not overrule the opinions of the Lord-Lieutenant and myself," &c.—P. 53.

his honourable opponents; and as Colonel Sibthorp possessed an extraordinary amount of hirsute appendages, he said "he would not abate him a single hair in point of good humour."

O'Connell at times allowed himself to use unjustifiable language in public. He stigmatised Lord Alvanley as a "bloated buffoon." Lord Alvanley challenged him first, and then tried to get him expelled from Brooke's Club. The Club refused to expel O'Connell, and Mr Morgan O'Connell took up the challenge, and met Lord Alvanley in Regent's Park, without any serious consequence to either. Soon after this occurrence, Mr Disraeli attacked O'Connell at Taunton. This versatile statesman had changed his politics rather suddenly. When the borough of Wickham became vacant in 1831, he wrote to O'Connell soliciting his interest, and a commendatory letter from him. It certainly is a curious phase of political history to know that the author of "Lothair" courted the Irish Catholic agitator. Mr Disraeli had O'Connell's letter printed, and placarded through the borough, and O'Connell not unnaturally complained of this attack on him after he had done Mr Disraeli "a civility, if not a service."⁴

⁴ O'Connell's attack on the great Conservative leader was certainly very severe:—"How is he now engaged? Why, in abusing the Radicals and eulogising the King and the Church like a true Conservative. At Taunton this miscreant had the audacity to style me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary in 1831 than I am at present, if I ever were one; and if I am, he is doubly so for having

Disraeli demanded satisfaction from Morgan O'Connell, who "had taken on himself the vicarious duty of yielding satisfaction for the insults which his father had too long lavished on his political opponents." Morgan O'Con-

employed me. Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is—He is a liar! He is a liar in action and in words. His life is a living lie. He is a disgrace to his species. What state of society must that be that could tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at another to profess directly the reverse? His life, I say, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind; and England is degraded in tolerating or having upon the face of her society, a miscreant of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. . . . He is Conservatism personified. His name shows that he is by descent a Jew. His father became a convert. He is the better for that in this world, and I hope, of course, he will be the better for it in the next. There is a habit of underrating that great and oppressed nation—the Jews. They are cruelly persecuted by persons calling themselves Christians—but no person ever yet was a Christian who persecuted. The cruellest persecution they suffer is upon their character, by the foul names which their calumniators bestowed upon them before they carried their atrocities into effect. They feel the persecution of calumny severer upon them than the persecution of actual force and the tyranny of actual torture. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and amongst them more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better educated gentlemen, I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, that when I speak of Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants amongst them, however, also; and it must have certainly been from one of those that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross—whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross!"

nell denied his right. Disraeli wrote a public letter, which he hoped would bring some one out; and on the 6th of May 1835, he wrote again to Morgan O'Connell, "Now, sir, it is my hope that I have insulted him; assuredly it was my intention to do so; and I fervently pray that you or some one of his blood may attempt to avenge the inextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence." Morgan O'Connell still declined to fight, and the "inextinguishable hatred," though unavenged, did not do O'Connell any particular harm.

In the year 1835, O'Connell was actively engaged in superintending arrangements for Irish elections, and succeeded in getting Carlow out of the hands of the Bruen family, who had long believed in a hereditary right to return whom they pleased. The following letters to Dr MacHale are evidences of his energy and earnestness:—

"COMMITTEE ROOM, 15th January 1835.

"MY EVER DEAR LORD,—We are *now* getting on well. I begin to believe that I will beat them here. But Vigors loses Carlow—honest, independent Vigors! He has money enough for your legitimate purposes, and I wrote to recommend him as the second man for Mayo, should I not want it myself. I will write to your Grace again to-morrow. I will then know the best or the worst. Waterford city turns out the Conservative, and returns Wise and Bannor.

"I have the honour to be, with profound respect of your Grace,
the devoted servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. Dr MacHale,
"Catholic Archbishop, Tuam."

“MERRION SQUARE, DUBLIN, *January 17, 1835.*

“MY EVER RESPECTED LORD,—You will, I know, be glad to see my frank. Blessed be God, all is at last well here. I find from the papers that Hume is in danger in Middlesex. What a glorious opportunity if *we* could return him for Mayo with Brabazon. I would guarantee the payment of £1000 *if he were certainly returned*—that is, I have no more doubt of that money than I have of my existence. Pardon me for obtruding on your Grace at this moment, but it would be a high honour to Ireland to have such a representative. I write in haste and some confusion, but the fact is that time presses.

“I am compelled to go to Meath to my son Morgan, and thence unhappily to Kerry.

“Ever and always with the most profound respect and admiration of your Grace, the most devoted faithful servant,

“DANIEL O’CONNELL.

“Most Rev. Dr MacHale.

“*P.S.*—I am sure Vigors would prefer your returning.”

In May, Mr Raphael, a Catholic gentleman, was returned, through O’Connell’s influence, for Carlow; but he refused to pay part of his election expenses, and involved O’Connell in endless trouble; indeed, he said, “I had more trouble with him than I ever had with any man.” A Parliamentary Committee, however, decided that the Liberator was entirely free from blame.

In January 1836, O’Connell was entertained at public banquets both in Liverpool and Brighton, where the Irish element was beginning to feel its power and assert itself.

During the years 1836 and 1837, the Irish Corporation Reform Bill was a source of constant dispute between the

two Houses. Lord Londonderry declared that "O'Connell was more dictatorial and impudent than ever." He was no less complimentary to his compeers, "whom he called a snivelling, yelling part of a pack without a huntsman."⁵

A good deal of recrimination went on in both Houses, and English members proved themselves quite as great adepts at conveying imputations, and using unparliamentary, if not ungentlemanly, language as any Irish member.

It was at this period, also, that Lord Lyndhurst's celebrated attack on the Irish brought forth from Shiel one of his finest speeches, already mentioned. Lord Lyndhurst possibly scarcely meant all he said, but he was embittered by party feeling, and the words have remained ever since as a painful evidence of unhappy and ignorant intolerance. "It seems, my Lords," he exclaimed, "that we Protestant Englishmen are to be governed by those who are aliens in blood, in language, and in religion." This attack on Ireland came with a singularly bad grace from a man who was himself of Irish descent, and of very humble parentage; but such persons are generally the first to vilify their country or their religion when placed in a position of eminence.⁶

⁵ "Courts of William IV. and Victoria," vol. ii. p. 229.

⁶ Lord Campbell admits "that he could not trace the line of the Copleys farther back than the Chancellor's grandfather," and that he

In January 1836, O'Connell was entertained at a banquet in Tuam. The speeches made on that occasion are all before us, but it would be impossible to give more than a few brief extracts.

The Liberator pronounced an enthusiastic panegyric on Mr Bodkin, and "hoped Galway would long be represented by so truly honourable a gentleman;" but he surpassed his usual warmth in proposing the health of the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, a prelate who added lustre to the hierarchy, not only by his piety but also by his learning. The toast was received with enthusiastic applause, and the reply of the Archbishop was in itself a sufficient proof of the correctness of O'Connell's eulogium.

As for many reasons his speech cannot fail to be perused with interest at the present day, we append it with but few omissions:—

"I accept of the compliment as a recognition of that apostolical source from which my office is derived. Let others enjoy the feathers of temporal titles, as well as the more weighty and valuable considerations of temporal wealth, as long as they are left them by the good-will of the power that gave them. I, whether of Maronia, or of Killala, or of Tuam, never set any value on those names, but as far as they are authentic monuments of spiritual and

"married in Ireland."—*Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Brougham*, p. 3.

Sir John Copley's grandfather rose to distinction through his artistic skill. He was born in America immediately after the arrival of his Irish parents in that country. Lord Lyndhurst is not the only Irishman who has sought to be more English than the English.

untitled inheritance, which it is not within the compass of any power on earth to take away. Do not imagine that I look upon the toast as a mere compliment, suggested either by my presence, or that of the venerable bishop by my side. No ; I regard it as a continuous evidence of that habitual, deep, and heartfelt reverence which the laity of Ireland uniformly exhibit towards their clergy, and which it is unnecessary to assure them has a sincere reciprocal return in the paternal attachment of their pastors. In this mutual affection have the faithful and the priesthood of Ireland found the richest sources of their solace in the bitterest period of their woe ; and from this continuance shall they draw their sweetest consolation in the coming days of their prosperity. Were it otherwise, it would be a fatal day for the happiness of Ireland. Then might our enemies with some reason raise the shout of triumph. Then might they indulge the anticipation that the series of our disasters was not closed—nay, that they might upset, in a few years, that magnificent fabric of the nation's freedom which it cost our illustrious guest such toils and perils and anxieties of six-and-thirty years to rear. Thank God, however, that the merits and service of such a man are not left for posthumous appreciation. It has been the reproach of many countries and many periods not unfruitful in virtue, that they abandoned their benefactors to the praises of posterity. It is no unfavourable presumption in favour of our own times, that we can estimate living worth ; and never was there such evidence of talent and integrity, for, during a period unexampled in the annals of any powerful or popular man, his fame, instead of suffering any eclipse, has brightened, day after day, unto a fuller and more permanent effulgence. Witness his triumphs. Shall I touch on the Catholic Association ? No ; hindered as I am—the luminous records of his own pen, like those who, when they attempt to pursue the conqueror of Gaul through the career of his triumphs, are deterred from the task by the charm of his own commentaries. Ireland is too full of the recollection of his services to require their enumeration, and the pillars of light he has left behind him sufficiently point

out to every eye the path which he has traversed. But I shall allude to his recent and triumphant career through the sister country, as productive, I trust, of advantages as it has been of universal admiration. What a singular spectacle, to see the inhabitant of a land, whose lot was lately identified with servitude, welcomed as the most efficient living champion of freedom! The professor of a religion that was hitherto calumniated as persecuting hailed by those of another as the unrivalled advocate of the most enlightened and Christian toleration! To see England forget its ancient hostility to our country, and Scotland relaxing beneath his spell the puritanical stiffness of its creed! To see the generous people, wherever he went, thronging round him, confessing their former errors, and laying their bigotry and their prejudices as a homage at his feet! Behold, even this day, what a scene we witnessed, surrounded by myriads whose ranks were so compact and dense (such was their affectionate rudeness), that it required almost as much force to penetrate through them as if you were opening a way through a solid mass. The Tories wonder how he possesses the charm of stealing away the hearts of people. You might as well expect that the trees of the forest should not wave their heads when agitated by the wind of heaven, as that any mass of human beings should not be stirred to homage when touched by the soul-stirring breath of his eloquence. As you have associated my name with the hierarchy, I think there cannot be better proofs of the value and importance of that body than the abuse that is heaped on them by a calumniating press. Among the others, need I refer you to the unchristian attacks upon our body, which were falsely attributed to a certain dignitary of the Establishment. He disavowed to a portion of those charges, and flung the rest to be indiscriminately borne by three thousand of the Irish priesthood. It was not to be repelled as when confined to twenty-seven bishops. He, however, did not hesitate to own that some of his allusions were so pointed as that the individual for whom they were meant could not possibly be mistaken. He disliked, it seems, any polemical public corres-

pondence. I have no doubt of it—he himself best knows the reason. The individual to whom he alluded—in order that I may avoid the repetition of that letter ‘I,’ which must be offensive—has other occupations besides obtruding on his Lordship any unwelcome controversy. But from what sources do these serious charges against the Catholic clergy come? Is it from a portion of the press distinguished for the correctness of its moral sentiments or the beauty of its language? If the taste of any people be estimated by the character of the literature which ministers to their instruction and amusement, we may judge how exalted is the standard of Tory refinement from the style and sentiments of the public journals which are devoted to their support. Such language would be intolerable in any circle having the least pretensions to decency, and some of the sentiments would be deemed to be savage in a state of barbarism. As for our calumnies, no character however blameless, or profession however sacred, are beyond the reach of their abuse. Need I allude to the gross attacks upon our clergy and hierarchy. And from that hierarchy they have singled out one whose retiring habits should have protected him from their assaults. Nay, they have assailed him with the same virulence as if conscious that the meek disposition which kept him aloof from all political strife would render him more sensitive to the shafts of their unprovoked and gratuitous rancour. And what was his crime? Merely that he did not submit to the calumnious imputations of the horrid opinions that were falsely attributed to his Church, and that, from the nobleness of soul which shrinks from the imputation of guilt, he repelled the charge and made it recoil upon his enemies. And for this, which should have been an honour, they revile a man whose varied acquirements could adorn a court, and whose unostentatious evangelical virtues would not have been unworthy of the brightest epoch of the cloisters. As to the attacks upon the priesthood of Ireland, they are too well employed to return railing for railing, or to waste their time with those Churchmen who have nothing else to do, in repelling charges which would be repeated the day after

refutation. I tell those people, in the name of the calumniated priesthood of Ireland, that, instead of covering them with reproaches, they ought to be grateful for their services. If they preach the doctrines that are imputed to them, are there not hearers enough to bear testimony?

“The portals of our churches are open to the world; the public ways are filled on Sundays with the multitudes that go forth after hearing the instructions of their pastors. We speak publicly before the world, and in secret we say nothing; and yet there is no evidence of those foul charges. The truth is, those who advanced those charges know little of the nature of our ministry. It is a ministry of peace, not of strife—of charity, not of discord. The priest on the altar is fully impressed with the awful nature of the mysteries he celebrates, and feels that the accents of vengeance would be ill-suited to the tongue that had just been purpled with the sacrifice of reconciliation. Instead, then, of enmity, they preach forgiveness; and the person who comes breathing the revenge to which nature would prompt him, returns with far different feelings; and the widow who was left childless goes home, invoking, like the first martyrs, the mercies of Heaven on the heads of those who bereave her of that staff which was given her to sustain the tottering footsteps of old age.”⁷

In the early part of the year 1836, we find O’Connell again in active correspondence with the Archbishop of Tuam on the subject of elections, as the following letters will show:—

“DARRYNANE ABBEY, 7th January 1836.

“MY EVER-RESPECTED LORD,—I had the honour of receiving the letter of your Grace, dated the 4th, this evening. Yesterday I got

⁷ This allusion to the cruelties consequent on the exaction of tithes is one which can be verified by a reference to the evidence given before Parliamentary Committees on this subject.

the Galway invitation, and, of course, accepted it. Besides the flattering honour, I do think 'a cheer' in the right tone useful just now in Connaught.

"Unfortunately I fixed the 18th for the dinner; had I got your Grace's letter sooner, most Reverend Dr MacHale, I should have stated to you the facts relative to my position, and have left you to decide for me. As it is, I have no remedy, as I have to *dine* in Tralee on the 14th; in Cork, *I fear*, on the 16th; in Shadballa on the 20th; and in Dublin on the 25th; and in Birmingham on the 28th—these are all public dinners.

"The dinner-invitation is for Galway town. I had hoped it would have been in Tuam. I also, in accepting the invitation, had cherished the pleasing expectation of meeting your Grace, and having the benefit of a detailed communication with you. It is indeed a bitter disappointment to me to find that your unavoidable absence in Parliament precludes my having the benefit of laying before you my views of the present prospects of our country. There is much gloom, but I think I perceive the coming light behind the political passing cloud. I must inflict a long and tedious letter on your Grace, as I am deprived of the pleasing and more useful mode of personal communication.

"I need not say with what pleasure I should have availed myself of your Grace's kind hospitality if circumstances permitted.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, of your Grace the most faithful devoted servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL."

"TRALEE, 15th January 1836.

"MY RESPECTED LORD,—I had the honour to receive your Grace's letter of the 13th this morning. I have so much to do here that I fear I will not be able to go farther than Limerick on Sunday. I will, however, endeavour to meet at Ennis. I mean to travel thence to Gort, where there are horses engaged for me. I cannot, I presume, be disappointed of horses in Loughrea. I know not, but I believe that there is an intermedial stage between Loughrea and Tuam; and I fear no delay but that which may arise from the want

of horses at that intermediate stage. At all events, I will start so early on Monday morning as to be certain of reaching Tuam in time for the dinner.

"I will feel truly happy to find myself a guest in 'the palace' of your Grace.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, of your Grace the very respectful most faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL."

"LONDON, 28th April 1836.

"MY EVER-RESPECTED LORD,—I of course have felt a deep interest in the fate of Mayo since it has been emancipated from the 'Brownists;' but, at the same time, I entertain the confident expectation that all *must* be well when under the eye of your Grace. The only reason I had to entertain the least apprehension was from seeing the published proceedings of Mr O'Dowd and others, who, at this distance, appeared to me to be placing themselves in the attitude to do mischief. I candidly confess that I had hoped that Lord Dillon's son had been *well* advised to alter his address, and to pledge himself so distinctly to popular principles. I had hoped he had been thus advised by your Grace. If that were the case, I should expect that he would not meet with any opposition from any of the popular party.

"Indeed, if I had deemed it necessary, I should long since have written to recommend them strongly to your Grace's consideration.

"Of course, I need not add that I would not give the slightest countenance to any person who had not your approbation. I got a letter this day from R. O. Brown, stating that he was the candidate who had '*the support of Dr MacHale!*'

"If that be so, I most heartily wish him success. But if it be not so, then I could wish it were in my power to do any act to prevent a contest with whoever you, upon the whole, consider the most fit person. You have been so instrumental in liberating the county last election, that you ought to have that deference paid to your judgment independent of the many, many other *rights* you have to public confidence.

"If, therefore, my name can influence a single voter, you may use it in the most absolute and unlimited manner for him whom you deem the best man. I think, at this distance, that Mr Dillon is that man. But I repeat, *shape* a letter from me to the electors in any form you please, deprecating and reprobating division, and putting forward any other topics you may deem useful. That is, of course, if you think anything of the kind useful.

"I will avow anything you do. I would write a letter myself if I knew what kind of letter you wished. I still feel assured that all will be well. The only thing I deem the occasion to require is respectfully to implore of your Grace to take an *active* share in the struggle to prevent mischief and secure good. I say this lest you should be disgusted with the faults or follies of any of the partisans, and so shrink from the effort to ensure for the county the best man in the best manner.

"I have the honour to be, with profound respect and veneration, of your Grace, the most faithful servant and affectionate friend,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. Dr MacHale, &c., &c."

In July we find a letter which shows the personal and active interest he took in the National Bank which he had established.

"NATIONAL BANK OF IRELAND, 39 OLD BROAD STREET,
LONDON, 2d July 1836.

"MY EVER-RESPECTED LORD,—I have brought your Grace's letter *here* in order to have your recommendation complied with. There could be no difficulty in making out the appointment at once if you had been able to certify to Mr Fitzgerald's *knowledge of business*.

"The situation of *manager* requires a familiar habit of keeping accounts of a complicated nature.

"If Mr Fitzgerald be *such a clerk*, his appointment as manager is certain; but if he be not, then we could and would instantly

appoint him as *local director*. The salary of a *manager* would be about £200 a year. The director's salary £50 a year. The manager must give his entire time to the Bank. The director's attendance is not severe. It will be *now* for your Grace to say which office Mr Fitzgerald is suited for, and *will accept*. I have only to add that his appointment can be made out the moment you please to *decide*.

"For myself, I wish to tell you in strict confidence, that I desire very ardently that all *good men*—all those we should desire to see *safe*—should as speedily as they can disembarrass themselves from the Agricultural Bank. I feel it a duty to tell you this fact, that it is certain that until lately, if at all, there was no partnership deed executed. I believe there is not a *real* company formed. They cannot, as I conceive, *endure* long. Their resources for capital must necessarily be small, their expenses great. To me, who am become familiar with banking operations, I cannot conceive how it is possible that that bank should *hold out*. I say this, my Lord, for your own guidance, if you should have to advise in confidence with any person on the subject, or if you felt any duty to give a private warning to any person. Of course, I should most anxiously desire not to say anything to *injure* the establishment of that bank. I speak merely *in fear*. I may, of course, be mistaken, but my own opinion is, that the Agricultural Bank will bring ruin on thousands.

"You are, my Lord, aware of the political state of this country. I intend for Ireland to propose the revival of the Catholic Association in a new name and somewhat broader basis. It will bear the name of 'The General Association of Ireland'—to be dissolved so soon as full corporate reform and a satisfactory adjustment of the tithe are obtained by law.

"I intend to have the 'Irish rent' to replace the Catholic rent, and to find a friend to indemnify *tithe victims*; but this part of the arrangement will require discretion, tact, and some cautious management. You will see my plans fully developed in the *Pilot*

of Wednesday. The state of parties here is singular ; as yet undefined in object.

"The Tories have not as yet flattered themselves with coming into power. The popular party have not as yet framed any plan. There is much indignation, much discontent fomenting. As far as the English and Scotch towns are concerned, the public mind is decidedly favourable to Ireland.

"I, however, am upon the whole convinced that the rejection by the Lords of *our* bill will work for good. I will be leaving London in a few weeks. The last *debate* this session will take place on Monday, and after that I am determined to go to Ireland to organise the agitation.

"I have the honour to be, my respected Lord, of your Grace the most devoted faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. Dr MacHale."

At the close of the year he wrote the following very interesting letter to Dr MacHale. His wife was dead, but Ireland still existed, and he was not wholly widowed:—

"MERRION SQUARE, 9th November 1837.

"MY EVER-RESPECTED AND DEAR LORD,—I know you pity me, and afford me the relief of your prayers. To-morrow I begin to console my heart by agitation. I am *now* determined to leave every other consideration aside, and to agitate *really*—to agitate to the full extent the law sanctions. Command me now in everything.

"I got this morning a blank cover, enclosing two letters for your Grace. I enclose one in this, and another in a second frank ; they would be *over weight* if sent together. The address has the name of Geo. Washington on the corner, whether an assumed name or not I have no room to conjecture. I mention these things merely to show your Grace that if these letters be not genuine, I am unable to afford any clue to the writer. They may, however, be perfectly correct in all particulars.

"I believe we are safe in all the counties and towns in Connaught

save Sligo and Athlone. I indeed believe the latter tolerably secure. Every nerve must be strained to increase the Irish majority in Parliament. My watchword is—'Irish or Repeal.' Indeed, I entertain strong hopes that we shall live to see the latter—'a consummation most devoutly to be wished.'

"Dr England was with me yesterday ; he gave me some strong evidence of the hostility of the English Catholics to those of Ireland. He has promised to give it to me in writing, and I will send your Grace a copy. He goes off to 'Haite' next week, but purposes to return next year, and then intends to suggest a place for a Foreign Missionary Society in Ireland, should it meet with the approbation of the Irish prelates. Irish priests are abundantly abused, yet they are in demand by the religious and zealous Catholics all over the world.

"I have the honour to be, with profound respect, my revered Lord, of your Grace the devoted servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. Dr MacHale, &c."

William IV. died in 1837, and was succeeded by Victoria. A general election was the immediate result, and O'Connell again exerted himself with superhuman energy to obtain the return of Irish members who should have a true interest in Ireland.

O'Connell was unseated on petition for Dublin, but in a few days he was returned for Kilkenny. His power in Parliament was more and more felt ;⁸ and as his enemies

⁸There were some public men in England then who were able to form a fair, if not an altogether just opinion of O'Connell's character and career. At the close of the year 1835, Colonel Napier wrote :—
"O'Connell is not a great man, but I don't agree with you that he gets his money wrongfully or meanly. He has undertaken a great and excel-

could not get rid of him, they calumniated him. Professor Wilson attacked him in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and declared that he had taken a bribe of £1000 for proposing to have the Factory Bill discussed in committee. O'Connell indignantly denied this false charge ; but it shows how powerful was the influence of the Irish agitator.

At the close of the year 1837, O'Connell made a retreat at Mount Melleray Abbey. This noble institution was founded in the year 1832 by the monks of the Cistercian monastery of Melleray near Nantes. The greater number of these monks were Irish, and naturally looked to Ireland for a place of refuge when driven from their home. After various wanderings, they settled in their present establishment; and when O'Connell visited the place, the church was nearly complete. The guest-house, however, being unfinished, he was obliged to live in the lodge, which will be seen on the view of the buildings given in this work.

O'Connell's visit was a marked event in the annals of

lent work, the freeing of his country from the most diabolical and horribly various tyranny that ever was endured ; and as he is unable to do it by war, he must do it by art. Hence many things he must submit to, many mean acts he must commit, because he has to deal with the meanest and lowest of men. You judge him harshly ; he does not do the thing in the noblest way, but he does do it. If he did not take money, he would have been driven from the field long ago. If he fought, he would have been killed long ago. He is a general to be provided and paid, for the sake of his army and his cause. Don't run him down, or you run down the only chance of poor starving wretches here, whose fate depends upon his success."—*Life of Sir W. Napier*, vol. i. p. 458.

this Order. It is probable that the death of his wife had reminded him of his own end, and given a holier, if not a more religious, tone to his thoughts. Besides his deep love for his own faith, there was a certain vein of sympathetic devotion in his character which led him to appreciate well the æsthetic beauty of her services. For many years he had been a practical Catholic; he had not only professed, but he also practised his religion. As time passed on, and as domestic bereavements reminded him that he must also be judged for the deeds done in the flesh, he wished to think a little that he might learn what had been amiss (for how can we repent of sins of which we are ignorant?), and to pray a little more than usual for the mercy of which he might so soon have need.

There are many gentlemen, of all classes of society, who, both before O'Connell's time and since, have visited, and continue to visit, the abbey of Mount Melleray for the same purpose.

O'Connell travelled from Dublin with Mr O'Neil Dault, in his own carriage. On the journey, he not unnaturally looked back upon his past, and talked of his long struggles for Catholic Emancipation, for which he was then enjoying a special reward. Had he not obtained this act of justice from England, Catholics would have been denied the assistance of such holy retreats, and of such help as they give to prepare for the unending life.

He spoke of the Clare election, and again asserted, what, indeed, no one has attempted to deny, that the Duke of Wellington granted Emancipation through fear, from the knowledge that by far the greater part of the army was Catholic.

It was on this occasion that O'Connell told the following anecdote :—

“After the Clare election,” said he, “there was a remarkably fine young man named Ryan, as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, who had been made a serjeant, although not more than a year in the army. In one of our popular processions we encountered a marching detachment; and as my carriage passed, this young serjeant walked away from his men, and asked me to shake hands with him. ‘In acting as I now do,’ said he, ‘I am guilty of infringing military discipline. Perhaps I may be flogged for it—but I don’t care—let them punish me in any way they please; let them flog me, and send me back to the ranks; I have had the satisfaction of shaking the hand of the father of my country.’ There were many unequivocal indications of a similar spirit in the army; and, doubtless, such a spirit among the troops was not without its due weight with the Duke. As to my enthusiastic friend, the young serjeant, I afterwards learned that his little escapade was overlooked; and right glad I was to find that his devotion to me entailed no punishment upon him.”

In such talk the day passed, and the gentlemen slept at the “Royal Oak.” They resumed their journey next morning at six o’clock, and breakfasted at Kilkenny, where O’Connell was waited on by many of the leading Repealers, and urged very earnestly to agitate for Repeal. O’Connell replied that he was perfectly willing to do so, but that the

period had not yet expired which he had decided upon allowing to the Imperial Legislature for the fulfilment of the promise they made to him in 1834 to do justice to Ireland.

The ascent of the mountains which divide Tipperary from Waterford is as bleak and cold as the southern descent is rich and beautiful. When passing the little village of Clogheen, in Tipperary, the weather became wet and stormy, and at last blew a tremendous gale. The drive from Lismore to Mount Melleray is exquisitely beautiful; but as the travellers arrived at the abbey after dark, they could not see its fine proportions until the following morning.

O'Connell was received at the outer gate by a procession of monks, with the abbot at their head. They had waited all the afternoon and evening for his appearance, and had placed messengers on the road to watch his approach. He was conducted to the choir, where the monks sang one of their grand anthems; and when he knelt, the *Te Deum Laudamus* was intoned. O'Connell had received many ovations, but none had touched his heart like this. It was an anticipation of the eternal welcome which alone can reward any human labour. Amidst the pealing of bells, the swaying of censers, and the grand solemn voice of monks, he felt at home, for he had come to prepare for Home.

An address was then presented to him, to which, from

excess of emotion, he seemed scarcely able to reply ; and he afterwards retired into solitude, speaking only to the abbot, and devoting his whole time to prayer and recollection.⁹

While O'Connell was at Mount Melleray, Mr Villiers Stuart called on him. But the Liberator had given orders that he was not to be disturbed in his retreat, and Mr Stuart was obliged to retire. A few days after, he alluded to that circumstance at a public meeting at Lismore, and said, "He was happy to find that Mr O'Connell's sojourn at Mount Melleray had not infected him with the silence of its inmates, as his adoption of the Carthusian rules would seriously injure the interests of popular liberty in Ireland."

The following letters refer to political events in the year 1837 :—

" *May 26, 1837.*

"MY DEAR MR O'CONNELL,—In accordance with the wishes of the clergy of this diocese, as well as my own, I beg leave to transmit to you their petition on the approaching Tithe Bill, accompanied with their request that you will have the goodness to present it, at your earliest convenience, in the House of Commons. I cannot express to you how great the dissatisfaction of the people is at the prospect of being obliged to pay the full amount of the tithes after the hopes so often held out to them of being released from the odious impost. Paying it to the landlord rather than the parson,

⁹ The object of a retreat is to think of God, of heaven, and of our own helps and hindrances on the road thither. We are indebted to the present abbot of Mount Melleray, the Right Rev. Dr Fitzpatrick, for a copy of the address presented to Mr O'Connell, and for a full account of his visit ; but having no space to insert it here, we reserve it for another work.

they do not conceive to be any benefit to them. Though it cannot be expected that they should be all at once relieved from the incumbrance of the Protestant Establishment, there should be at least a commencement in reducing to practice the principle of justice by getting rid of it in those districts in which the Protestant clergy have no congregations. This was a feature in last year's bill, of which the omission in that of the present session has rendered very unpopular. The former gave a pledge, by this incipient reduction of the Establishment, of its total legislative extinction in due time. The present bill holds out no such encouraging prospect. As for the ten per cent. for education, the sum could not by any means reconcile the people to an exactment which would confirm the claims of the parsons to a large portion of the tithes, of which they have so precarious a tenure, without freeing them from any portion of the remainder. On no other measure are the hearts of the people so much fixed as on their release from contributing to the support of an Establishment that is ever opposed to their best interests. The Tithe Bill they look on as the test of the justice which has been so long promised, but of which the performance is, they complain, so long delayed. Such is the general feeling throughout this extensive district, as I have learned from the assembled clergy, and which we deemed it our duty to convey to the Legislature.

"Wishing you many happy years to aid in the consummation of that justice which the country expects, I have the honour to remain,

"† JOHN MACHALE."

Confidential.

"LONDON, 31st May 1837

"MY DEAR AND REVERED LORD,—I had the honour of receiving your Grace's letter, and the still more cherished honour of your confiding to me the petition of the clergy of your archdiocese. It is a petition fraught with matter, and pregnant with wants. The Ministry is tottering to its base, and the old oppressors are ready again to pounce upon Ireland. I am, I own, timid, and could have wished

that this blow had not been given to the falling fabric of ministerial power. I do believe it will be decisive of their fate. But do not understand these as tones of reproach. I may be sorrowful, but in plain truth I can have no elements in my mind which could create anger, when, as in this instance, the wise and the good adopt a course too bold for my humbler temper. What I grieve at is simply that it should have been necessary for your Grace to have adopted that course at the moment of all others most critical to the continuance of the only bearable Government Ireland ever experienced since the fatal day when the followers of the murderer of Becket polluted our shores.

“Perhaps I would have been anxious to have canvassed the present tithe measure with you had I been apprised of your opinions upon it. It is now too late; yet, in vindication of myself, permit me to say—1st, That this bill is not worse than the bill of last year, for *that* kept a parson in every parish. It was Lord Morpeth’s *first* plan which excluded *resident* parsons from totally Catholic parishes. Even that first plan gave a species of missionary fund for every parish whatsoever. 2d, That this bill gives no additional legal ‘rivet’ to our chains. The Tithe Composition Acts gave legal rights to every parson to the fullest extent the law could give them. Stanley’s bill riveted and completed the iron bond of law; it is not possible to go farther. 3d, That this bill gives a new investigation in every case where the tithe composition is too high—a matter of great importance, so long as the impost remains in any shape. 4th, That this bill at one blow strikes off £30 per cent. of the impost, affording a precedent for going further; and if such a bill passed, it would be the first law directly depriving the parsons, in all cases, of any percentage. 5th, That it appropriates £10 per cent. in direct terms out of the impost to other than *parson purposes*—namely, to education. Thus the new bill would introduce a new legislation for the first time, taking from the parsons £40 per cent., £30 as reduction, £10 as appropriation, operating upon both ends of the scale.

“It is quite true that, although the parsons would lose by this bill £40 per cent., there is this difficulty, that the landlords would pocket, in many instances, part, at least, of the £30 per cent. reduced. But that is a difficulty inherent in the abolition of tithes. In spite of every precaution to the contrary, there is that, in the present agrarian economy of Ireland, of a mischievous tendency to throw into the pockets of the landlord every sum of which the tenant is relieved. This, however, is not to be attributed as a fault to Lord Morpeth’s present measure. It has that fault in common with every other plan of partial or even total abolition.

“I address these observations to your Grace, not only respectfully, but, I will venture to say, in sentiments of affectionate respect. Your character is indeed cherished by me in a mode which makes it equally revered and loved. I believe your Grace to be a great blessing, bestowed by a merciful Providence on a long persecuted, and, I trust, now rising and spreading religion. Judge then how poignant must be the regret with which I differ from you and from your eloquent and powerful resolutions. Perhaps, indeed, my more feeble judgment is clouded by my apprehensions of, I fear, the now certain advent of Orange restored rule in Ireland, aggravated as that bitter misfortune will be by the fact that, in the exercise of a conscientious and awful duty, the clergy of Tuam have been under the necessity of accelerating that deplorable restoration. But the motto of purer spirits has ever been, ‘*Fiat justitia ruat cælum.*’

“I do, however, my revered Lord, feel so deeply on this subject that I write off for my son, who is, I trust, sufficiently recovered for the journey to support the Ministers. But as the majority of the Connaught members will, as they ought, take their tone from your Grace, the consequence will be the Ministers will be left in a minority; and as they came into power on the Irish Church Bill, so will they be compelled to go out upon the same subject. The old Judges will of course resign, and for another generation *justice!!!* will be administered to the Irish people by the Wests, the Jacksons, the Brewsters, the Lyttons, and the Blackburns.

"It is almost in despair that I venture to suggest to your Grace just this—for your consideration—whether, as it is in committee of the House alterations may be made in the bill in all its details, and as the committee comes *after* the first and second reading, you would think it right to write to each of the friendly Connaught members, counselling them to support the bill into committee, and when there, endeavouring to extend its relief and lessen its mischief. That would probably prevent any Catholic from being a party to the downfall of the Mulgrave Administration in Ireland. But if this course does not appear to your cool and deliberate judgment to be a right one, then, of course, your Grace will treat my suggestion as one which ought not to be acted upon, and, at all events, forgive me for making it. You will easily estimate the deep, the absorbing anxiety for the peace of Ireland, which alone stimulates me to make this suggestion. If, however, it were to be acted upon, it ought to be done without delay. This I submit to your Grace.

"I need not add, that although I myself deem Lord Morpeth's measure a valuable instalment, and as a politician know how it would aid my next move, yet I will, as of course (*sic*), do every justice in my power to the petition with which I feel so highly, so truly honoured. But I will not present it until I have an opportunity of learning whether the sentiments of this letter render me in your Grace's eyes less fit to have the honour of presenting it to the House.

"The King, they say, is recovering. I do believe that a sentiment not very respectful to his Majesty made many choose to believe he was worse than he really was; at all events, he *rubs* over this bout.

"I have the honour to be, with sentiments of the sincerest respect, my Lord, of your Grace the devoted and affectionate servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. Dr MacHale."

"TUAM, June 4, 1837.

"MY DEAR MR O'CONNELL,—I have been favoured with your much esteemed letter of the 31st ultimo. It is impossible for me

to make any adequate return for the kind feelings which your valued favour conveys. It is not without the deepest regret that I could be brought to differ with you on any question regarding the interests of Ireland. Your indefatigable exertions in its behalf, and the unparalleled services you have already rendered, give you a title to the just confidence of all your countrymen. Were the present Tithe Bill a matter of mere difference of opinion between us, I should acquiesce in your superior and experienced judgment. Coming in daily contact with the clergy, and having a good deal of intercourse with the people themselves, I can state that I never knew a measure to which they are more opposed. Their aversion to the bill is such as that I am convinced no influence that the clergy could exercise would persuade them of its advantage. The thirty per cent. to the landlord, so far from looking to it as a boon, they really regard as an encouragement to that body to unite with the Establishment in the wish to perpetuate the impost. What confirms the distrust of the people in the measure is, that the bill is palatable to many of the parsons of the country and to the Tory landlords. It is a matter of notoriety that some of the latter laboured to have public meetings to petition the Legislature to pass the bill into law. We endeavoured to convey to them the impression of the people, that they considered the Tithe Bill anything but justice. Besides our own opinions, we gave expression to the deep and general discontent it excited.

“Had the people any doubt of its tendency to fasten the tithe system on them, they would be convinced of it by finding the measure hailed by many of their old oppressors. Nothing could have been further from our minds than a wish to embarrass the Government by unnecessary remonstrance. As they professed an anxiety to do justice to the people, their tithe measure was not regarded as any approximation to that justice, and that they mistake their silence for acquiescence. It would not be just to the Government to let them imagine that they would be conferring a favour by a measure which we knew excited general discontent. We were therefore impelled by a deep sense of duty to convey the

reasonable petition to the Legislature, in the hope that the Government might be induced to make larger concessions to the just demands of the people. Having embodied in our resolutions and petition the general feelings and deliberate opinions of the assembled clergy, as well as of their flocks, I could not, without forfeiting their confidence, take upon myself to control the effect which they might have on their representatives. I regret much that the Government has not taken a firmer stand in endeavouring to realise its professions to do justice. By its frustrate attempts to conciliate the Tories, its strength has been gradually impaired. Hoping that by doing more justice to Ireland it may still retrieve itself to its former vigour, I am, &c. &c.,

† JOHN MACHALE.

“To Mr O’Connell.”

In the early part of the year 1838, O’Connell was actively engaged in promoting Catholic interests in London. On the 21st of July he was publicly entertained at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in London. A number of members of Parliament were present, and the chairman, Sir Lacy de Evans, said that O’Connell was “the object of the attention of the whole Empire, and the admiration of the best and most enlightened men, not only of England, but of the world.”

This is yet another evidence of the incorrectness of the idea, which has been so popular of late years, that O’Connell was a mere demagogue, who kept the English Cabinet in fear, not by the power of his mind, but by the violence of his action.

At the conclusion of his speech, he said—

“A sensation of awe came over him when he beheld such an assemblage in any way connected with his humble name. What was

it that had brought so many independent Englishmen to pay a compliment to him? He believed the compliment was paid to the great principle on which he had always acted—that of avoiding the prosecution of political advantages by force, violence, or fraud. . . . The Irish Reform Bill ought to have been more extensive; it was full of faults, and the worst part of it was that it exposed Ireland to all the machinations of the Spottiswoode gang, to pecuniary corruption in its worst form, and, above all, to the perjury of Tory committees. He had said in the House of Commons, and he repeated it now, that Ireland was not safe from the perjury of English and Scotch gentlemen. They sacrificed their conscience to party—it was horrible to think of it; persons who were gentlemen in rank and fortune, who ought by their conduct to preach morality to others, and who dispensed justice from magisterial benches—was it not horrible that they should be perjuring themselves hourly as members of committees in the House of Commons? But the time was come when this should be proclaimed boldly. He was ready to be the martyr to justice and truth, though not to false swearing; and therefore he repeated that there was foul perjury in the Tory committees of the House of Commons. He asked them, was it not their duty to assist him in putting an end to this system; to give him their assistance in rendering the Irish Reform Bill at least as perfect as theirs; and to give to Ireland the same measure of municipal reform England already enjoyed? He wanted all alike—for now they were all unlike.”

This was brought before the House, and O’Connell was ordered to be reprimanded; but, like Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who only reasserted his original assertion when desired to apologise in the Irish Commons, he merely replied, “I express no regret, I retract nothing, I repent nothing. I do not desire unnecessarily to use hard or offensive language. I wish I could find terms less objectionable and equally

significant ; but I cannot. I am bound to reassert what I asserted."

O'Connell expected to be sent to the Tower, but the Tories were afraid of him. Indeed, an effort was made even during this year to conciliate him. He was offered the Chief Baron's seat, but he refused. Those who have ventured to assert that O'Connell was not a disinterested lover of his people and his native land, should ask themselves how many are there who would have refused such an offer, above all, when he might have pleaded a need for rest in old age, and that his work was done since Emancipation had been obtained ?¹

During the year 1838, O'Connell kept up a constant correspondence with the Archbishop of Tuam. In July he sent him the following circular letter on the subject of the *Dublin Review*, which was then conducted with remarkable ability. For some years the articles contained in it were a credit to the nationality, and to the faith of its

¹ The following extract from Mr Daunt's work shows that the refusal cost O'Connell a good deal :—"This is very kind—very kind indeed," said O'Connell ; "but I have not the least notion of taking the offer. Ireland could not spare me now ; not but, if she could, I don't at all deny that the office would have great attractions for me. Let me see now. There would not be more than about eighty days' duty in the year. I would take a country-house near Dublin, and walk into town ; and during the intervals of judicial labour, I'd go to Darrynane. I should be idle in the early part of April, just when the jack-hares leave the most splendid trails upon the mountains. In fact, I should enjoy the office exceedingly on every account, if I could but accept it consistently with the interests of Ireland ; but I cannot."

principal contributors. The most important questions of the day were taken up by men of remarkable ability, most of whom were professors, some of whom were even students, in Maynooth. O'Connell and Dr Wiseman were the guiding spirits. Subjects relating to Ireland naturally obtained a prominent place, for it was well known that but for Ireland and Irish Catholics the *Review* would probably never have existed, and that the Irish Catholics were an overwhelming majority. But polemics were not neglected, and were handled with singular ability and trenchant force. Many of the early converts to the Catholic faith owe their conviction of Catholic truth to the masterly refutations of errors contained in articles penned in Ireland by an Irish priest. Truth was put forth boldly and broadly, and the subtleties of metaphysical theology were relegated to the schools.

The original of the following letter is a lithograph, the word "Lordship" being crossed out by O'Connell, and "Grace" substituted. It may be only a little matter, but little matters are often characteristic; and, undoubtedly, one of O'Connell's marked characteristics in minor affairs was his remarkable and unvarying courtesy of manner and respectfulness of tone in addressing the hierarchy or the priesthood.

"16 PALL MALL, LONDON, 18th February 1833.

"MY LORD,—I beg leave very respectfully to call your attention to the *Dublin Review*, of which I am one of the proprietors.

"The object with which this publication was instituted was and

is to afford the Catholic literature of these countries a fair and legitimate mode of exhibiting itself to the people of the British Empire, and especially to the people of Ireland, in the shape most likely to produce a permanent as well as useful effect. The other quarterly publications are in the hands either of avowed and malignant enemies of Catholicity, or of what is worse, insidious and pretended friends, who affect a false liberality at the expense of Catholic doctrines.

"The *Dublin Review*, though not intended for purely polemical discussion, contains many articles of the deepest interest to the well-informed Catholic disputant. The name of Dr Wiseman, who is also a proprietor of the work, ensures the orthodoxy of the opinions contained in it, and will be admitted to be in itself a pledge of the extent, and depth, and variety of its scientific, as well as theological information.

"The seventh number is just published. The former numbers can be had either bound, or any one of them separately. Mr Staunton of the *Morning Register*, is in Dublin, the agent for Ireland. He will transmit the last, or any other number you please, to you free of carriage.

"To sustain this publication, which, while Catholicity is assailed by so many virulent enemies, and has so few friends among the periodical literature, appears to me to be an object of considerable importance; it will be necessary to increase its circulation, and augment the number of purchasers. It is for this purpose that I respectfully solicit your aid and friendly co-operation.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Grace's most faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. Dr MacHale, &c."

The following letter is written in O'Connell's own handwriting, on the back of the lithographed letter:—

"*Private.*

"*P.S.*—In calling the attention of your Grace to the enclosed

circular, I venture respectfully to direct your notice to my opposition to the present scheme of poor-laws. It is a subject on which I have dwelt long and painfully, on which, if I be in error, I am exceedingly culpable. But my objections depend much on the effects to be produced on the *ratepayers*. An additional tax of one million at the least—affecting in the first instance, and almost exclusively, the *occupiers*—fills me with alarm; especially as imprisonment in a workhouse is the *only* relief to be given; that is, all relief is to be administered solely to persons inhabiting the workhouse.

“Your Grace must have seen my plan for the abolition of tithes. It would abolish *them* in toto, and throw the payment of Protestant clergy on the Consolidated Fund, giving to England and Scotland the same interest in abolishing sinecure livings in Ireland as the Irish have.

“I conclude with the expression of my most respectful and affectionate regard, and sincere veneration.”

Dr MacHale's reply, of which his Grace has kept a copy, will be read with interest.

“TUAM, 27th February 1838.

“MY DEAR MR O'CONNELL,—I have been favoured with your esteemed letter regarding the *Dublin Review*, and I entirely concur in your views as to the benefits of such a periodical. It has already been the medium of circulating many articles calculated to place our religion in very favourable light before its enemies. It is unnecessary to say that I have been from the commencement a subscriber. It would, I think, command greater circulation by having the booksellers in the local districts engaged in its sale, and entitled to the centage they receive on such periodicals.

“So impressed have I been with the evils with which the present Poor Provision Bill is fraught, that, before the receipt of your respected letter, I published that I coincided in your opposition to its details. I ventured, too, to express my surprise at the perseverance

of the Government in pressing such a measure, with the consciousness of their dependence on the support of the Irish representatives, and of the obnoxiousness of the measure to the feelings and the interests of the Irish people. They have not, it may be said, manifested this feeling by a corresponding number of petitions. The fact is, they tell us they are tired of petitioning, and though some should send petitions, others, adopting the philosophy of what is best, required more than ordinary stimulants, as you know, to rouse them to the least exertion in behalf of their country, nay, of religion. Besides, they do not see among their representatives themselves that arrayed and concentrated junction of the strength once characteristic of them, and which alone can ensure justice to Ireland.

"The result of the ballot has not escaped their notice, and they deplore that place has had the effect of making some vote against a measure essential to their protection. I wish I could be able to have your views on the tithe system carried into effect, so as to have the payment of Protestant clergy charged on the Consolidated Fund. I should hail such a measure as an excellent instalment, since then we could securely calculate on the co-operation of England and Scotland in finally doing justice as far as regarded the Protestant Establishment.

"There is another subject regarding the interests of our religion on which you may do incalculable service. It is for procuring a grant for the separate education of Catholic children. This is the subject, and the only one, of which the Catholic bishops of Ireland have expressed their solemn and unanimous approval. It must come to this at last. The lamented indisposition of Dr Murray occasioned the adjournment of this question at our last meeting, and prevented our adoption of any resolution on the subject. The present system is far from being popular, nay, many of the bishops are conscious it is full of danger. I know that separate education would not be relished at present by the Government; I know, too, that many, with an erroneous feeling of liberality, cherish the plan of mixed education. I like religion to be as free as air, which is the only

true liberality, and the fate of the Archbishop of Cologne, the injustice of which you have so eloquently denounced, and which is the fruit of a plausible system of mixed education, can attest the benefits or evils of such a prospect.

"I have the honour to be, yours,

† JOHN MACHALE."

O'Connell replied—

"MERRION SQUARE, 14th April 1838.

"MY VERY RESPECTED LORD,—I need not tell you with what a deep interest and profound respect I have followed your Grace's exposition of the present system of national education. I pretend not to decide; but I do know that vigilance was never misplaced whilst 'the wolf is on his walk.'

"I have now to implore of your Grace to read the *Pilot* of Monday before you form your decided opinion on the new tithe plan. You will find in it my view of Lord John Russell's tithe resolutions. They contain much I dislike, but also have a smack of better principle, and of more easy application of *future* remedy, than the present system. I certainly do not mean to bestow anything like ungrateful praise upon them; but you will judge me and my opinions with impartiality, though, I know, mixed with kindness.

"I have the honour to be, with the most fervent wishes for your health and long life, of your Grace the most devoted and affectionate servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL."

"TUAM, 29th April 1838.

"MY DEAR MR O'CONNELL,—I waited for the appearance of your promised letter on the tithes before I should acknowledge your favour of the 14th, directing my attention to that exposition.

"It cannot be denied that the bill falls far short of what the Ministry was pledged to, and the people of Ireland expected. It has no appropriation clause. It does not reduce one of the super-numerary parsons, even where a single Protestant is not found; nor does it, out of the reduction of thirty per cent., if I understand the

resolutions correctly, give any advantage to the occupying tenantry. As for the surplus to be applied to the purposes of education, I must frankly own, that if he meant to apply it as the funds in management of this education board, it would be a curse rather a blessing. I am delighted that you have turned your attention to the bearings and workings of the present plan. Nothing can be more interesting to a statesman concerned than the moral improvement of a people, and especially to a Catholic filled with zeal for the purity of his religion. Now, one thing is certain, that an anti-Catholic Government is labouring to upset an essential principle, and to usurp the right of inculcating religious doctrine through books and masters of their own exclusive selection. I could be silent for ever on repeal, or even the tithe system, with all its baneful appendages ; but when I see a Government requiring a compromise and surrender of religion as the condition of its support, so much so, that I have known high ecclesiastics, otherwise pious, to own that they are silent from a fear of embarrassing the Ministry, I cannot comprehend any reason for justifying such expediency. Now, the Ministry, if anxious to lay the foundations of concord as well as prosperity, must banish everything vicious from the system of education. The greater number of the present members of the board are rank infidels. The books which they put into the hands of children are calculated to unsettle their belief, or, at least, to diminish their reverence for the faith of their fathers ; and by the entire system it is intended, as is acknowledged by a competent authority (Mr A. R. Blake), to place the religious education of the Catholics in the hands of the crown. Now, setting religion aside, you can best estimate the consequence of such a prospect in the abridgement of the liberties of the people. By a timely interference, the Irish members may prevent much angry discussion, which must eventually terminate in the correction of any plan by which the Government would attempt to interfere with the legitimate authority of the pastors or the religious liberty of the people. You know well the unconquerable attach-

ment of all classes to their faith. As I live, I shall not cease to expose and denounce any attempt to interfere with that faith; and the more they try to silence me, the louder will be my remonstrance; for we must have complete religious freedom.

“Wishing you every happiness and energy in effecting those objects that are still wanting to religious freedom, I have the honour, &c.,
JOHN MACHALE.”

In August 1838, O'Connell commenced a vigorous agitation in Ireland, and established what he called the “Precursor Society,” as a last effort to obtain full justice to Ireland from the British Legislature. His earnest desire to have both the sanction and assistance of Dr MacHale is evident from the following correspondence:—

Private.

“DARRYNANE ABBEY, 6th September 1838.

“MY VENERATED LORD,—I feel the deepest anxiety that my present plan of agitation should meet favour in your eyes, because that would show that an intellect of the first order concurred with my humble judgment. That judgment induces me to mark that we have arrived at a period in which we may attain all we politically desire, or at least, much of it, if we take the proper means of achieving our objects.

“The aspect of public affairs is such as seems propitious to our pressing our claims. The unfortunate state of the crop will produce a winter and spring in England in which the working classes will suffer much; and their political discontent already exhibits itself in a shape which may become truly formidable when aggravated by personal distress and individual misery such as a scanty crop is sure to produce. There is also much brooding discontent on the Continent, much more, I believe, than is usually suspected. Some Prussian regiments the other

day cried out for a constitution. It is true the soldiers were drunk ; but drunkenness is, to a proverb, *sincere*. But confining myself to the British Empire, the poorer classes are all disgusted and irritated at the limited franchise conceded by the Reform Bill, and amidst their clamours is our time to press claims founded on eternal justice. I may be greatly mistaken, but I do think that an additional bonus of 15 or even 25 per cent. to the landed interest would bring them over to separate the 'rent-charge' from the Church, *not of the people*, and have them easily consent to appropriate the remaining 50 per cent. to purposes of real and public utility. I do believe that steady and universal exertion would free us from the incubus of the State-paid Church, and obtain for us all we desire besides. If, indeed, these things—I mean disconnection of the State from the Church, and real corporate reform—were achieved, we should then have ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Irish of every persuasion friendly to a domestic Parliament. If Connaught aids us with the efficiency which your Grace can put in motion, if you deem it right, we will have such an overwhelming majority of the Irish nation with us that the Lord-Lieutenant may go on to preach patience to the winds. The time for impatience is arrived. I think your province has given strong symptoms of the prevalence of a similar opinion much earlier, and, perhaps, more correctly formed ; but if you now, my Lord, think we ought to be aided, I would venture to promise complete success to *this* agitation. Perhaps the fate of Ireland depends on your decision. Thousands of 'Precursors,' headed by the dreaded name of 'John Tuam,' would make an impression just now beyond any ever before made by a numerical force.

"I will await your Grace's reply with no small impatience. You will have seen in the *Pilot* of Monday last my *first* letter, with its objects in detail. How delighted I shall be if you think it right to enrol yourself as a 'Precursor!' But in every case, and always, believe me to be, with profound respect, of your Grace the most faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. Dr MacHale, &c."

“TUAM, 26th September 1838.

“MY DEAR MR O’CONNELL,—After being absent for some time, on my return I found here your much respected favour. I fully agree with you that, to secure the rights that are so insultingly denied them, the people must depend on their own strenuous exertions.

“Indeed, they appear already to have been brought to that conviction, and hence the activity with which they are bestirring themselves throughout all parts of the country.

“For a long time they felt but little confidence in the present Ministry; the Tithe Bill, in which they abandoned the principle on which they ousted their predecessors from office, has filled up the measure of the public distrust.

“If the Ministers fancied that the Irish people could acquiesce in so unjust a law, they must already be convinced of their mistake, that all the united influence of the kingdom could not reconcile the people to an impost which is growing every day more odious; and hence the Catholic clergy, in denouncing the Tithe Bill, and urging the necessity of an immediate resumption of the question in Parliament, are only expressing the opinion and seconding the views of the people.

“It is my sincere opinion that the people are justified in their frequent and emphatic intensifications, What has been done for them?

“Nay, more, they have no reason to expect much since the Ministers have declared against granting those measures on which you are insisting. If they expressed an inclination to extend the suffrage or to enlarge the number of our representatives, or to reduce the Established Church to the dimensions required by justice, then indeed might there be reason for hope.

“But from our present rulers what hope can we entertain, when, besides, with their inability, they proclaim their unwillingness to do us justice by insisting on the finality of reform, &c.?

“It is my conviction that the unreserved confidence which has been hitherto placed in the Ministry has had a baneful influence on

the interests of Ireland, and that, if they were taught to feel that measures of general good, and not of individual benefits, would be the test of the public confidence, something would have been done for the country. If the Ministers recall their declarations that are on record, and which almost preclude us from hope, then might all in their exertions for the country identify their exertions with the support of our present rulers.

"If they do not, I do not perceive that they have any claims to gratitude, and the people must strive to force on them by moral influence the necessity of doing justice to Ireland, not in name, but in reality.

"Wishing you every happiness, I have the honour to remain, my dear Mr O'Connell, yours respectfully,

" + JOHN MACHALE."

"DARRYNANE ABBEY, 4th October 1838.

"MY RESPECTED LORD,—I wish I could be as sanguine as you are that the people will persevere in that course of agitation with which there is no hope for Ireland. I know to a certainty the Ministry are taking every means in their power to oppose the organisation of the 'Precursor Society.' I have been written to menacingly—I may call it so ; but their menaces, I need not tell your Grace, I despise. Let them threaten away. There are indeed several of the Ministry exceedingly anxious to be out of office ; and I have reason to believe that they are seriously thinking of resigning. All of them do not concur in this view, but so many do as to make it highly improbable they should face Parliament again. This, of course, I say in the strictest confidence ; but it is right that you should know the facts. The Tories, when they come in, will do sad work in Ireland, but we must do all we can to make them.

"The only comfort I have is, that we have assisted the Whigs as long as there was any, even the slightest, prospect of their obtaining for Ireland any one advantage. Nor did we desert them until their incompetency to do us good almost equalled their unwillingness to exert themselves for us. It is, indeed, a dismal prospect to have

the insolent Tories again in power ; but the fault is not ours. My present anxiety is to have our organisation completed during the reign of the present Ministers. It is that which takes me up to Dublin in November. The four principles of our new agitation are—1st, Complete corporate reform ; 2d, Extension of the suffrage ; 3d, Total extension of compulsory Church support ; and 4th, Adequate representation in Parliament. These seem to me to constitute the proper basis of future agitation. On these I think we should organise for that contest which is now inevitable. When the Tories return to power they of course will again endeavour to establish the ascendancy of the Protestant clergy and aristocracy. It seems to me that it would be highly useful, or, at least, that it is the prudent course, to have our organisation as perfect as we well can before the enemy assumes the reins of government. I entreat the consideration of your Grace to these topics, as this is the best plan for *future* agitation, or can you assist me with any other ? Connaught will naturally go with your Grace. If you approve of my project we shall have from the ‘west “abundant” precursors.’ I fear much for the result unless I can procure your aid, depending, as that aid must, on your deliberate and powerful judgment. I see a mistake committed by several speakers at the great tithe meetings. It is in seeking for the repeal of the Tithe Bill of last session without repeating at the same time Lord Stanley’s Tithe Bill ; the first which removed the payment of the tithe composition from the tenants to the landlords. It is astonishing how rapidly Stanley’s Act was prospering. It had come into operation in no less than one-half of the tithe compositions in Ireland. By a parliamentary return it appears that more than one half of the tithe composition had become payable by the landlords in the short time since Lord Stanley’s Act was passed—that is, in about four years. The transition was going on rapidly, and one landlord after another was submitting. The new Act has completed the transition with a loss to the parsons of one-fourth of the entire.

“Our business is to look to the appropriation of that which

remains—not the miserable appropriation which the Government promised, and which would operate only after existing leases had dropped, but an appropriation *immediate and universal*.

“I have the honour to be, most respectfully, of your Grace the most faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“Most Rev. Dr MacHale, &c.”

“DARRYNANE ABBEY, 23d October 1838.

“MY ESTEEMED LORD,—I am indeed anxious to accept the honour intended me in Galway, but it is not at present in my power to name the day. If my valued friends will allow me to postpone the actual nomination of the day, I will then, with mingled pride and pleasure, accept the invitation for some day about the 12th, or from that to the 15th of November. The precise day I will be able to appoint within a week, if I am permitted to take this liberty. If any difficulty occurs, of course I must, but with the deepest regret, decline an honour which I appreciate more highly than I can describe. We are come to a most important crisis. Our friends are not powerful enough to serve us effectually. Our enemies are so powerful as to be able to stop all salutary legislation on our behalf. What are we therefore to rely on? Only on our own exertions. We conquered great difficulties already, and we will be able to conquer those that remain. If the spirit of unanimous exertion be once roused, we cannot fail. I have the happiness to know that the North of Ireland will come forward in its strength and intelligence, and I do hope that the other parts of Ireland will evince that their former patriotic ardour is capable of being reanimated, and of producing the most useful effects. Ireland, blessed by Heaven, is able to work out her own destinies. She will not allow herself any longer to be trampled on by the fell demon of Orange tyranny. That bigot faction seeks a restoration to power which would fill the land with afflictions, and the people with almost insufferable oppression. The Tory party in England is identified with Orangeism in Ireland, and is ready to indulge that hated and hateful faction in the

renewal of all the scenes of domination, speculation, and blood, in which that foul faction so long indulged itself with impunity.

"We have, believe me, my respected Lord, but one way to escape the renewal of Orange tyranny, and that is to organise the people of Ireland into peaceable, legal, and constitutional combination.

"It appears to me that the Precursor Society affords us the best opportunity of forming that combination. If I can get—and why should I not get?—two millions of Precursors, I will answer for complete success.

"I have the honour to be, my dear Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and grateful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Right Rev. Dr MacHale."

"MERRION SQUARE, 15th December 1838.

"MY EVER-RESPECTED LORD,—In the affair of the unfortunate Captain Gleeson, I must, in parliamentary *slang*, report progress, and ask leave to write again. There is, however, no pleasantry in my mind on the subject. The facts have occurred in this order:—The day after I arrived in town I had communicated to the Lord-Lieutenant that my conviction was that he (Captain Gleeson) was treated with great injustice. In consequence, the documents in the matter were handed over to Mr Drummond to be prepared to meet me and to justify the conduct of Government. I accordingly waited on that gentleman, and found that, though he had the documents in his possession—they were lying on his desk—he had not read them. I, however, availed myself of the opportunity to give him a distinct view of the utter falsity of the principal ground of dismissal—that which alleged a *false* charge of drunkenness against Mr St Clair O'Malley. I called, in the strongest terms, for an investigation and trial of the truth or falsehood of that allegation. I mentioned that Captain Gleeson stated that he had more than ten witnesses to support his assertion. I believe I made some impression. I certainly did all I could to make it. I was promised a speedy communication. A great deal was said of Lord Morpeth's being the patron of Mr Gleeson, and of his being satisfied with the

decision ; but all this is trash. I have since had no further communication from Mr Drummond, but immediately on receipt of your letter I wrote to him again, pressing the case for investigation on trial. I went again pretty fully into my views of it, and I deemed it right to send him privately, and under another cover, your letter to me in order to show him how deep an interest was taken in the injustice done to poor Gleeson. I have had as yet no answer, nor can I *press* for one before Wednesday next, on which day I will see Lord Morpeth ; and I have a right to a reply, which I will of course insist upon. I never felt a deeper interest for any man than I do for him, independent of my most unaffected anxiety to satisfy your Grace on the subject. There is a strong rumour, or at least a suspicion, that the Whigs are to get Tory accession,—perhaps that of the Duke of Wellington. At all events, Lord Fingal, who is in attendance on the Queen, writes that Lord Melbourne is perfectly satisfied that no change of Administration will take place during the ensuing session. We shall see. But, in any event, Ireland has no resource save in self-exertion. Three of the provinces are showing their conviction of the truth. Ulster, I think, is foremost.

“I have the honour to be, most respectfully, of your Grace the most faithful, humble servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“Most Rev. Dr MacHale, &c.”

In a letter written from Darrynane about this period O'Connell said, “Ireland wants four things—corporate reform, an extension of franchise, a due proportion of representation, and freedom from the burden of supporting the Protestant Church.” He further declared that, if these wrongs were not redressed, he would devote the residue of his life to obtain a repeal of the Union.

Lord Norbury was murdered on the 19th of January 1839. He was fairly popular, had no known enemy, and

the murderer was never discovered. If the crime had taken place in England, it would have been a nine days' wonder, and nothing more; as it happened in Ireland, it created a sensation, and Government tried to find out a cause. No other cause being apparent or known, it was at once credited to O'Connell's agitation. It did not in the least matter that there was no connection whatever between the alleged cause and the supposed effect.

The English "Tory" members had at last found a grave accusation against Irishmen, which they made to react upon the Government in opposition.

O'Connell was justly indignant. Mr Shaw, the Recorder of Dublin, anxious to exalt himself at the expense of his own nation, moved for a return of the outrages committed in Ireland during the last four years. O'Connell answered him in no measured language.

"Speeches have been made by four gentlemen, natives of Ireland, who, it would appear, come here for the sole purpose of vilifying their native land, and endeavouring to prove that it is the worst and most criminal country on the face of the earth. (Loud cries of 'Oh!' from the Tories.) Yes; you came here to calumniate the country that gave you birth. It is said that there are some soils which produce enormous and crawling creatures—things odious and disgusting. (Loud cheers from the Tories.) Yes; you who cheer—there you are—can you deny it? Are you not calumniators? (Cries of 'Oh!' and hisses.) Oh! you hiss, but you cannot sting. I rejoice in my native land; I rejoice that I belong to it; your calumnies cannot diminish my regard for it; your malevolence cannot blacken it in my esteem; and although your vices and crimes have driven its people to outrage and murder—(order)—yes;

I say your vices and crimes. (Chair, chair.) Well, then, the crimes of men like you have produced these results. . . . Fourteen murders have occurred in Ireland since the 16th of November. England since that period has presented *twenty-five*; yet no English member has arisen to exclaim, 'What an abominable country is mine! What shocking people are the people of England!' To these you may add two cases of supposed murder, thirteen of personal violence, and not less than twenty incendiary fires—one of which, by the way, was at *Shaw*, in Berkshire."

On the 21st of March, Lord Roden, a violent Orangeman, moved for a select committee to inquire into the state of Ireland with regard to the commission of crime.²

There was another cause besides "hunger" for Irish discontent. It was the aggressions and violence of Orangemen like Lord Roden, who first excited party feeling, countenanced, if they did not sanction, Orange meetings; and then walked coolly into Parliament, and asked for an inquiry into the cause of Irish discontent.

Lord Roden got his committee, but he did not get much advantage thereby. Mr Drummond was then Chief-Secretary in Ireland, and his evidence went to show that Orange Lodges were the fruitful sources of evil and discord.³

² An English writer says, "The poor peasant, with his emaciated features, hungry eyes, and murderous bludgeon, is, naturally enough, ready to try the desperate chance of revolt. Till he is transformed into a well-fed, and, as a consequence, gay and happy being, there is no hope for Ireland."—*Memoir of Thomas Drummond*, vol. i. p. 242.

³ Mr Drummond was, we believe, the first English official in Ireland who ever attempted to restrain Orange justices of the peace from giving open offence to their Catholic fellow-subjects.—*Life of Drummond*, p. 297.

The following letters, which passed between his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam and O'Connell during the year 1839, are of the deepest interest :—

“MERRION SQUARE, 3d January 1839.

“MY EVER-RESPECTED LORD,—I have read, and return your Grace, the copy of Mr Vigor's letter. I was aware that the Liberals of the county of Carlow had strongly testified to Captain Gleeson's services. Nay, Mr Drummond admitted to me that they had certified that he—Captain Gleeson—had prevented much bloodshed; as far as Carlow is concerned, his case cannot be made stronger. All I can do for him is to endeavour to prevail on the Government to give him some office in substitution of that which he has been deprived of. I told him the only plan which could assist me with that view—namely, the procuring a memorial most numerous and respectably signed in his favour. I do not know that such memorial will have the desired effect, but I do know that without it nothing can be done.

“I could obtain an *investigation*—that is, I believe I could obtain an investigation—but that there is one decisive fact to warrant the dismissal of this unfortunate gentleman, which is admitted most distinctly by himself, and, indeed, cannot possibly be denied; namely, his publication in the newspapers of the most peremptory contradiction of O'Malley—a species of publication most emphatically prohibited by the printed rules of the service. How, then, can I talk of investigation, when I am met by this plain proposition? Suppose every other charge disproved, here is one of the gravest admitted, and only palliated by showing the truth of the matter published; but the publication itself, not its truth or falsehood, is the offence. It seems to me that there is no reply. I wish I could prevail on your Grace to believe me when I tell you the real situation of the Ministry. In the hope that you will give proper weight to my testimony, I repeat it. Some of the Ministry, including Lord John Russell, are anxious to retire with honour; with the exception

of Lord Melbourne himself, perhaps there is not one tenacious of office.

"There is lately another element. It is the fearful state of England, which makes it impossible to change the Administration. The Tories could not, and would not—that is, the leading and national Tories, Wellington, Peel, &c.—would not accept office at present. Even if Connaught, or all Ireland, were to abandon the Ministry, neither the threat nor the fact would have the least influence on any Government measure. They are sure of gaining three Tories for every Irishman they may lose. There never was anything more hopeless than to attempt to bully them. *I know it from experience.* I have tried it, and totally failed. I never will try it again—at least, until there is a change in our prospects.

"I do not, my respected Lord, presume to interfere with Connaught politics. Connaught has been neglected and vilified by the Railway Commissioners; you have in your last letter shown that it has been almost equally neglected by the Education Commissioners. It was the province from which, in the Emancipation struggle, we received the least and the last assistance; and now that the rest of Ireland is engaged, more or less, in another movement, with the exception of Galway, Connaught omits to join. This may be all quite right, but me it afflicts with melancholy. That it should rise in an effort for Captain Gleeson would give me great pleasure; because, although I think a struggle with and for Ireland would be more useful as well as more dignified, yet any political exertion is better than torpor or acquiescence. Ireland has never acted together since the close of the Emancipation fight, and she never again will combine in a simultaneous exertion until the happy day shall, if ever it shall come, when we shall be on the eve of another and a greater political victory. But it is vain to hope for combination from Connaught until your judgment goes with us in our struggles. It is not by mere neutrality, or even passive countenance, that we can be aided by your Grace. You do not *think* with us, or you would *act* with us. So far from stating this as matter of complaint, I tender

my respectful approbation of the line of conduct you pursue, because I am convinced it is the dictate of a mind of the highest order, and of a heart full of the purest love of country and of religion.

"I trust your Grace will pardon me this lengthened trespass. I will conclude by assuring you that I do not deprecate any attack, however violent or powerful, on the present Ministry. I love them not—I respect them little indeed—but I support them to keep out the Tories; and if it shall happen, as events portend, that a coalition Ministry shall be formed, you will probably have me in direct opposition before the end of the ensuing session.

"I have the honour to be, with profound veneration and respect, my dear Lord, of your Grace the most faithful, attached, and humble servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. Dr MacHale, &c."

"MERRION SQUARE, 4th April 1839.

"MY DEAR AND EVER-RESPECTED LORD,—May I congratulate your Grace that a term has arrived to the fiction of an anti-Catholic successor to the Catholic St Jarlath, and that even the name of Archbishop of Tuam is blotted from the vocabulary of heresy.

"I am tremblingly alive to the importance of the subject on which I sit down to write to you—one effort more to procure your countenance to the junction of Connaught to the general exertions of the rest of Ireland. Hitherto that province contented itself with great and striking, but only occasional efforts, to aid the great cause, and strike down the common enemy; and it was not until after we had sent G. M'Donnell on a *foreign mission* that we obtained any substantial assistance from that province. There were then, as there are now, some excellent reasons for good men to differ; but now we want union and the assistance of each other more than we did then, when the *English* bigotry was not near as much roused as it is now.

"There is at present one ingredient which seems to operate against

'Precursor' co-operation from Connaught, and it is this—the condemnation of the national education scheme by your Grace, which would require parochial contributions for the purposes of education, and, as an *apparent* consequence, the prevention of any part of the funds of any parish being diverted into the 'Precursor' *treasury*. On this subject, however, I can say—'Experto crede Roberto.' I can give your Grace the result of thirty years and more of experience, and it is this—that once get a parish into a mood of contributing to public purposes, the more such purposes are brought before them, the more liberal will be *each aggregate* contribution. So many persons will not give pounds or five shillings, but many more will give one shilling. It will and has uniformly become a *habit* to contribute, and thus a Precursor subscription would, according to my experience, augment your school contributions.

"At least, results of this *description* have followed in almost every other instance. The fact is, the great resource even for collecting the revenues of the state is to be found in the multiplication of small sums.

"The contributors should individually be solicited to give sums smaller than each could reasonably afford.

"The peril of a Tory restoration is very eminent, and every one opinion is, that upon a new election the Liberal members for Ireland would little exceed forty.

"The Tories in England would be greatly augmented. The English people are essentially Tory, and nothing preserves us from actual persecution but the numbers and the moral energy of the Irish people. It is with this conviction I venture once again to solicit, or at least to suggest, your leading Connaught into the controversy by joining the organisation of our Precursors.

"We may, and I believe will, have a majority on Lord John's motion, but he will infallibly break up the Administration within twelve months. He is tired and disgusted with office, and would *personally* be glad we were defeated on the ensuing debate. We are arrived at *portentous* times. We are arrived at times in which persecution may again raise its head; and, at all events, there would appear to be no safety save in perfect union amongst ourselves.

"I have the honour to be, very respectfully, of your Grace the most faithful servant and affectionate friend,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"The Archbishop of Tuam, &c."

"TUAM, 16th April 1839.

"MY DEAR MR O'CONNELL,—I have been in receipt of your last esteemed favour, and beg to return you my sincere thanks for your very kind congratulations. However, it must be owned, though the name of Protestant Archbishop is abolished, together with the bishoprics of the Establishment, much, if not all, of that remains which has been the bitter source of the misfortunes of Ireland. Not only are the temporalities of the Establishment secured, but they are also so disposed of in sending missionaries and Scripture-readers through the country, as to give much annoyance to the Catholic people. In short, the spirit of religious ascendancy and intolerance still prevails, and were it not under some check from the popular influence, it would manifest itself in a still more offensive manner. Nay, in the provisions made for educating the people, the bigotry that so long cursed Ireland is not at all concealed. It is attempted to supersede the exercise of the most ordinary duties of the pastors, and to hand over the education of the Catholics of Ireland to a board composed of the ancient enemies of our country and of our faith, and some Catholics, a portion of whom care but very little for the practical observances of religion as connected with the education of Catholic children. It is this state of things, as well as the marked insult and injustice with which their province in particular is treated, that makes the people of Connaught so indifferent in joining the Precursors' Society. There can be no hope of that justice for which the people are struggling. While the ascendancy of the Protestant Establishment is left in full vigour, without active strenuous exertions to abate all mischief, it is my sincere conviction that it will be difficult to concentrate the national spirit, such as it was in the Catholic associations. The people require progressive improvement in legislation, as well as a fair administration of the laws. With-

out a sure prospect of such improvement, and, above all, without a hope that the religious ascendancy which is still felt will be put an end to.

“Without this entire religious equality the foundations of justice cannot be laid. If the people do not obtain an enlargement of their civil rights, they and their pastors should be left the free enjoyment of their religious rights, without an attempt to subject them to an unhallowed combination of religious bigotry and political despotism. It is not really the mode for any Administration to secure the confidence and support of a people who, much as they value their civil rights, value their religion more. Still we have all done our duty during this crisis, and raised our voice in protesting against the sanguinary demonstrations of the Tories. Yet if the system of politics is not changed, you may rely on it the name of Whigs or Radicals will have no charm, and the people, tired of promises not fulfilled, will abandon them to their fate. Their only chance of a permanent continuance in power is a firm determination to do justice to Ireland, which is incompatible with its ecclesiastical establishments and the present religious inequality of its people. I hope the Ministers will take a salutary lesson from the difficulties into which their feeble policy has thrown them, and that you will be enabled, if you hope for the free, generous, and uncalculating aid of the nation, to enlarge your demands upon the Government, and to insist on those rights respecting religious equality of which every Administration appears equally attentive, and which the great body of the people are most anxious to obtain. I cannot omit this opportunity of thanking you most sincerely for your zeal in behalf of Captain Gleeson, which he hopes will be successful in doing him justice.”

“October 15, 1839.

“MY DEAR MR O'CONNELL,—I am just returned from the Island of Achil, where I have been for some time striving to preserve a portion of my flock from some thieves who planted themselves there, and are using every exertion to traffic by bribing and working

on the misery of the poor natives. The mission was not calculated to make me feel any gratitude to the Government, since I found that the coastguards were the active agents of those impostors, notwithstanding that complaints were made by some of the Catholic clergy there of such influence. Nay, it appeared after a long investigation held some time ago, that their officer took a most offensive and unwarrantable part in their anti-Catholic proceedings. You perceive, then, how active and untiring is the hostility of our enemies to our religion, and how their enormous wealth is still made the instrument by which the perversion of the people is sought. On the strongest religious grounds, then, as well as political, I am opposed to the tithes or rent charge, knowing well, as long as those who are hostile to our faith can command such a fund, they will strive to convert it to the injury of our religion.

“You need not, therefore, fear any abatement of the agitation on that subject. It is here deemed the sum of every other grievance without the removal of which our agitation would be of little avail. It is, therefore, put forth as the most prominent of the evils of Ireland. I am delighted that the gentry—the men who in general hitherto stood aloof from the contest—have at length embarked in it, resolved to get rid of an impost that involves so much their own reputation as well as the interests of their own families. This spirit is progressing fast, and has already spread through all parts of the province, everywhere reprobating the injustice and cruelty of the tithes. On other minor points, as well as the means of obtaining justice, there is some discrepancy of opinion. This is owing to the deep-seated conviction that the present Ministry have not done what they were capable of doing for the country. The people think it a matter of little importance what may be the profession of their rulers, if they find those professions realised in measures to which the people are opposed, such as the Tithe Act and poor-laws. I fear the Whigs calculate on a full amnesty for all their bad acts, because the people hate the Tories. The restoration of clerical magistrates, &c., is not calculated to recall any of the confidence which they have forfeited. They are expecting too much. They hope

for the unqualified support of the people without any pledge on their specific measures, for which the people are contending. Even now, at the last hour, were they to come forward, and throw themselves generously on the people, and promise such an extension of the franchise, an increase of representatives, but, above all, such an immediate and universal appropriation of the tithes as you mentioned in your letter, always respecting the rights of the present incumbents, I am sure that all Ireland would so rally round them as to bring dismay into the ranks of the Tories. Without such declaration on their part, it is my belief the agitation will not be so general or successful. Any influence we command with the people is founded on the credit they give us for seeing a fair prospect of improvement in their condition. We cannot hold out this prospect to them unless it is given by our rulers or extracted from their fears. I wish you could induce them to give us more confidence. If they do not, then the people, relying no longer on their vague promises, will rely on their own exertions; the present difference of opinion will vanish, and you will find no difficulty in concentrating them against either Whigs or Tories. Whether they accede to your request or not, you may calculate on general co-operation."

"MERRION SQUARE, 23d December 1839.

"MY DEAR AND MOST ESTEEMED LORD,—If the period we have arrived at were not one of singular interest, I should not obtrude on your Grace's time or attention. I, however, believe that a crisis of deeper interest has not arisen for many years, nor one which, in my humble judgment, could be more capable of being converted into purposes of such great utility for Ireland. It is this conviction which emboldens me to ask your Grace for advice and for co-operation.

"The time is come when all Catholic Ireland should rally—should form a strong and universal combination.

"The Tories are united; you perceive that they are daily becoming less careful to conceal their intentions. They avow their bitter hostility to the religion and to the people of Ireland.

"The furious and most sincere of the British Tories avow their intention to re-enact the Penal Code, whilst the more wily declare their designs not to go farther than to render the Emancipation Act a mere dead letter—to leave it on the statute book, but to render it totally inoperative in practice. I care little for its not being repealed in point of law, if it be repealed in fact and in operation. The mainspring of Tory hostility to Ireland is hatred of the Catholic religion. This is not to be endured. We cannot suffer ourselves to be trampled under the hoofs of the brutal Orangemen of either countries. We want protection for the Catholics against all parties, Ministerial as well as Tories. My object would be once again to organise all Catholic Ireland in an effort of resistance to all our enemies.

"It is proposed by some Catholics of the very moderate party to make the basis of our new exertions a declaration that the Catholics are now too numerous, possess too much property and intelligence, and are too brave to submit to *any* inferiority in their native land; and, of course, that at the peril of life and fortune they are ready to resist by all means within the law and constitution *all* and every oppression. These general principles will include all details, and, of course, involve the application of the tithe rent-charge to public purposes. I know the education question creates a difficulty in the way of general co-operation between the Catholics. But for that I should expect the signatures of all the Catholics, prelates, priests, and people, to an exceedingly strong declaration of determined resistance to the threatened oppression.

"Would to God I could interfere to have your Grace and Dr Murray understand each other—I mean, agree together on the proper securities against anti-Catholicism in the plan of general education. This wish is, I fear, an idle one, but if your Grace were in Dublin I do think something might be done to satisfy your just apprehensions. The scheme of giving Government dominion over Catholic education is failing on the Continent, as the Catholic people grow alarmed at its tendency."

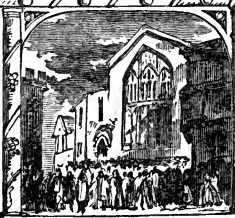
Chapter Fifteenth.

AGITATION FOR REPEAL.

1839-1843.

THE REPEAL MOVEMENT PROJECTED—CORRESPONDENCE, EXPLAINING IDEAS AND PLANS, WITH DR MACHALE—REPEAL ASSOCIATION FORMED—DISCOURAGING START—REPEAL MEETINGS IN THE SOUTH AND NORTH—GENERAL ELECTION, O'CONNELL UNSEATED—ELECTED LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN—ATTACKED BY SHREWSBURY—THE REPEAL YEAR, *par excellence*—THE ASSOCIATION, TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP AND CARD—PEEL AND REPEAL—MONSTER MEETINGS AT ENNIS AND MULLAGHMAST—EUROPEAN FAME—O'CONNELL AND THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS—LETTERS TO DR MACHALE.





CHAP. XV

IN Christmas Eve 1839, O'Connell wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Tuam, of which but a fragment remains; yet that fragment is all-important—is in itself almost an epitome of the life of this illustrious Irishman, now drawing to its close. In this fragment we find the following words:—

“We have ourselves to fight the battle of Ireland and Catholicity against the Orange and Tory faction. I am tremblingly alive to the part you will take. Your co-operation would, in my mind, be quite decisive of success. Of course, I will not take, or allow to be taken, any step inconsistent with law; nor would I ask that your Grace should commit yourself one inch beyond your own inclination; but I do want your

countenance—your *something more* than mere acquiescence—the larger that more is the better. Indeed, I do believe the fate of Catholic Ireland is now in your hands. If we had you going with us in the strength of your judgment, there would arise a combination more powerful than the old Catholic Association.”

O'Connell began life with a denunciation of the Union; he ended it with a cry for Repeal. He could not know, indeed, that he had but a few years to live, that his span of life was nearly over; but he must have felt it. He was a hale old man certainly, but he was to die. He had one of those fine old-fashioned constitutions which are extinct like the dodo; but the best constitution in the world will not last for ever, because it is only created for time.

It was characteristic of the man that he should have set to work at the Repeal movement when he was near his threescore years of life, and at the end of forty years of such incessant work as few men had ever gone through.

On the 8th of April 1840, he wrote to his friend Dr MacHale to explain his plans, and telling him all his hopes and fears.

Private.

“LONDON, 8th April 1840.

“MY EVER-VENERATED AND DEAR LORD,—Whenever I have formed the intention of making a *great* popular movement, or a movement which I hoped to be *great*, I have in latter times taken the liberty of announcing my intentions to your Grace in the strong wish to obtain the aid of your giant mind and national influence. In this I have not been very successful. I got from you much excellent and very wise advice; but active co-operation you thought it fit not to give me. I bow with submissive respect to the judg-

ment which induced you to decline—I would not, and I could not, say to refuse me—that co-operation. I have neither the right nor the inclination to complain of your decision. If you were not as free as air to act or not to act, I would not be guilty of the great presumption of addressing your Grace on political subjects at all, or in any contingency.

“With these sentiments, embodied as they are with the most profound respect, I now lay before your Grace my present plan. It is this :—

“To organise ‘A Justice or Repeal’ Association. The justice I require branches itself into four different heads of grievance.

“1st, The payment and support by the State in Ireland of the Church of the minority of the Irish people. This is the first, the greatest of our grievances.

“2d, The omission to give the Irish *full* corporate reform.

“3d, The omission to give the Irish people the same political franchises which the people of England enjoy.

“4th, The omission to give the people of Ireland an adequate share of parliamentary representation.

“The association I propose will organise, I hope, the Irish people to insist on the redress—the full redress—of these grievances from the Imperial Parliament ; and if not speedily and fully granted by that Parliament, then from a restored domestic Legislature.

“I was to have a provincial meeting in Connaught, to oppose Stanley’s Bill, and to promote the association I have above sketched. But I will not *invade* your province without your previous sanction, or at least your previous assent. I hope to find a letter from you before me on Monday next at Merrion Square.

“You were in your former letters pleased to labour with me to use my influence with the present Ministry to adopt a more liberal course of legislation in Ireland, or I should say *for* Ireland ; and you conveyed the idea to my mind that I ought to obtain from the Government that adoption by menacing to desert them at their need, and to allow the Tories to put them out. It was in vain that I assured your Grace that the leading men of the present Ministry,

and especially Lord John Russell, desire, anxiously desire, an honourable opportunity of giving up power. They do not cling to it, believe me—I do beg of you to believe me, for I know the fact—they do not cling to office with any tenacity that would make such a menace of the slightest avail. Now do, my dear and most revered Lord, *believe me*, that this is the simple fact. Nay, they menace me to resign unless I satisfy them in my conduct. Under these circumstances, is it *too much* for me to ask your Grace to believe me that I am utterly unable to *influence* the Government? I implore of you to have this ingredient in your mind in coming to any determination, that I cannot possibly persuade the Ministry to adopt or reject any particular measure, or to take any particular course. It is true that I have already written to this effect to your Grace, but alas! you seemed not to credit my assertion; and now I respectfully solicit an answer, if you think fit to write to me at all. Do you believe me when I say I am utterly powerless in respect to influencing, persuading, or in any way affecting the acts of the Ministry?

“My own private and confidential opinion is, that the Tories will soon, very soon, be in office. One reason why I wish to organise Ireland is this conviction.

“Give me any, even the slightest, hint that you see any inconvenience in my going into Connaught, and I will not approach its borders. One unhappy event, on the other hand, has prevented the Irish people from having the ‘power of the West’ with them. I blame nobody. If anybody be to blame, I am probably the man. I certainly know no person in that province who ought to share any such blame. Nor do I, nor can I possibly, either directly or indirectly, allude to any other circumstance, or to what may have happened in the unquestionably conscientious discharge of any duty.

“I do, in conclusion, implore your Grace to forgive me for this intrusion. It is indeed dictated by the most sincere respect, the most unqualified veneration, and the *not culpable* anxiety to stand well in your judgment as a public man and as a Christian.

"I have the honour to be, venerated Lord, of your Grace the most faithful humble servant,

" DANIEL O'CONNELL

"The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Tuam."

"April 11, 1840.

"MY DEAR MR O'CONNELL,—I have read with deep interest the kind letter with which you have honoured me. I am only surprised that you could for a moment imagine that I would be indifferent to any communication from such a source. I prize it the more on account of your continued personal friendship, notwithstanding my apparent, for it is only apparent, apathy in the political transactions of the country. If you are not in sufficient possession already of the cause, I shall more fully explain it in another letter. We have arrived at an awful crisis. Never since you embarked in the cause of your country and religion were your exertions more required in vindicating the freedom of both. This last measure is the deadliest stroke yet aimed at our liberty. Whilst the franchise remained there was yet hope for a peaceful assertion of our rights; take that away and the people are left without any arms in their hands, and in this defenceless posture again ready for any experiment of slavery or despotism. The protection, nay the extension of the franchise, is a common cause, on which there should be no controversy. All Ireland should shout its reprobation of those who would thus attempt to take from the honest man the shield and the sword of his freedom. Already have there been meetings in this part of the country denouncing this infamous measure, and not forgetting those who were absent from the division. It is worthy of the hatred of Stanley for Ireland. I shall cheerfully give you all the assistance in my power; and when you come to Connaught to hold your meeting, how delighted shall I be if you honour again with your presence my humble mansion.

"You cannot 'invade' any part of Ireland. For you, at least, the boundaries of dioceses and provinces should disappear. It is only against the heretics and the Sassenachs, for I really have no

relish for the ascendancy pretensions of either, that I proclaim the inviolability of my spiritual territories. But as you have never been the abettor of either, you have a right to come as the conqueror of civil and religious liberty into all parts of Ireland, and to receive the heartfelt homage of its grateful people. Ireland must now be awakened to its duty, and fully impressed with the conviction that it is not on Whig nor Tory nor Radical it is to rely, for they are all hostile to our holy religion, but on our own concentrated efforts, which alone can save us from the despotism to which we shall otherwise be doomed. Come, then, among us as early as you can find it convenient, and you will have a *cead mille failthe*.

“Wishing you renewed energies for the increased struggles that shall await you, I have the honour, &c.,

“† MACHALE.”

On the 16th of July O’Connell wrote again, and more fully, on the subject so near his heart.

Private.

“MERRION SQUARE, 16th July 1840.

“MY DEAR AND VENERATED LORD,—You have probably been witnessing, at least occasionally, in the newspapers, my progress. If so, you will have seen that I have devoted myself to the restoration of the Irish Parliament—a matter of difficulty, but an impossibility only to those who will not take the proper means to overcome the difficulty.

“I have placed, as the master grievance to be redressed by the Repeal of the Union, the payment by the nation of the Church of the minority.

“I am convinced that there is no mode of attaining this object but through the Repeal agitation.

“Of course your Grace will not mistake me so far as to suppose that I obtrude these opinions as presuming to call for your assent. I simply state them to be understood as to the principles on which I act, being (as I am) convinced that, if there be not a combined

effort made by the Irish people, Stanley's bill will be carried into law in the next session. The effect will be to repeal in substance the Reform and the Emancipation Acts.

"I propose to contribute to the development of the public sentiment by attending provincial meetings during the vacation. Of course I will not *invade* Connaught without the assent of your Grace, and, indeed, I should say without your co-operation. I propose Tuam as the place—the time I would leave to your Grace, if you shall be so kind as to assist me; and you must perceive that I am incapable of fixing on Tuam without your approbation. My object would be to forward the Repeal, if that were practicable, but, if not, to confine the object to these four—

"1st, Petitions for the extinction or public appropriation of the tithe rent-charge.

"2d, Petitions for the extension of the elective franchise in Ireland.

"3d, Petitions against any bill on the principle of Lord Stanley's bill.

"4th, Petitions for full corporate reform.

"Those who choose to assist in the Repeal, and to declare themselves Repealers, would have an opportunity of doing so. But I confess I should desire a Repeal resolution of the provincial meeting, if attainable.

"An organisation by parishes for the purposes of carrying the above objects into effect would be very desirable.

"In short, if we had the Repeal—

"Religion would be free.

"Education would be free.

"The press would be free.

"No sectarian control over Catholics; no Catholic control over sectarians—that is, no species of political ascendancy.

"The law would, of course, sanction in the fullest measure the spiritual authority of the Episcopal order over religious discipline amongst Catholics, including Catholic education.

"These are plans of great importance. I think I could, with

support from a chosen few, comparatively speaking, carry them into full effect.

“I go specially to Mayo, *I believe*—certainly to Galway. I have the honour to be, with profound respect, of your Grace the obedient servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.”

“CASTLEBAR, 25th July 1840.

“MY DEAR AND VENERATED LORD,—I received your admirable letter with the greatest pleasure and gratitude; all is safe now; we will work the great question of questions until it becomes too big for English opposition. I have the strongest confidence in complete and not remote success. What I propose relative to the provincial meeting is founded on your letter, and it is this—that it should be held at Tuam on the second Monday in August, which will be the 10th. The Galway assizes will be quite over, and the return from the assizes will enable many without inconvenience to come to Tuam. I will prepare a requisition here, and get it signed for that day. I will send a copy to your Grace, and if it meets your approval, we will put our shoulders to the wheel for that day.

“It is vain to expect any relief from England. All parties there concur in hatred to Ireland and Catholicity; and it is also founded in human nature that they should, for they have injured us too much ever to forgive us.

“I have the honour to be, my Lord, of your Grace the most respectful faithful, servant,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Tuam.”

“MERRION SQUARE, 30th July 1840.

“MY VERY DEAR AND RESPECTED LORD,—We have launched the Repeal cause well in Connaught, ten thousand thousand thanks to your Grace. But well begun will not alone do. We must follow it up well for the provincial meeting. More depends on the

success of that meeting than I can describe. If we make an impression by the magnitude and respectability of that meeting, the result will be most favourable on the other provinces, and having the three provinces with us, we shall easily procure a great portion of Ulster, perhaps more than may be imagined by those who look only at the surface.

"That being the reverse of the case of your Grace, I look with the utmost confidence to your decided and energetic support at the approaching provincial meeting.

"The first thing—a most important thing it is—necessary, is to have a requisition as numerous and as respectably signed as possible. For this, I must depend mainly on your Grace. It will, my Lord, require activity and energy which you (blessed be God!) possess; but it will require time which, amidst your great and important duties, you cannot well spare, and yet, I trust that *this* is one of those duties, or at all events that its tendency is to promote the greatest and best of them. I do, therefore, venture to solicit your active co-operation.

"You will at once get Lord Ffrench's signature and that of his son's, perhaps, brother's. Blake, the member for Galway, will, I know, be guided by you. He is at times *sturdy*, but he is a truly honest man—honest to the heart's core, and a faithful Catholic. In short, he will, if you deem it right to ask or advise him, give his hearty co-operation.

"The Ulster meeting will take place the day after ours. I should be so proud to beat them in everything. Copies of the requisition should be sent round the counties to get additional names, and all may be collected at the close of the first week of the Assizes of Galway.

"Excuse me for being thus tediously particular, but I am most thoroughly convinced that the Repeal alone can keep secure the religion and the liberties of the Irish people.

"The insidious machinations of the enemies of both can be counteracted successfully only by an Irish legislation.

"I have determined not to go into Galway until Sunday afternoon.

"I have the honour to be, with profound respect, my dear Lord, of your Grace the most faithful and devoted servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"To the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Tuam."

O'Connell founded the Repeal Association on the 15th of April 1840. The first meeting was held at the Corn Exchange, and he thus explained his reasons for selecting this place :—

"At the outset of the old Catholic Association, I inspected various places—amongst others, Holme's Commercial Mart, on Usher's Island—with a view to procure a suitable apartment. I learned that if I should select any *unprotected* site, it was the purpose of the anti-Catholic students of Trinity College to muster in full force, and endeavour, at least, to expel the Catholic associators by physical violence. I accordingly looked out for a room in such a neighbourhood as might deter the College lads from making their proposed attempt. Of course they would, under any circumstances, have been worsted ; but it might have in some measure injured our cause had the meetings been liable to disturbance, and had any of them broken up in a riot. The Corn Exchange possessed the advantage of being in the close vicinity of at least 150 coal porters every day in the week, who would have thrown the College lads into the Liffey in case of any effort to disturb the proceedings. This circumstance was known to the intending aggressors, and the salutary knowledge effectually checked their projects of intrusion."

The commencement was not very encouraging. The chair was taken by John O'Niel of Fitzwilliam Square, a steadfast patriot ; but O'Connell waited for nearly an hour after the time named for the opening of the meeting, and yet

there was but a handful of people in the room. There were several reasons for this. O'Connell had been obliged, for many years of his life, to devote himself to stirring up the spirit of his compatriots, to exciting their hopes, to firing their ambition, to rousing them from the torpor of despair, into which they had been thrown by reiterated failures. He had roused them, and he had shown them that some measure of justice could be attained by perseverance, by energy, by reiterated demands. It was but natural that the sons of those men whom he had so aroused should look a little beyond their father, should desire more, should be more eager to attain it; and not having personal knowledge of an unsuccessful rebellion, should be disposed to fight for liberty, as apparently a quicker method of obtaining it than by agitating. They had a good deal of pluck, a good deal of daring, a good deal of hopefulness, and a very limited supply of worldly wisdom. They did not care to beg for Repeal. If O'Connell had proposed fighting for it, they would have been ready. Again, there was a multitude who were indifferent, who could not see any immediate personal benefit to accrue from Repeal; and again there were many who thought O'Connell was not in earnest.

But he was not a man to be daunted by difficulties, and he opened his meeting as easily as if thousands had been present. These words, he said, shall be inscribed on my tomb, "He died a Repealer." They have not been inscribed there; yet, for all that, the Repeal movement prospered.

There were several reasons for this. First, O'Connell's name was sufficient to make any Irish movement prosper; and when it was known or believed that he was in earnest, thousands enrolled themselves under his banner. Second, England was in a state of chronic disturbance, and O'Connell believed that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity. English statesmen were too busy with their own affairs, to do more than open and read the private correspondence of O'Connell and his friends as it passed through the post office.⁴ Thirdly, the Temperance movement, which had been inaugurated by Father Matthew, was a most powerful auxiliary to O'Connell's agitation, for the people had learned to assemble in thousands, to enjoy themselves innocently, and to separate without disturbance and bloodshed.⁵

Sir Robert Peel came into office at the close of the year 1841. O'Connell has often been accused of coalescing with the Whigs. He may have done so; but as he took neither place nor pension, his motives must have been disinterested. During the years 1840 and 1843, O'Connell devoted himself to promoting the Repeal Association by holding

⁴ Lord Brougham spoke on the state of England, in Parliament, "as being full of discontent and afflicted with distresses."—*Life of Lord Brougham*, p. 511. The Chartist agitation was then at its height.

⁵ It need scarcely be observed that Father Matthew kept himself sacredly aloof from politics; and was rather displeased than gratified when O'Connell insisted on joining one of his processions in Cork.—*Life of Father Matthew*, by J. F. Maguire, Esq., M.P., p. 436.

mass meetings in various parts of Ireland. The *London Examiner* had compared the Repeal movement to the cry of the Darrynane beagles. "Yes," observed O'Connell, "but he made a better hit than he intended, for my beagles never cease their cry until they catch their game."

In the autumn of 1840, O'Connell held a repeal meeting at Cork. He was met by thousands who tried to take the horses from his carriage and draw him into the city in triumph, but he would not permit it.⁶ The meeting was held at Batty's Circus, and the utmost enthusiasm was displayed. The Liberator next proceeded to Limerick, where it is said that he was met by a multitude little short of 100,000 persons. The ship-carpenters had got up a kind of pageant. They had a boat on wheels, in which Neptune sat with his trident, attired in a sea-green costume. He rose when O'Connell approached, and made him a speech, to which O'Connell replied with his usual quick wit, by saying "he felt quite refreshed by receiving an aquatic compliment on the dusty high road." He addressed the people in George's Street, opposite to Cruise's Hotel, and from thence he proceeded to the Treaty Stone, where Steele spoke, in his usual vehement style. In the even-

⁶ When they proceeded to undo the harness, O'Connell cried out in great excitement, "No! no! no! I never will let men do the business of horses if I can help it! Don't touch that harness, you vagabonds! I am trying to elevate your position, and I will not permit you to degrade yourselves!"—*Personal Recollections*, vol. i. p. 88.

ing the whole party were entertained at dinner in the theatre.⁷

At Ennis there was an assembly of fifty thousand men. As the party returned to Dublin, O'Connell pointed out the place where Mr M'Nally, the son of a barrister, had been robbed of a large sum. He had to levy the amount off the county to indemnify himself.

" 'A pair of greater rogues than father and son never lived,' said O'Connell; and the father was busily endeavouring to impress upon every person he knew a belief that his son had been really robbed. Among others, he accosted Parsons, then M.P. for the King's County, in the hall of the Four Courts. 'Parsons! Parsons, my dear fellow!' said old Leonard, 'did you hear of my son's robbery?'—'No,' answered Parsons, quietly, 'I did not—whom did he rob?'"

On the 14th of October a repeal meeting was held at Kilkenny, at which it was calculated 200,000 persons

⁷ "O'Connell's usual travelling companions during the busiest period of the agitation, were Dr Gray, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*; Richard Barrett, proprietor of the *Pilot*; Robert Dillon Browne, M.P. for Mayo; Mr Steele, Mr Ray (the secretary of the Association), John O'Connell, and Charles O'Connell, of Ennis. I often formed one of the travelling party until 1843; but in that year so many meetings sprang up, which I was deputed to attend on the part of the Association, that I found it nearly impossible to accompany O'Connell to any of the celebrated 'monster' assemblages. For instance, on the very day of the enormous Tara meeting, at which 1,200,000 were assembled, I attended a meeting at Clontibret, in the county Monaghan, where an experienced reporter computed that 300,000 persons were present. Such a gathering would at any other time have excited a good deal of public notice; but it was quite thrown into the shade by the unprecedented muster which O'Connell addressed on the same day at Tara."—*Personal Recollections*, vol. i. p. 80.

were present, 20,000 of whom were on horseback. On this occasion, when speaking of the Penal Code, O'Connell said :—

“Your priesthood were hunted and put to death ; yet your hierarchy has remained unbroken—a noble monument of your faith and your piety. The traveller who wanders over Eastern deserts, beholds the majestic temples of Baalbec or Palmyra, which rear their proud columns to heaven in the midst of solitude and desolation. Such is the Church of Ireland. In the midst of our political desolation, a sacred Palmyra has ever remained to us.”

O'Connell's history at this period is but a successive record of attendance at public meetings. His engagements are thus summed up :—

“Mr O'Connell stands pledged to the following engagements. To attend the Repeal Association on the 4th ; to preside at an orphan charity dinner on the 5th ; to agitate for Repeal in Mullingar on the 7th, in Cork on the 11th, and in Dungarvan on the 13th ; to attend a Reform meeting in Dublin on the 15th, and in Belfast on the 18th ; on the 19th to attend a Repeal dinner in the same town ; on the 21st and 22d a Reform meeting and dinner at Leeds ; on the 23d a Reform meeting at Leicester ; and on the 26th to take his seat in the House of Commons, attired in his grey frieze Repeal coat.”

At the Mullingar meeting he was met by fifty thousand persons, and the Right Rev. Dr Cantwell and the Right Rev. Dr Higgins, the Bishops of Meath and Ardagh, took prominent places in the procession.

There were disturbances at this time in Limerick, but the “Head Pacificator,” Tom Steele, was sent down with a white flag, edged with green, to make peace.

These words were inscribed on the flag, "Whoever commits a crime adds strength to the enemy." Had O'Connell chosen to proclaim himself King or President of Ireland at this period, undoubtedly no power could have resisted him. The Irish were then a sober nation, and they were united in their devotion to the Liberator as they had never been, and probably never again will be, to any of their leaders.

In Cork, O'Connell was received with shouts of "Hurrah for Repeal!"

In Parliament he opposed Mr Stanley's Bill to amend the representation in Ireland with singular success.

"You would now," said he, "refuse to Ireland equality of franchises with England. What plea do you allege for this refusal? Why, the *poverty* of Ireland. But mark your inconsistency. When I arraigned the Legislative Union as having caused poverty in Ireland, how was I met? Honourable gentlemen produced multitudinous statements and calculations to demonstrate that poverty was not general in Ireland, that my statements were exaggerated, and that the Union had created great general prosperity in that country! You then alleged the prosperity of Ireland as a reason why she should not possess legislative independence; you now allege her poverty as a reason why she should not enjoy the franchise!"

In the early part of this year he visited Belfast, and outwitted the Orangeman who had lain in wait to kill him. He had been challenged to hold a discussion on Repeal with the well-known Presbyterian minister, Dr Cooke. "He was a fool to send the challenge," said O'Connell, "and I would be a fool to accept it." The Repealers of Belfast,

however, sent him an invitation, which he accepted. The Right Rev. Dr Blake was then Bishop of Dromore, and resident in Newry. He knew the virulence of the Orange party, and wrote to warn O'Connell. O'Connell took the warning; he ordered post-horses all along the road from Dublin to Belfast, for Monday the 18th of January, in his own name. He got a friend to order post-horses for Saturday the 16th, in the name of C. A. Charles, a well-known ventriloquist. O'Connell arrived that night safely in Belfast, and no doubt enjoyed the joke thoroughly.

A soirée was given by nearly five hundred ladies of different religious opinions, at which the health of O'Connell was proposed by the distinguished Bishop of Dromore, Dr Blake. The Orangemen, however, would not allow the proceedings to escape without molestation, and while O'Connell was speaking, they flung in a volley of stones, smashing windows, and broke chandeliers, though fortunately only one lady was injured.

In May 1841, O'Connell attended a meeting of Repealers in London, when he was attacked on the old charge of using the "Rent" for his own purposes.⁸

⁸ Many of the English Catholics of the upper class felt very bitterly against O'Connell. However they may have condemned the Repeal agitation, they should not have forgotten that they owed Catholic Emancipation to O'Connell, and to O'Connell's persevering agitation. At this period they knew very little of the real state of Ireland, of the terrible poverty of the people consequent on high rents, bad crops, and depression of trade. After all, the Repeal agitation was directly bene-

A general election occurred during this year, and O'Connell lost his seat for Dublin. The exertions of the Tory party, who returned West and Grogan, were almost superhuman. Voters were taken almost from their very death-beds to the polling. Neither money, nor time, nor labour was spared.⁹

The Tory party were triumphant, and did not use their success very delicately. "Steam," they cried, "has given

ficial to English Catholics. One of O'Connell's great objects in it, and the one for which, in point of fact, he really worked most earnestly, was to obtain the return of Liberal members to Parliament. He broke through the iron ring of Tory and Orange exclusiveness which had fenced in Irish constituencies from all but their own party. Even English Liberal Protestants owe a debt of gratitude to O'Connell for this.

Mr O'Neil Daunt relates the following anecdote :—

"An Irish priest, who was collecting subscriptions for the erection of a Catholic church, applied for this purpose to Lord ——

"‘Sir,’ replied his Lordship, ‘I will never give a penny towards any purpose for the use of the Irish.’—‘Why so, my Lord?’ demanded the priest. ‘Because,’ replied the peer, ‘they subscribe £14,000 a-year to that O'Connell for coming over here to create riot and disturbance.’

"‘The ungrateful fellow!’ exclaimed O'Connell, when the priest repeated Lord ——’s words; ‘but for me he would not have been emancipated. And, moreover, I saved him £30,000 by insisting that the committee for making the railroad through his property should adhere to their original engagement with him, instead of procuring a new Act of Parliament to enable them to obtain his ground for £30,000 less than the valuation first agreed upon.’"

⁹ The events of this election are amongst the earliest recollections of the present writer. A very near relative was taken in his carriage, though long an invalid, and carried to and from it by four men to vote for Grogan. So strong were his feelings, that if he had died in the effort, he would have died content.

us Ireland inextricably clutched within our grip." O'Connell replied at a public meeting :

"They threaten us with troops by steam. They say that a few hours will land an army here. Steam is a powerful foe—but steam is an equally powerful friend. Whisper in your ear, John Bull—steam has brought America within ten days' sail of Ireland."

Neither of the Kembles could have surpassed the dramatic effect with which O'Connell uttered the words, "Whisper in your ear, John Bull;" and the scene of wild exultation, of enthusiastic cheering, which followed cannot be described.

On the 1st of November 1841, O'Connell was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. Ever since the English nation had apostatised herself, and had striven by fire and sword to compel Ireland to follow her example, she had forced Protestant governors on a Catholic people. O'Connell was indeed worthy to be the first to take the civic chair after the Emancipation Act had given it to those who held the same religious belief as the great majority of freemen. He announced before his election, that though as an individual he was a Repealer to the death, yet as the chief magistrate he would know no politics, and favour no religion. And he kept his word; yet so strong is the force of prejudice that thirty years passed over before Ireland was allowed a Catholic Lord-Chancellor.¹

¹ The pettiness which manifested itself in obliging O'Connell to be re-elected for Clare was also amusingly manifested in the legislative

Every one was anxious to see how O'Connell would acquit himself on his first day in court, and the place was crowded to excess. Curiously enough, the first case that came before him was a Catholic priest's, whose servant had summoned him for arrears of wages. O'Connell gave judgment against the priest.

A few days after O'Connell attended the dinner of St Malachi's Orphan Charity; with his usual felicity of expression, he referred to the splendid gold chain of the corporation which he wore, saying—

“I am here, it is true, but an uncanonised Malachi; I resemble the old monarch of that name, of whom the poet sings that

‘Malachi wore a collar of gold!’

He won it, we are told by the same authority, ‘from the proud invader’—whereas I won *this* from the old rotten corporation of Dublin.”

O'Connell was publicly attacked at this period by Lord Shrewsbury, but he replied in a most spirited letter. He showed, what could not have been denied, and what should not have been forgotten, how he had sacrificed himself for Ireland :—

“I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honours and dignities—I embraced the cause of my country—and, come weal or come woe, I have made a choice at which I have never repined, nor ever shall repent. An

regulations for the Lord Mayor. He could not attend Mass in his robes, for as O'Connell observed, “The Mayor may be a Catholic, but his robes must be Protestant.”

event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once more high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or, had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made; and pre-eminently so by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normanby. But I dreamed again a day-dream—was it a dream?—and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted, even by you, with mean and sordid motives. I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity when I assert, that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made greater or more ready sacrifices. Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow—one evil, perhaps greater than all the rest—one claim, I believe, higher than any other, upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and therefore the more envenomed hostility towards me which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies have I not sustained—what modes of abuse, what vituperation, what slander have been exhausted against me—what vials of bitterness have been poured on my head—what coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me—what derogatory appellation has been spared—what treasures of malevolence have been expended—what follies have not been imputed—in fact, what crimes have I not been charged with? I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy the most and the best abused man in the universal world! And, to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a lath at your side instead of the sword of a Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitter-

ness. All this have I done and suffered for Ireland. And let her be grateful or ungrateful—solvent or insolvent—he who insults me for taking her pay, wants the vulgar elements of morality which teach that the labourer is worthy of his hire ; he wants the higher sensations of the soul which enable one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards. Yes, I am—I say it proudly—I am the hired servant of Ireland ; and I glory in my servitude.”

O’Connell now published his “Memoir of Ireland,” and concluded the duties of his mayoralty by revising the burgess roll of Dublin. This obliged him to examine and determine the claims of 18,000 persons. Wagers were laid that no human being could perform the task in the time allotted, but O’Connell accomplished it, though every obstacle was placed in his way by the opposite party.

At the commencement of the year 1843, O’Connell announced that it should be the repeal year, *par excellence*. The Repeal Association was already formed, and consisted of three classes—members, associates, and volunteers. The associates paid in thirty shillings, and received a small card as a token of membership. The members paid one pound per annum. The volunteer’s card was given to any one who paid ten pounds. The card was designed by Mr O’Callaghan, the author of the “Green Book.” The names of the four great battles in which the Irish defeated the Danes or English were printed on this card—viz., “Clontarf, 1014 ;” “Beal-an-atha-buidhe, 1598 ;” “Benburb, 1645 ;” “Limerick, 1690.” The card was adorned

with pikes, banners, and columns. On the shaft of the left column was this inscription : " Ireland contains 32,201 geographical square miles. It is larger than Portugal by 4649 miles ; larger than Bavaria and Saxony united by 4473 miles ; larger than Naples and Sicily by 409 miles ; larger than Hanover, the Papal States, and Tuscany by 1285 miles ; larger than Denmark, Hesse Darmstadt, and the Electorate of Hesse by 9609 miles ; larger than Greece and Switzerland by 5565 miles ; larger than Holland and Belgium by 13,065 miles ; is in population superior to eighteen, and in extent of territory superior to fifteen European states—and has not a Parliament ! " On the shaft of the right column was this inscription : " Ireland has 8,750,000 inhabitants ; has a yearly revenue of £5,000,000 ; exports yearly £18,000,000 worth of produce ; sends yearly (after paying Government expenses) to England £2,500,000 ; remits yearly to absentees, £5,000,000 ; supplied, during the last great war against France, the general and two-thirds of the men and officers of the English army and navy ; has a military population of 2,000,000—and has not a Parliament ! "

Nothing could be less interesting than a registration of the history of Repeal meetings. Each had its own local interest, and its own local influence, but as the whole affair came to a lame and impotent conclusion in consequence of O'Connell's imprisonment, the record can be of little value. In May 1843, the Government testified the

alarm which had been previously felt. Sir Robert Peel was asked by Lord Jocelyn whether the Government intended taking any steps to suppress the Repeal agitation? Sir Robert emphatically declared his resolution to suppress it if he could, but manifestly he had doubts—O'Connell knew the law too well. If, however, the law as it stood could not put down O'Connell, the law should be amended, as had been done before, or at least as had been suggested, by Mr Perceval.

O'Connell replied in one of his most enthusiastic speeches,—a speech which was printed as a broadside and placarded from one end of Ireland to the other.

“We are told,” said he, “that some desperate measures are to be taken for the suppression of public opinion upon the question of Repeal. I will tell Peel where he may find a suggestion for his bill. In the American Congress for the district of Columbia, they have passed a law that the House shall not receive any petitions from, nor any petitions on behalf of, slaves, even though the petitioners be freemen! I shall send for a copy of that Act of the Columbian legislature, and send it to Peel, that he may take it as his model when he is framing his bill of coercion for the Irish people. He shall go the full length of the Coercion Bill if he stirs at all.”

The two most famous meetings, in point of numbers, enthusiasm, and hopes, too soon to be dashed to the ground, were those held at Tara and Mullaghmast, the one place recalling those ancient glories of Erin so dear to Irish hearts; the other the scene of one of the cruelest outrages on justice ever perpetrated by England against the people of

the so-called sister country. The Tara meeting took place on the 15th of August 1843. The site being only fifty miles from Dublin, was easily reached by cars, and it was calculated that 1400 vehicles went thither from Dublin alone. There was everything to inspire and inspirit the multitude. Bands played along the way, hopes and hearts beat high; above all, it was a holiday of the Church; and from early morning until the canonical hour of twelve, masses were celebrated at a temporary altar. The sacred ceremonies ended, a short sermon was preached on temperance, and the Liberator, surrounded by thousands and thousands who looked to him as their father and their friend, received a solemn benediction. Two bishops, three vicar-generals, and thirty priests were on the platform with O'Connell and his friends. The *Times* said that a million of people were present. Yet it was here that Ireland's best and noblest son forged the spear which pierced his own breast; it was here that O'Connell uttered the words for which he was afterwards prosecuted.

During this year, £48,421 were subscribed for Repeal. From the Tuam meeting in March to the Tara meeting in August, thirty monster assemblies had been held. O'Connell was certain—too certain of success. He had arranged an admirable plan, but it was illegal, and he vainly endeavoured to frame one which should be legal. He proposed a "court of three hundred," which, he said, if once

established, could be easily converted into an Irish Parliament; but the "if" was in the way.

The Mullaghmast meeting was held in October, and on that occasion O'Connell was crowned by Hogan, the sculptor, in an assembly of 400,000 men. Government certainly had reason to be alarmed. Europe was ablaze with O'Connell's name and fame. He refused his autograph to the King of all the Russias, and it was received as a favour by the King of Bavaria.² A Repeal meeting was held in Paris; at a dinner, M. Arago took the chair, and Ledru Rollin proposed a toast, which was received with acclamation—"To Ireland, the oppressed, and to France, the enemy of all oppression."

³ The autograph was transmitted through the Rev. W. O'Meara, a Franciscan friar, and a great friend of the Liberator's. The correspondence, which we hope to publish in another work, has been lent to us by M. Lenihan, Esq., J.P. He has also lent us the autograph reply of the King of Bavaria, who prided himself, with some reason, on his knowledge of English. It was forwarded to Mr O'Meara by Baron de Cetto.

"SIR,—I have received the letter of the 10th of Sept., with which you had the complacency (*sic*) to send me an autograph of Mr D. O'Connell.

"These lines, written from the hand of that energetical character, inseparable for ever from the history of our age, should not fail in a collection of this kind. I request you to say my thanks especially to Mr D. O'Connell himself, for his kindness in fulfilling my desire in such an obliging way. It affords me a pleasure to assure you, sir, of the true esteem with which I am your affectionate

LEWIS.

"MUNICH, Oct. 12, 1841.

"To Rev. William Aloysius O. Meara."

This letter was sealed with the royal arms, and addressed by the King himself.

A French lady wrote to O'Connell thus :—

“ À Monsieur O'Connell.

“ Envoi d'une dame française pour obtenir de lui la faveur d'un de ces autographes, qui ne sont refusés, dit on, *qu'aux Empereurs !*

“ J. DE LA PORTE.

“ 30 Août, 1841, Bourdeaux.”

Mr Daunt gives a curious illustration of his fame at a yet earlier period. He says :—

“ One curious illustration of the extent of O'Connell's fame is the following definition, in Flügel's ‘ German and English Dictionary’ (Leipsic, 1827):—‘ Agitator, *n.* an agitator—D. O'Connell especially.’

“ In Scotland he found many admirers. Among the most distinguished of these was the celebrated Chalmers. Differing widely in politics and in religion from O'Connell, Chalmers yet cordially admitted his great qualities ; observing to a foreigner—‘ He is a noble fellow, with the gallant and kindly, as well as the wily genius of Ireland.’

“ On Mr Fitzpatrick's visiting London in 1843, one of the *habités* of the Stock Exchange said to him—‘ Your Daniel O'Connell, so far as the Money Market is concerned, is one of the great powers of Europe. His movements have a sensible effect upon the funds.’”

There was one class of O'Connell's admirers whose approbation he valued very highly. His own peace principles, from which he never swerved for one moment during his long career, procured for him the respect of the Society of Friends. Mr Daunt says :—

“ There was another description of Dissenters from Catholicity with whom O'Connell was on much better terms than with the proselyting parsons. These were the Quakers. He undoubtedly was not only attached to many of the Society of Friends,

but he also admired some of their principles. In both Ireland and England he was in the habit of familiar intercourse with certain leading members of their sect; and he referred with particular pleasure to the compliment paid him by old Joseph Pease, who was uncle, I think, to the Quaker member for Durham. That good old man had visited him often in London, and one day he said at parting, 'Friend O'Connell, I have for many years watched thine actions closely; I have kept mine eye upon thee, and I have never seen thee do aught that was not honest and useful.' 'Truly,' said O'Connell, 'it was a satisfaction to my mind to be appreciated by that good man. It is consoling that an impartial and intelligent observer should do me justice. It makes me amends, if I needed any, for a life of labour, and for the vituperation of my enemies.'

O'Connell co-operated cordially with the Quakers in their efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the slaves in America, and the unhappy victims of British mis-rule in India. He was also opposed to the punishment of death, knowing, as he did, of so many cases in Ireland where it had been unjustly inflicted. In 1838 he spoke at a meeting at the Town Hall in Birmingham, in celebration of negro emancipation. He was received with enthusiastic cheering by many of the leading men of the day, who were present. O'Connell was much associated, in the advancement of these objects, with the late Joseph Pease of Darlington, above referred to. His daughter, now the widow of Professor Nichol, has kindly given the following recollections:—

"In travelling from London that day (1st August 1838), my father and he had talked over the subject, and came to the conclusion that an energetic agitation must be set on foot; and in a few months the British India Society was formed, meetings held i

various parts of the kingdom, and a journal devoted to the advocacy of its objects established.

"He told me that for twenty-five years of his life he rose soon after four, lighted his own fire, and was always seated to business at five; at half-past eight one of his little girls came by turns to announce breakfast—gave an hour to that. At half-past ten he set off to the courthouse—walked two miles there in twenty-five minutes—always reached the court five minutes before the judges arrived; from eleven to half-past three was not a minute unoccupied; at half-past three he returned, taking the office of the Catholic Association in his way. He always went in (the regular meetings were only once a week), read the letters, wrote a sentence or two in reply, out of which his secretary wrote a full letter. Returned home; dined at four; with his family till half-past six; then went to his study; went to bed a quarter before ten, his head on his pillow always by ten."

This was indeed O'Connell's day for many a year of his long and useful life.³ When at home he always had

³ Mrs Nichol has kept copies of a number of autographs which O'Connell wrote for her for the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar. Some of these are characteristic, and new at least to the present writer:—"D. O'Connell, M.P. Principle—That conscience should be free, education free, the press free, the people free."—"Daniel O'Connell, M.P., the first emotions of whose heart beat for the legislative independence of Ireland."

In Miss Mitford's *Life*, published by Bentley (1870), there is a letter from her to Miss Jephson, dated 30th August 1834, in which she says:—"Did I tell you that I had an autograph of O'Connell's—most characteristic? Here it is:—

'Still shalt thou be my waking theme,
Thy glories still my midnight dream;
And every thought and wish of mine,
Unconquered Erin! shall be thine.

'DANIEL O'CONNELL.

'August 4, 1834.'

"I was afraid that it was a regular circular autograph, but I heard of

mass said by his own chaplain before breakfast; and when in London or Dublin, he rarely omitted hearing mass at the nearest church.

In March 1844, a meeting was held in St Mary's Hall, Coventry, at which the Mayor presided. The object was to consider the grievances of Ireland, and O'Connell was the principal speaker. The quaint old town was crowded to excess, and hundreds of persons, who were unable to obtain admittance to the hall, were fain to content themselves with a distant view of O'Connell as he proceeded to the railway station, *en route* for London. While in London he was received into the Order of St Joseph and Mary, with considerable ceremony, and in the presence of a great number of people. The *Illustrated London News*, then recently established, gave not only a good sketch of the ceremony, but also a spirited drawing, and the card of the brotherhood or guild.

We shall conclude this chapter with the letters which O'Connell wrote to the Archbishop of Tuam from November

one different the other day, and have found out that this was written for me expressly, which rejoices me much. I have just been writing a sermon on Tolerance, the virtue most wanted in Ireland, on both sides, I think; you and yours, and Daniel O'Connell himself, seeming to me the only tolerant persons of your country, Protestant or Catholic."

Miss Mitford was mistaken about the autograph, for it was one which O'Connell gave frequently.

On the 8th April 1833, she wrote to Miss Jephson—"I shall entirely be a convert to your countryman. I am turned O'Connellite, partly from love of his speeches."

1840 to July 1844, and with an important document, which has been entrusted to us for this work by Isaac Butt, Esq., Q.C. :—

“DARRYNANE ABBEY, 6th November 1840.

“MY EVER DEAR LORD,—I write merely to say, that if it strikes your Grace that I can do, or say, or write anything to forward your views respecting the approaching election for Mayo, you have only to intimate a wish, and it shall of course be to me as a command. Sir T. O'Malley has written to me, but I have replied in general terms, referring him to your decision. It is, to be sure, very unlikely that I could in any respect influence the Mayo election ; and I write to your Grace on the subject only because others foolishly think that I could be of use to them. But if there were any utility in me, it should all be most cheerfully and readily at your Grace's command.

“I was glad to hear that O'Connor Blake is a candidate. It will delight me to hear that he has your countenance and support. I think it would be a happy device, but of that you must be a better judge than I can be.

“I have the honour to be, with veneration and regard, of your Grace the most faithful affectionate servant,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“Most Rev. Dr MacHale.”

“DARRYNANE ABBEY, 30th November 1840.

“MY DEAR AND EVER-RESPECTED LORD,—I have felt great anxiety as to the mode in which I should comply with your Grace's command—for your request is justly a command—to address the men of Mayo. There are so many local interests, prejudices, and passions to be consulted and avoided, so much irritation to be soothed, and so much dormant rancour to be allowed to remain in repose, that I have been exceedingly uneasy, lest, whilst I sought to do good, I might be doing nothing but mischief. There is that fellow Cavendish ; treating him as he ought

to be treated might perhaps provoke him to continue, or give him a plausible excuse for continuing, his canvass.

"Under these circumstances, I have resolved to draw up an address in the form which appears to me, at this distance, suitable. I make two copies of it. The one I send to your Grace; the other to Barrett of the *Pilot*. I am anxious that your Grace should alter and amend the address in any manner you think fit. I adopt beforehand all your alterations, and make them my own. Barrett will not print the copy I send him until he hears from your Grace. You can send him a private letter telling him what to do; but until he gets that letter he will not print the address. If you alter it, send him a *full copy* of the altered address. This to prevent mistakes in the printing. If you wished for my presence in Mayo, I would go there at once; or my son John would go *agitating* there, if you thought that advisable. In short, my dear Lord, command us all.

"I leave this at the close of next week for Dublin. I will be there, please God, about the 16th of December.

"I have the honour to be, my ever dear Lord, of your Grace the most faithful, affectionate, humble servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. the Archbishop of Tuam."

"MERRION SQUARE, August 1843.

"MY REVERED LORD,—I take it for granted—I hope not erroneously—that your Grace has been communicated with from Loughrea and Connemara. As to the former, they sent me Mr Tully, with whom I arranged for the Loughrea meeting on the 10th of September; and I have just fixed the 17th for Connemara. John O'Niel of Bunowen Castle travels down with me to Connemara; and I think it likely that we shall be invited to Ballynahinch Castle for Saturday; at least I have reason to believe it from a letter I have received some time ago from Miss Martin; and I write to your Grace chiefly to know whether you have any suggestion to give me upon these subjects. You are quite aware that any suggestion of yours

is a command to me. I think I may venture to wish you joy of what is called the Queen's speech. It has already made a most favourable sensation here, and is, I think, calculated to enliven the Repeal zeal all over Ireland.

"I have the honour to be, with the most profound respect, of your Grace the most faithful, humble servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"To his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam."

NOTE CONTRIBUTED BY ISAAC BUTT, ESQ., Q.C.

"A statement has been recently made, apparently on good authority, which appears to throw some light on the transactions of this period.

"It is to the effect that immediately after the reversal by the House of Lords of the judgment against O'Connell, a meeting was held in London of the leaders of the Whig party, then in opposition, and that it was resolved at that meeting to propose to Mr O'Connell and the Irish nationalists an alliance on the basis of conceding to Ireland a Parliament, administering Irish affairs, under a system of federal union with Great Britain.

"A vague and undefined belief to this effect has generally prevailed in some political circles. It was noticed by Mr Butt in the introduction to the first edition of 'Irish Federalism,' published in the summer of 1870. It was not, however, until the end of last year (1871) that the statement assumed a distinct and authentic form. Mr Cantwell, a Dublin solicitor of high eminence, who had been attorney for O'Connell at the trial in the Queen's Bench, and also in the writ of error in the House of Lords, distinctly stated that he knew of the meeting of the leaders of the Whig party, and of their resolution to offer a Federal Parliament to Mr O'Connell. The statement attracted a great deal of attention. It was made the subject of a resolution at a meeting of the Home Government Association, and was commented on very generally in the press. Not one of the survivors of the persons alleged to have joined in the resolution have denied the truth of the statement. Lord Russell has been silent on the subject, although his attention was pointedly called to it by Mr Cantwell, and he has since written public letters adopting the principle of Home Rule for Ireland. Mr Cantwell

states that his information was derived from a person who was a Cabinet Minister when the Whigs returned to power in 1846.

"Efforts were made to sound the opinions of some of the leading nationalists in Dublin by a gentleman who soon after filled the office of Attorney-General. Mr Cantwell does not consider himself at liberty to disclose the name of his informant. But to many persons it is no secret that the late Mr Hatchell was the person who endeavoured to obtain the opinions of many of the members of the Repeal Association.

"Time will probably throw more light upon this transaction. At present it seems impossible to doubt that the Whig leaders were in 1844 ready to form an alliance with Mr O'Connell, as representing the Irish people, conceding a Federal Parliament as one of its terms. Whether any negotiations were opened with Mr O'Connell, or if so, how or in what manner they were met, no information yet before the public tells us."

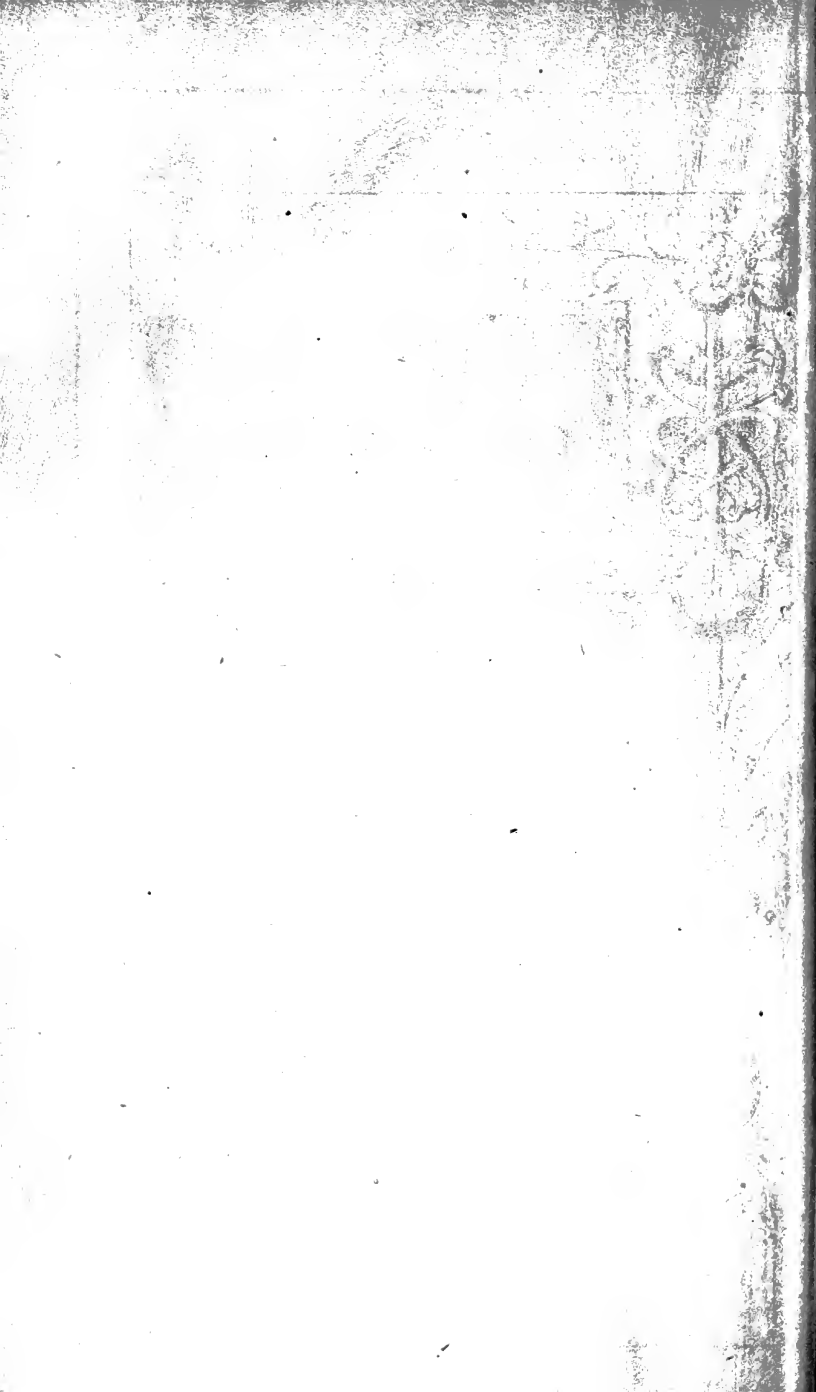


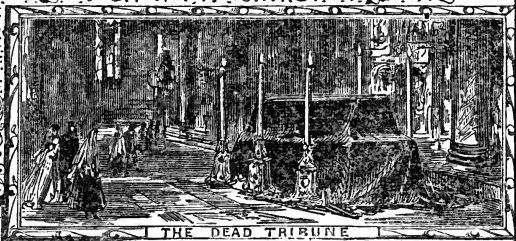
Chapter Sixteenth.

THE CLOSING SHADOWS AND THE END.

1843—1847.

CLONTARF—EXCITEMENT IN DUBLIN—INDICTMENT OF O'CONNELL—SENSATION—
FOREBODINGS—ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE—CONDOLENCES—JOSEPH STURGE—
THE TRIAL—NOTICES OF THE JUDGES, THE TRAVERSERS, AND THE COUNSEL
IN THE CASE—CHARGE OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE—THE VERDICT—O'CONNELL
IN THE HOUSE—EXCITEMENT OVER THE COUNTRY—THE SENTENCE—INCAR-
CERATION—FIRST DAY OF IMPRISONMENT—RESPECT SHOWN THE PRISONERS
—DINNER-PARTIES AND “BON-MOTS”—MACCARTHY'S POEM—GIVES AND
REFUSES AUDIENCES—REVERSAL OF JUDGMENT AND LIBERATION—OVATION
HOME—SHADOWS—THE YOUNG IRELANDERS—RESCRIPT FROM ROME—THE
FAMINE—BIDS FAREWELL TO IRELAND—HOPES TO DIE AT ROME—DIARY OF
HIS SERVANT—DEATH—CONCLUSION.





CHAP. XVI

ON the 7th of October 1843, Dublin was stirred as it had seldom been stirred before. O'Connell had proclaimed a monster meeting, which was to be held at Clontarf on Sunday the 8th, and on the 7th a proclamation suddenly appeared to forbid the meeting. It is not too much to say that O'Connell's consummate prudence and the power he held over the people saved Ireland from scenes of blood, and the English Government from obloquy.

The meeting should have been forbidden sooner, or not forbidden at all. To forbid it at the very last moment was almost sufficient

to provoke an insurrection, and undoubtedly Government was prepared for such an extremity, if it did not desire it, for guns were placed in readiness to mow down the people, if they had assembled in defiance of the order. O'Connell saved Ireland. Messengers were despatched on the fleetest horses with a counter-proclamation from him, which was likely to have far more weight than orders from any other source, desiring the people to remain at home. The Rev. W. Tyrell was up all night for the same purpose; he was subsequently prosecuted, but died of fever, brought on by exposure to cold in doing the work of peace.

Dublin was rife with rumours. In a few days there was more than rumour: O'Connell was indicted. For the first time in his life he manifested some signs of fear. He was an old man. Under ordinary circumstances, his life could not be much prolonged, and he had never spared himself. "I scarcely think they will attempt a prosecution for high treason," he said, "though, indeed, there is hardly anything too desperate for them to attempt. If they do, I shall make my confession and prepare for death."⁴

⁴ "On the 11th of October the intention of the Government to prosecute certain of the Repeal leaders for sedition was confidently rumoured. I was on that day chairman of the Repeal Association. After the meeting I asked O'Connell how a conviction would probably operate upon the cause?

"What," said I, 'will the Repealers do if you should be imprisoned, and communication with their guide cut off? How shall we act if the flock be scattered by striking the shepherd?'

He thought constantly of the future, and said one day to his son John, his ever-faithful companion, friend, child, and counsellor all in one, "I do not think two years' imprisonment would kill me; I should continually keep walking about, and take a bath every day." It was evident that he dreaded it.

At half-past nine o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 14th of October 1843, Mr Kemmis, the crown-solicitor, waited on O'Connell and presented him with a paper, informing him that Government had instituted proceedings against him and his son, John O'Connell, for "conspiracy and other misdemeanours." After all, the serious charge anticipated was not preferred. Steele was in the house, and walked up and down the room, asking what he had done that he should not be included in the indictment. He had not long to wait for the gratification of his wish.

At three o'clock, O'Connell and his son went to Judge

"'Oh, that cannot be,' he replied, 'till after the trial; and in the meantime we will make arrangements to provide the best way we can to meet such a contingency. As for the tyranny itself, why, it's only to endure it! It cannot in its own nature last very long.'

"Of the Repeal rent contributed that day, £80 were handed in under the denomination of 'Proclamation Money,' to indicate defiance of the Viceroy and the prosecution.

"On the following day, the 12th of October, a report was spread that the Government would prosecute upon a charge of high treason. O'Connell's spirits, which had previously been excellent, seemed suddenly and greatly depressed by this information."—*Personal Recollections*, vol. ii. p. 181.

Burton's house, in Stephen's Green, to perfect his bail. Immediately after, he issued a short, emphatic address "*To the people of Ireland*," in which he implored them "to observe the strictest and most perfect tranquillity;" and added, "Be not tempted by anybody to break the peace, to violate the law, or to be guilty of any outrage or disturbance." In the end he promised them repeal and triumph.

But Steele was not disappointed. He also was summoned and held to bail. For speeches at Mullaghmast, O'Connell, Dr Gray, Mr Ray, and John Steele were charged. For speeches at dinner, there were O'Connell, Dr Gray, Steele, John O'Connell, Ray, and Barrett. For being members of the Repeal Association, there were O'Connell, Rev. Mr Tyrell, P.P., Rev. J. Tierney, P.P., Barrett, Ray, John O'Connell, Gray, Steele, and Gavan Duffy. Saunders' newspaper for the day announced that rumour said Dr MacHale, the Archbishop of Tuam, Dr Higgins, Bishop of Ardagh, and Lord Ffrench, were to be indicted also. The principal information was given by Mr Hughes, a shorthand writer, who had been sent by Government to attend the Mullaghmast meeting. Portions of O'Connell's speeches there were set forth in the indictment, and there was a charge of "physical force"—the employment of O'Connell's "police," and the temperance bands forming the ground for this. Dr Gray was charged with holding the Repeal Arbitration Court at Black-rock. Mr Duffy was

charged with publishing seditious articles in the *Nation*, which he had established.⁵

O'Connell was not without consolation and condolence. Joseph Sturge, the well-known Quaker, wrote to him from Birmingham, enclosing in his letter a resolution expressive of the indignation of a public assembly at the suppression of the Clontarf meeting.⁶

O'Connell went down to Darrynane for the rest of the winter, and enjoyed himself there as thoroughly as usual. In January, he returned to Dublin, not without a good-tempered growl at the Attorney-General for taking him away from his beagles and his hunting. The soft, mild, Kerry weather had even brought out the thrushes.

The trials commenced on the 15th of January 1844. They were called the monster trials, partly because of the distinguished persons indicted, partly because of the size of the indictment, which was contained on six rolls of parchment, ninety-seven feet long. A special jury was

⁵ Nothing in the *Nation*, however, could have been stronger or more earnest than the following :—"We have denounced the poor-laws lustily, we have dwelt indignantly on their bad and brutal principles, their total inapplicability to miserable and far-spent Irish poverty, their stinging injustice, their wholesale social and political injury."—Leader in *Illustrated London News*, May 1844.

⁶ The Quaker Sturge was not the only person who expressed approval of O'Connell at this period. After O'Connell was held to bail, he received a letter from Archdeacon Bathurst, son of the Bishop of Norwich, in which he said that he would join the Association *if they would first attempt a federal union*. If that failed, he would go in for Repeal.

empanelled, but there was not one single Catholic on the roll; and, what was still worse, there was not a single liberal Protestant.

As O'Connell proceeded up to Dublin, he was entertained at a banquet at Clonmel, by the Very Rev. Dr Burke. At Kilkenny he received an address from the Corporation. All kinds of rumours were flying in Dublin; and, on the 9th of January it was said the trial would be abandoned, though the summonses were served on witnesses the previous day. Bets were made that no trial would be held that term. The excitement became greater every hour. An aggregate meeting was convened in the Music Hall, Dublin, on Saturday, at which O'Connell attended, and appeared in good health and spirits. Sir John Power, Mr Wise, and Mr Thomas Esmonde were present. The hall was lit with gas, and about ten thousand people had assembled. The ground of meeting was the careful elimination of Catholics from the jury panel. Forde, a solicitor for the traversers, spoke at considerable length. Shiel spoke splendidly, and brought the house down in a roar of applause, while a boy cried out, "Richard's himself again." O'Connell spoke, but he, alas! was not himself. He hesitated for words; his racy fun was gone, and he was either unable or unwilling to use strong language.

On Monday, the 15th January, the trials commenced. O'Connell literally went in state. Had he been the king of Ireland going to open Parliament, the procession could

scarcely have been more impressive, or the ceremonial more imposing. He was King Dan, the king of the people's hearts, the uncrowned monarch of Ireland—of a people who never loved a man less because of his misfortunes—of a people notoriously devoted to a fallen cause. The Lord Mayor took O'Connell to the Court in his coach, followed by a procession of aldermen, all Repealers to the heart's core, and all attired in their official costume.

The judges were Pennefather, Chief-Justice; Burton, Crampton, and Perrin. The two former were well known to have strong Tory proclivities. Judge Crampton was remarkable for his interest in the temperance movement, and Judge Perrin was a Whig. The Chief-Justice not only charged for the Crown, but against the traversers so markedly as to show his animus, had there been any doubt on the subject. The Attorney-General lunched with him every day during the trials.⁷ No doubt the verdict would have been the same had they been deadly foes. But it is well, above all in State trials, to preserve some appearance of impartiality. For the Crown there were the Attorney-General, Smith, Warren, Brewster, Martley, Freeman, Holmes, Butler, and Napier. For O'Connell, and the other eleven traversers, there was Shiel, Whiteside, M'Donnough, Moore, Fitzgibbon, Sir C. O'Loughlin,

⁷ The close intimacy between the Attorney-General and the Chief-Justice was noticed even in the English papers of the day, and this circumstance made a matter of comment.

O'Hagan, O'Hea, Clements, MacCarthy, Moriarty, Close, and Perrin. Their solicitors were Messrs Mahony, Cantwell, Gartland, and Forde.

Chief-Justice Pennefather had risen to eminence by his own merit, and was a man of considerable talent. He was called to the bar in 1796, and was therefore contemporary with O'Connell. In addition to his Tory politics, he had evinced a strong preference for England and English society, and lived as much as he could out of Ireland. Judge Burton was an Englishman. He was at one time a Liberal, but in late years verged towards the Conservative party. Judge Crampton had been a Liberal, and a man of considerable literary ability, but no friend of O'Connell's. Before Father Matthew's advent he gave proof of his devotion to temperance, by ordering the contents of his wine-cellar to be emptied in a stream which flowed through his property at Bray, in the county of Wicklow. Judge Perrin was a steady friend to whatever would advance the social state of Ireland apart from politics. When in Parliament, he was noted for his assiduous attention to Irish affairs. Of the traversers a few words may be said.

O'Connell looms up first in importance. His faithful son John was then a little past thirty, and lately married. Mr Ray had begun life in an humble way as a brewer's clerk, where his expert penmanship procured advancement for him into an attorney's office. He was unmatched as an accountant. Of Steele enough has been said elsewhere.

Mr Barrett had been a brewer in early life, "but gave up the chemistry of malt and hops for political fermentation." He began life as a Conservative, and wrote on that side. Eventually he commenced the *Pilot* under O'Connell's auspices. He had already suffered imprisonment for publishing one of O'Connell's speeches. His leaders were remarkable for vigorous denunciation and sharp sarcasm. In private life he was gentle and gentlemanly. Mr Duffy, who has so lately been the head of Government in Australia, was said by a wit of the day to have "pulled stroke-oar" in Mr Barrett's *Pilot*. He then set up the *Belfast Vindicator*, and suffered a crown prosecution. Mr O'Hagan, now Lord O'Hagan, the present Lord-Chancellor of Ireland, defended him with remarkable ability. He was convicted, nevertheless, but he escaped a sentence. He compensated himself by establishing the *Nation*, which had a weekly circulation at this period of from eight to ten thousand copies. This paper was the organ of the "Young Ireland" party, which had been brought to light, if not to life, by the poet Thomas Davis, and by Gavan Duffy. Dr Gray, now Sir John Gray, was educated for the medical profession, but his talent for political writing, and his nationality, which was none the less appreciated because he did not profess the national faith, led him to abandon the scalpel for the pen. At this period he was a man of slight figure, and apparently delicate frame, yet he lives and works still; possibly his ardent devotion to the temperance cause

has contributed to this result. He has never compromised an opinion, never altered his politics, he has never ceased to work for Ireland; through all the changes, troubles, and fluctuation of thirty years, he remains at his post, the only one of these traversers who has not been taken from Ireland by death, or ceased to work for her.

In the year 1841 he invested his capital in the *Freeman Journal*, then the daily organ of the Repeal party, and still, with equal ability and unchanging fidelity, the daily organ of the Liberal party in Ireland.⁸

The counsel on both sides were distinguished men; and, as far as intellect went, the forensic encounter was equal. The pleadings were opened by Mr Napier, and the indictment was supported by Smith, the Attorney-General. His speeches were frequently interrupted, and from the first it seemed as if there were a conspiracy to aggravate a temper which was said to be rather too capable of aggravation. The principal witnesses were reporters and policemen. The reporters were brought up to prove the utterance of seditious speeches, but their evidence was not as satisfactory to the Crown as might have been expected. It came out, also, that one of these gentlemen had transgressed against the etiquette of his position, and acted as an informer.

⁸ Dr Gray did a signal service during this very year, 1844, to the cause of religious liberty. A poor woman named Mary McKeon became a Catholic, and for doing this was dismissed from her situation by the Poor-Law Commissioners. Dr Gray took up her cause warmly, and succeeded in obtaining her restoration to her post.

It is to the credit of the "fourth estate" that his conduct was denounced indignantly by all the other reporters present. Shiel and Whiteside made speeches which would have made them famous if they had not already been known to fame. O'Connell determined to be his own counsel, and did not speak until the twentieth day of the trial. His speech was one of great ability, but it was not one of his most successful efforts. Mr Fitzgibbon had attacked the Attorney-General very sharply in one of his speeches, and when the judges left the court for a few minutes, the irate Attorney-General flung a challenge across the court to Fitzgibbon. The bench was obliged to interfere to make up the quarrel. The judges, too, had a little *fracas* amongst themselves, Judge Crampton being guilty of gross discourtesy to Judge Perrin. When the latter was speaking he flung open his desk and made so much noise with parchments and books as to render the address almost inaudible.

On the 7th of February, the twenty-third day of the trial, Chief-Justice Pennefather commenced his charge. He announced at the beginning that his brother judges agreed with him, and that his would be the only address to the jury. Men looked at each other in terrible anxiety, for so far there had been some doubt how the verdict would be given, some hope on the part of the thousands who waited for it so anxiously. The charge occupied two days, but the Chief-Justice had not spoken

for half-an-hour when the traversers knew their fate was sealed.⁹

The verdict was Guilty, the Rev. Mr Tierney alone being excepted. It being Saturday, and past twelve at night, the jury were placed in custody until Monday morning. But, late as it was, there was a tremendous rush of reporters to London. Some even had come from France and Germany. A Government steamer was waiting to take the news to England, and the *Times* of Monday (February 12) announced the fact almost at the same moment that the verdict was officially delivered in the Queen's Bench in Dublin.

O'Connell went to London at once. When he entered the House of Commons, the Liberal party received him with a burst of applause, so that the gentleman who was speaking at the moment was obliged to pause. Such a reception would undoubtedly have been very gratifying to the Liberator, if he could only have believed it to be sincere.

There were, undoubtedly, many men in the House who admired and supported O'Connell, and there were also some, like Lord John Russell,¹ who believed that he had

⁹ Lord Normanby said in the House of Lords that when he got into the middle of it, and for a moment forgot the speaker, he thought he was reading the Solicitor-General's speech for the Crown. During the charge, the Chief-Justice generally spoke of the traversers and their counsel as "the other side."

¹ Lord John Russell used these remarkable words when speaking of this trial in the House of Commons :—

been unfairly tried by a deliberately packed jury. But there were also men, many men, whose sole reason for applauding O'Connell was to embarrass the Government.

Public meetings were now held in different parts of England. At the Covent Garden meeting, O'Connell said himself that "the scene was never exceeded, and perhaps never equalled in any other country." At Birmingham, the English papers declared that his presence evoked "thunders of applause."

On the 15th of April, judgment was to be pronounced, but it was deferred on account of a motion for a new trial,

"Nominally, indeed, the two countries have the same laws. Trial by jury, for instance, exists in both countries; but is it administered alike in both?"

He then proceeded to quote from a speech made by Brougham in 1823, in which he said:—

"In Ireland, however, the law held a directly opposite doctrine. The sect to which a man belonged, the cast of his religious opinions, the form in which he worshipped his Creator, were grounds on which the law separated him from his fellows, and bound him to the endurance of a system of the most cruel injustice."

He then gave instances in which liberal Protestants, as well as Catholics, were excluded from juries, and he mentioned that this was the rule in Ireland.

"This practice is so well known, and carried out so generally, that men known to be Liberals, whether Catholics or Protestants, have ceased to attend assizes, that they might not be exposed to these public insults. Now, I would ask, are these proofs of equal laws, or laws equally administered? Could the same, or similar cases, have happened in Yorkshire, or Sussex, or Kent? Are these the fulfilment of the promise made and engagements entered into at the Union?"

Such was Lord John Russell's theory (when not in office). It is a

on the ground of misdirection on the part of the judge. No one doubted the "misdirection," it was openly condemned by eminent lawyers in England, but the rule was refused.

The sentence was pronounced on the 30th of May, by Judge Burton, the duty falling to him as senior judge. The four judges were divided as to its severity. Pennefather and Crampton wished to give O'Connell two years' imprisonment, Judge Burton twelve months, and Judge Perrin six months. Judge Burton's award was at last taken. When pronouncing sentence Judge Burton was deeply affected, and actually proclaimed O'Connell's

noticeable phenomenon of English political life that gentlemen out of office are always liberal to Ireland, and blame the injustice of the Government for the time being.

Mr Macaulay expounded his theory. He said—

"The affidavit which has been produced, and which has not been contradicted, states that twenty-seven Catholics were excluded from the jury list. I know that all the technicalities of the law were on the side of the Crown, but my great charge against the Government is, that they have merely regarded this question in a technical point of view. We know what the principle of the law is, in cases where prejudice is likely to arise against an alien, and who is to be tried *de medietate linguæ*. Is he to be tried by twelve Englishmen? No; our ancestors knew that that was not the way in which justice could be obtained, they knew that the only proper way was to have one-half of the jurymen of country in which the crime was committed, and the other half of the country to which the prisoner belonged. If any alien had been in the situation of Mr O'Connell, that law would have been observed. You are ready enough to call the Catholics of Ireland 'aliens' when it suits your purpose, but the first privilege, the only advantage of alienage, you practically deny them."

innocence of the charge made against him, as it had never been proclaimed before.

“He was perfectly convinced that the principal traverser did intend to carry his real object—the abolition of the Union—without the infraction of the public peace, without (if it were possible) the shedding of one drop of human blood ; he believed that he had that design rooted in his mind ; that he desired to act upon it ; and that it was by the great influence which he possessed as a leader, he had been able to keep and preserve the peace to the extent it had been kept and preserved. Let it never be forgotten, that a man who felt all those motives and desires as strongly as any human being could, who would not, on any account, commit an act of violence or bloodshed, and who possessed that unbounded authority and influence, made no use of it for the purpose of producing bad effects. If he did not misconceive several passages in the speeches of Mr O’Connell, they were used for the very purpose of keeping down violence.”

O’Connell’s sentence was confinement for twelve calendar months, with securities to keep the peace for seven years, himself in £5000, and two securities of £2000 each. Considering that no man had ever kept the peace in Ireland as he had done, the security demanded was unnecessary. John O’Connell, Dr Gray, Steele, Barrett, Duffy, and Ray were to be imprisoned for nine calendar months, to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and to be bailed to keep the peace also.

The traversers, however, were allowed to choose their place of incarceration. O’Connell chose Richmond Bridewell. At four o’clock in the afternoon the traversers were escorted to prison by mounted police. They were followed by thousands in death-like silence ; only, when they reached

the prison-gate, some long, loud, ringing cheers were given for the Liberator. He then addressed the people of Ireland in a short earnest letter, beseeching them, even adjuring them, by the holy name of God, to remain quiet. They obeyed him, but they did not forget him. The Repeal rent rose up to near £2000 a week.

However O'Connell may have dreaded imprisonment in perspective, he bore up cheerfully under the actual infliction. Yet there is no doubt that it injured his health seriously. He was too old, too long accustomed to a free life, and to a peculiarly active life, to bear being cooped up all the bright summer months in one place.

At that time the law with regard to political prisoners did not class them or treat them as felons. They suffered incarceration, nothing more. O'Connell's friends crowded to see him. Every day hampers of provisions of all kinds were sent to him. The traversers had supplies for a siege. They held levees every hour, they had dinner parties almost every evening; they had a fair space for exercise, but a jail is not home. "Three times round the jail garden is a mile," said O'Connell, "and I will walk it three times a day;" and so he did; but the jail garden wanted the invigorating breezes of his ocean-girt Darrynane.

NARRATIVE BY SIR JOHN GRAY, M.P.

"THE FIRST DAY OF THE IMPRISONMENT.

"The 30th of May 1844 was a remarkable day in the life of O'Connell. On the morning of that day he and his co-traversers

appeared at the bar of the Queen's Bench by order of the Court. The solicitors engaged *thought* the order might be preparatory to their receiving judgment, and that it might be to fix a day for coming up to hear the judgment of the Court ; but fearing that it might be with the former object, they sent warning to each of the traversers to be in the Court at the hour named. The Court was not crowded, though a considerable number of leading men were present—for it was not generally known that the sentence was to be pronounced on that morning. A few there were who had positive information that it was probable that the Repeal traversers would leave the Court that morning for the prison, and they parted from the immediate members of their families with doubts as to when they would meet again, though with a faint hope that incarceration would not commence for about a week, the expectation being that that time would be given for making the requisite arrangements for a prolonged absence from family and home. The leave-taking on the morning of the 30th was often spoken of in prison, and made the topic of many a good-humoured joke. The scenes were not lachrymose or heartrending, as the outer public might have expected, for each man of the party, the oldest as well as the youngest, felt proud of the distinction of being the companions of the Liberator in his imprisonment, as he was of being reckoned among his followers and co-liberators in the great work to which the great tribune had devoted his life. It is hardly necessary to add that arrangements were made to have the result of the meeting in Court communicated at once to the several families, and that duty being entrusted to Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, the ever-active agent of the O'Connell rent, was carried out with singular rapidity, and friendly care and consideration. At length the hour arrived, and the judge (Burton) proceeded to deliver judgment. Burton was for many years the circuit-companion and personal friend of O'Connell. He was a man of high principle, genial and true as a friend, and a great admirer of O'Connell's for his forensic power and personal qualities. He commenced with much calmness, but evidently labouring under great emotion. As he proceeded his aged face became suffused, his voice trembled, and, suddenly choking with emotion, his utterance failed, and, bursting

into tears, he hid his face in his hands. Every person in Court was moved, save the traversers alone, who, fortified with the sense of the glory that awaited them in being identified with their chief, were as impenetrable to sentiment as the nether millstone. In a few minutes the kind-hearted judge recovered his self-possession, and concluded the formal part of the judgment. The judgment over, the traversers now became prisoners, and in the formal custody of the sheriff they retired to one of the side rooms of the Court, not at the moment knowing to what prison they were to be assigned. The ever-vigilant and active Fitzpatrick now entered on another of his self-imposed tasks. He had, in preparation for all contingencies, taken advice as to the healthiness of the local prisons, and elected Richmond—as the Court privately intimated to the leading counsel that such election would be accorded to the Emancipator of the Catholics of the Empire. Then commenced the preparations for the removal of ‘the State prisoners.’ A carriage was procured for O’Connell, and covered vehicles for his fellow-prisoners. The cavalcade took a circuitous route to Richmond Bridewell, and so well had Mr Fitzpatrick performed his friendly office of advising the prisoners’ families of the result and destination, that the chief members had arrived at Richmond before the prisoners. Woman’s fond and generous nature here displayed itself in all the beauty of loftiness and love. Tears and sobs were, however, soon converted into smiles, as, one by one, the prisoners met their friends with a joyous laugh of manly pride, and asked for congratulations at their being deemed worthy of the honours of that day. The Board of Superintendence was hastily summoned to give directions to the governor (Mr Purdon) as to location and discipline of the prisoners. Fitzpatrick had a long interview with the Board in their official chamber. He had also discussed matters with the governor and deputy-governor, which resulted in permission being given to the officials to hire their private residences to the prisoners—the prisoners giving their word of honour that they would not violate the discipline to be settled for their guidance, or use the privilege awarded to them to effect their escape. While these arrangements were being made, and the Board were engaged in fixing the rules and the leading details of the discipline appli-

cable to the special persons they had to deal with, the chief-warder was engaged in other and formal duties. O'Connell and his companions each entered the prison 'office,' which stands to the left of the entrance-hall, and the warder duly entered the age, height, colour of hair and eye, and the *education* of each of the prisoners, in the ordinary book and in the ordinary red-tape style, and regular in succession to the prisoners who had last previously entered within the prison walls."²

"The entries made, the prisoners still remained in the outer hall, as do all prisoners, till each is assigned his future 'quarters.' At length O'Connell was ushered into the presence of the Board of Superintendence. As he entered the room, the Chairman of the Board at once stood erect, a movement followed by every member present. The prisoner was respectfully saluted by a bow, which he graciously returned. He was then courteously informed that the Board were ready to award him very large privileges if he would, on the part of himself and fellow-prisoners, give a pledge not to use the concessions to effect an escape from prison. With that gentlemanly regard which O'Connell ever showed for the feelings of the humblest of his followers in whom he confided, the old Irish gentleman said he would consult his friends and then swear for them. He came to the hall, repeated the words of the Board, and was met by 'Your promise, sir, should be law to us,' and immediately on his return the Board broke up; passing through the hall, several of them addressed a few words of friendly condolence to him, and parted from their chieftain, now that they were outside their official chamber and off duty, with a cordial shake of hands.

"The Board having departed, the governor communicated to the prisoners the arrangements made through the kind intervention of Fitzpatrick, and the generous action of the Board, especially the prison-governor, Joseph Boyce, who, though an earnest Conservative, displayed a high-minded, gentlemanly, and

² I am indebted to Sir John Gray for the narrative given above. It cannot fail to be of special interest, as being his own personal recollections. The prisoners had given names to certain places in the garden. A small mound was called *Tara*, another place *Mullaghmast*.

sympathising feeling towards the Liberator, which never ought to be forgotten to him or his, and who largely influenced his friends in the Board in framing the mild rule under which the prisoners lived in Richmond. As yet the arrangement was one by which the governor's and deputy-governor's house was placed at the disposal of the prisoners. O'Connell, of course, had the first selection of rooms, and he fixed on a second floor bed-room in the deputy-governor's house, as being near the only room large enough for all the State prisoners to dine in together. John O'Connell naturally selected a room near his illustrious father. C. G. Duffy, lately Prime Minister of Victoria, selected the dining-room and adjoining bed-room in the governor's house. Dr Gray, now Sir John Gray, M.P. for Kilkenny, selected the drawing-room and adjoining bed-room in the same department, and Steele and Ray made choice of rooms over those of Duffy and Gray, while Barrett selected rooms between the governor's and deputy-governor's chief apartments, but practically in the deputy-governor's, as he said 'to be near O'Connell.' Mrs John O'Connell, Mrs Gray, Mrs Duffy, Mrs Barrett, and Mrs Ray were installed as rulers in the respective 'cells' of their husbands, and great was the confusion of bandboxes and parcels, great and small, and trunks and bags, as they were tumbled into the hall of Richmond Bridewell on that day. Each was, however, soon restored to order under the gentle sway of the ladies, and as dinner hour approached and the bell rang, the prisoners, each with his wife or relative, might be seen assembling in the great dining-room in the deputy-governor's house, not in full dress, but in something nearly approaching to it. O'Connell on that day led 'Mrs John,' as he affectionately called her, to her seat, and the first dinner in Richmond was partaken of by as joyous a family party as ever assembled. Seated at a round table, the property of the governor, now in the possession of Lady Gray, the prisoners were, on that occasion, in allusion to the great round table, called by the Liberator 'The Knights of the Round Table,' a title they bore during their stay at Richmond."

The following is an exact copy of the prison record, above referred to, which has not been previously published :—

RICHMOND BRIDWELL.

Extract from General Registry 1844, of the undernamed State prisoners:—

Name.	Age.	Height.	Hair.	Complexion.	Born.	Occupation.	Education.	Committed.	Crime.	By whom committed.	Sentence.	Discharged by order of Government.	Fines.	Sureties.
D. O'Connell,	67	5ft. 11½in.	Dark.	Good.	Cahiriveen.	Barrister.	Sup'r.	1844 May 30.	Con- spiracy,	Q. Bench.	12 cal. m.	1844 Sept. 6.	£ 2000	Self £5000, and two £2000 each.
J. O'Connell,	34	5ft. 6½in.	Fair.	Fair.	Dublin	do.	Do.	Do.	Same.	Do.	9 cal. m.	Do	50	Self £1000, and two £500 each.
J. Gray, . .	28	5ft. 7in.	Fair.	Fair.	Claremorris.	M. Doctor.	Do.	Do.	Same.	Do.	9 cal. m.	Do	50	Same
T. Steele, . .	55	6ft. 2½in.	Grey.	Fresh.	Ennis.	Gentleman.	Do.	Do.	Same.	Do.	9 cal. m.	Do.	50	Same.
R. Barrett, .	51	6ft. 0½in.	Grey.	Fresh.	Cork.	Do.	Do.	Do.	Same.	Do.	9 cal. m.	Do.	50	Same.
Chas. G. Duffy,	30	5ft. 7in.	Brown	Pale.	Monaghan.	Do.	Do.	Do.	Same.	Do.	9 cal. m.	Do.	50	Same.
Thos. M. Ray.	44	5ft. 7½in.	Grey.	Dark.	Dublin.	Do.	Do.	Do.	Same.	Do.	9 cal. m.	Do.	50	Same.

From Extract from Prison Registry,

9th September 1872.

R. BOYD, GOVERNOR.

While O'Connell was in prison the Catholic hierarchy throughout Ireland vied with one another who should have the honour of celebrating mass for him each day ; so numerous and pressing were the requests of those who wished to pay him this mark of respect, that it was actually necessary to secure a day some time before. The following letter will show that the great Archbishop of the west was as desirous of paying this mark of respect to O'Connell as the humblest curate :—

"RICHMOND PRISON, 2d July 1844.

"MY LORD,—I have the honour to announce to your Grace that my father will feel deeply indebted by the kind fulfilment of your offer, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass here at eight o'clock to-morrow morning.

"I am, with most profound respect and veneration, of your Grace the most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN O'CONNELL.

"The Archbishop of Tuam."

The prisoners gave dinner-parties several times in each week, and it was on one of these occasions that O'Connell uttered a *bon mot* which is illustrated in the present work. Many of the staff of the *Nation* were present ; and as he rose from the table, he turned to Mr Denis Florence MacCarthy, and said, with a look of humour which he alone could give, " See, MacCarthy, there's ' the rising of the nation ' at last."

Mr MacCarthy's poem on O'Connell's incarceration is inserted here, not only for its own merit, but because O'Connell himself thought highly of it.

"CEASE TO DO EVIL—LEARN TO DO WELL."³

"O thou, whom sacred duty hither calls,
Some glorious hours in freedom's cause to dwell,
Read the mute lesson on the prison walls—
'Cease to do evil—learn to do well!'

"If haply thou art one of genius vast,
Of generous heart, of mind sublime and grand,
Who all the spring-time of thy life hast passed,
Battling with tyrants for thy native land ;
If thou hast spent thy summer as thy prime,
The serpent brood of bigotry to quell,—
Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime,
'Cease to do evil—learn to do well.'

"If thy great heart beat warmly in the cause
Of outraged man, whate'er his race might be ;
If thou hast preached the Christian's equal laws,
And stayed the lash beyond the Indian sea ;
If at thy call a nation rose sublime,
If at thy will seven million fetters fell,—
Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime,
'Cease to do evil—learn to do well!'

"If thou hast seen thy country's quick decay,
And, like a prophet, raised thy saving hand,
And pointed out the only certain way
To stop the plague that ravaged o'er the land ;

³ The admonition, "*Cease to do evil—learn to do well*," is cut in deep letters on the front of the Richmond Penitentiary, South Circular Road, Dublin, the prison in which O'Connell and the other political prisoners were confined in the year 1844.

If thou hast summoned from an alien clime
Her banished senate, here at home to dwell,—
Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime,
‘Cease to do evil—learn to do well!’

“Or if, perchance, a younger man thou art,
Whose ardent soul in throbbings doth aspire,
Come weal, come woe, to play the patriot's part,
In the bright footsteps of thy glorious sire;
If all the pleasures of life's youthful time
Thou hast abandoned for the martyr's cell,—
Do thou repent thee of thy hideous crime,
‘Cease to do evil—learn to do well!’

“Or art thou one whom early science led
To walk with Newton through the immense of heaven?
Who soared with Milton, and with Mina bled,
And all thou hadst in freedom's cause hast given?
Oh! fond enthusiast, in the aftertime
Our children's children of thy worth shall tell,
England proclaims thy honesty a crime,—
‘Cease to do evil—learn to do well!’

“Or art thou one whose strong and fearless pen
Roused the Young Isle, and bade it dry its tears,
And gathered round thee ardent, gifted men,
The hope of Ireland in the coming years?
Who dares in prose and heart-awakening rhyme,
Bright hopes to breathe and bitter truths to tell?—
Oh! dangerous criminal, repent thy crime,
‘Cease to do evil—learn to do well!’

“‘Cease to do evil’—ay! ye madmen cease!
Cease to love Ireland—cease to serve her well;
Make with her foes a foul and fatal peace,
And quick will ope your darkest, dreariest cell.

‘Learn to do well’—ay ! learn to betray—
Learn to revile the land in which you dwell ;
England will bless you on your altered way—
‘Cease to do evil—learn to do well !’ ”

(It is scarcely necessary to say that the first three stanzas refer to O’Connell ; the fourth to his son, Mr John O’Connell ; the fifth to Thomas Steele, a graduate of Cambridge, and a man of great scientific and literary acquirements ; and the sixth to Charles Gavan Duffy, lately Prime Minister in Australia.)

The traversers also amused themselves by issuing a paper every week, which they called the *Prison Gazette*, in which they quizzed each other unmercifully. Gavan Duffy, Dr Gray, and Barrett had, however, ample occupation in writing for their own papers.

“ During his imprisonment,” observes Sir John Gray, in a private letter to the present writer, “ O’Connell was as accessible to visitors, and as informal in his mode of ‘giving audiences’ as the most junior of his companions. A ‘friend of the cause,’ from the most distant village in Ireland, whether lay or clerical, who desired to see ‘the Liberator,’ was at once presented by one of his fellow-prisoners, some member of the family of a ‘fellow captive,’ or some one of the faithful body-guard which was always in attendance on ‘the Liberator’ as he took his walk in the prison-garden or sat in ‘Tara’ or ‘Mullaghmast.’ By a sort of instinct of what was universally felt to be due as a matter of respect to the ‘uncrowned monarch’ of the Irish heart, no stranger was permitted to approach his person unless presented by some friend ; but there was no rule, no form, no specified observance, no ‘hedging round’ of the person ; yet, without any prescribed etiquette, ‘Steele, or Duffy, or Dr Gray, or Barrett, or John O’Connell, or my dear Ray,’ was always at hand, and the humblest friend, though personally unknown, was certain of a ‘presentation’ and a cordial greeting. Not

so with those who came from motives of prying curiosity or in a worse spirit, to see how the great Irishman looked in prison,—how he bore himself—how he felt—whether buoyant or cast down. Such men usually met with a rebuff which made them feel that O'Connell in prison was still Ireland's Liberator, and that, while the humblest visitor, who knew what was due to true greatness, was welcome, whatever his politics or creed, the insolent scoffer at the cause symbolised by O'Connell was sure to return discomfited and abashed. On one occasion, a noble lord from a midland county knocked at Richmond gate, sent his card by a turnkey to 'the governor' of the prison with his compliments, 'that he wanted to see *Mr O'Connell*.' Lord —— marched into the oblong space between the prison and the outer wall on which was placed the massive gate which led to the interior. The governor read the card in due course, but being at the time engaged officially, Lord —— was left for some time alone. In about ten minutes 'the governor,' who did not know the person of the 'Lord,' approached with the turnkey and bowed. The Lord addressed him, 'Ah! Mr Governor, I presume; I am very anxious to see Mr O'Connell.' 'You know him, I presume?' was the reply of the governor, who was a thorough Irish gentleman of the old Conservative school. 'Why, I do not know him, but I should like to see him, if you will arrange it for me.' 'My Lord, I will take your card to the Liberator, who is in the garden.' 'I will go in with you,' said the curious Lord. 'Yes, my Lord, *if* the Liberator directs you to be admitted when he sees your card. I will take it to him.' I was present when the above conversation was reported to O'Connell by the fine old gentleman who then held the office, one of the Purdons of Meath. O'Connell heard the details in silence; he looked at the card; a curl of scorn played upon his upper lip for a second; the card fell to the ground, rather it was thrown there, and, rising from his seat, O'Connell said, 'I'll not see him, Mr Purdon,' turning, at the same time, towards the garden gate. 'But, sir,' said Purdon, 'he is at the garden gate.' 'Then,' replied

O'Connell, 'I will walk past the fellow to my room, and let him see that I will not see him.' O'Connell walked towards the garden gate, but whether the words of the Liberator were repeated by the turnkey, who stood midway between the principal parties and could have heard them, or the peculiar gait of the governor told what passed, the noble Lord sneaked off by the outer gate, and had got on the public road before O'Connell reached the iron gate that led to Mullaghmast."

Addresses were sent to O'Connell from all parts of the world, even from the Catholic clergy of Würtemberg, who spoke touchingly of the benefits which the Irish missionaries of the seventh century had conferred on their nation.

The following address from English Catholics must have been specially gratifying to O'Connell. It is signed by some of the best as well as the noblest of the Catholics of that country. It concluded thus:—

"Your whole life, sir, has been spent in the cause of your country, and the advancement of civil and religious liberty; and we, who have benefited by the exertions of that life, now conclude our address in terms of gratitude for the past, and of hope for the future—of hope that the day of your renewed exertion in the cause of your unfortunate country is destined again to arrive, and though now removed from the presence of your countrymen, that you may have the uninterrupted consolation of knowing that your precepts of order and peace are scrupulously attended to.

(Signed)

SHREWSBURY,
CAMOYS,
STOURTON,
DORMER,
STAFFORD,
NEWBURGH,

ROBERT BERKELEY, jun.,
of Spetchley Park,
Worcester,
EDWARD CLAVERING,
JOSEPH WELD, Lulworth
Castle,

CHARLES STOURTON,	JOSEPH T. TEMPEST,
CHARLES T. CLIFFORD,	RICHARD HUDDLESTONE,
EDWARD M. VAVASOUR, of	EDWARD HUDDLESTONE,
Hazelwood,	JOSEPH WOOD,
WILLIAM WAREING,	S. T. SCROOPE,
THOMAS BROWNE, Bishop	R. BAILLIE, of Tad-
of Appollonia, V.A.,	caster,
Wales,	J. COLTANACH, LL.D.,
WILLIAM RIDELL,	J. DRYSDALE, York,
PYERS MOSTYN,	RICHARD BOYLE,
CHARLES R. TEMPEST,	J. BIRD,
MAR. C. MAXWELL,	F. JARRETT,
JOHN F. VAUGHAN,	G. SPEAKMAN,
P. CONSTABLE MAXWELL,	THOMAS ORD,
Mayor of Richmond,	JAMES SMITH."

The Mayors of Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Clonmel, attended by numbers of the aldermen and town-councillors of each place, waited on O'Connell to present him addresses at the prison, but they were refused admittance. In the meantime the Liberator's friends were not idle. An appeal for reverse of judgment had been made to the House of Lords. The Lords required the opinion of the twelve judges. The twelve judges said, in point of fact, that the indictment was illegal, but the finding was right. The whole affair was a curious evidence of how prejudice warps judgment. The matter was eventually decided by the five law lords. Lyndhurst was a personal enemy of O'Connell's. Brougham always followed Lyndhurst; it was said, indeed, that if Lyndhurst had turned a somersault upon the woolsack, Brougham would have

flung his heels in the air incontinently. Three of the five lords were for reversal of the judgment, and so it was reversed. Lord Denman when giving judgment said, "That if such practices, as had taken place in the present instance in Ireland, should continue, the trial by jury would become a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

O'Connell and his friends were at last free. On the evening of Thursday the 5th of September 1844, thousands were assembled on and about the pier at Kingstown, watching anxiously for the arrival of the *Medusa*, which was expected to bear the news either of release or prolonged incarceration. The solicitors of the traversers, Messrs Mallony, Forde, and Cantwell, were on board. They had prepared flags, with the words, "Triumph of law and justice—the judgment reversed—O'Connell is free." They were accompanied by Mr O'Hagan, the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who had been one of the counsel for the traversers. A scene of tumultuous joy followed. There were cheers and shouts of "Free," "Free." Even the engine-driver of the train which brought the party to Dublin requested the flag to ornament his engine, and to render it a means of conveying the intelligence to the picturesque villages which lie along the sea-girt road. The news was received at the prison with feelings which will not bear description. When order was restored the party sat down to dinner; but they were scarcely seated, when the governor of the prison, Mr Purdon, hurried into the

room, exclaiming, "Good God! can it be true?"—his emotion almost depriving him of the power of congratulating O'Connell, as he intended.

The gentlemen returned to their homes that evening, but before they left the prison they were obliged to write thousands of autographs for their friends. It was, however, determined that a triumphal procession should be made from Richmond prison to O'Connell's house, for the double purpose of testifying the national joy at his release, and the national indignation at his incarceration. The following day, Saturday the 7th of September, was selected for this purpose. At an early hour in the morning, when thousands were looking for O'Connell in order to escort him to the prison, preparatory to his triumphal procession from it, he was found to have gone to Richmond at a very early hour for the purpose of hearing mass there, and concluding a Novena in which all the Catholic prisoners had joined. The eighth of September being the Feast of the Nativity of our Lady, the nine previous days were devoted to special exercises of prayer, and other religious duties, to obtain, through her intercession with the King of kings, the favour of a release from incarceration.

O'Connell did not forget others in his own joy, for he paid their fines for all the prisoners who had been previously of good character, so that they might be released with him. The morning had been extremely wet, but

about eleven o'clock the sun shone forth. All through the long route from O'Connell's house in Merrion Square to the prison, thousands had assembled and kept perfect order. At twelve, the first part of the procession reached the penitentiary, but it was two o'clock before the triumphal car reached the prison. Such a scene was never witnessed in Dublin. It is true, indeed, that George IV. went through the same parts of the city, surrounded by thousands who still had faith in English promises, but his procession, grand and attractive as it was, fades into comparative obscurity when compared with that of the uncrowned monarch of Ireland. The trades were there with their bands and banners. The Temperance Society was there, headed by that great and good man the Very Rev. D. Spratt, whose memory is held in eternal benediction. So many equipages were required that some had been procured from distant parts of the country. The Lord Mayor and others were there in their robes, with many distinguished men, friends and admirers of O'Connell. The city marshal, Tom Reynolds, kept order, or to speak more correctly, directed the procession, for the people kept order themselves. There was not a single policeman seen or needed in all that vast multitude.

O'Connell was conducted from the jail by Mr Smith O'Brien, and was received with a roar of welcome, which lasted several minutes. He ascended the car, an imposing structure magnificently decorated. His son John followed

him, and then his chaplain the Rev. Dr Miley. Dr Gray and his wife occupied the next carriage; Barrett, Gavan Duffy, and Ray followed, and then honest Tom Steele; the attorneys had the next carriage, and bore the monster indictment. As O'Connell passed the old Parliament House in College Square, his car was stopped. He rose up and pointed significantly to the building again and again. He had been put in jail for demanding a parliament for Ireland; he showed by his action that he intended to continue committing the offence for which he had so recently suffered; and, to-day, an old English statesman, who has never been accused of any partiality to Ireland, suggests that same thing in a modified form.

When O'Connell reached his house in Merrion Square, he addressed the people. He vindicated himself from having made any legal error, as the reversal of the judgment proved that he had not transgressed the law; and he told the people that "he was still strong enough in law and in fact" for his work. The rejoicings throughout the country were on a gigantic scale, and in two days after his release, an immense meeting was held in Conciliation Hall.

But the dark shadow of the angel of death was even then looming dimly, but none the less really, over Ireland and O'Connell. The first troubles of his old age arose from the impetuous ardour of the men who came to be known later as the "Young Irelanders." John Mitchel, a man whose political honesty has never been questioned

for one second, even amidst all the turbulence of American politics, and whose personal integrity is best known to his private friends, writes thus grimly at the close of his own work on Irish history :—

“The state trials were at an end ; and all the country, friends and enemies, Ireland and England, were now looking eagerly and earnestly for O'Connell's first movement, as an indication of his future course. Never at any moment in his life did he hold the people so wholly in his hand. During the imprisonment, both clergy and Repeal wardens had laboured diligently in extending and confirming the organisation ; and the poor people proved their faith and trust by sending greater and greater contributions to the Repeal treasury. They kept the ‘peace’ as their Liberator bade them ; and the land was never so free from crime—lest they should give strength to the enemy.

“It is impossible to record, without profound admiration, the steady faith, patient zeal, self-denial, and disciplined enthusiasm, which the Irish people displayed for these two years. To many thousands of those peasants the struggle had been more severe than any war ; for they were expected to set at nought potent landlords, who had over them and their children power of life and death—with troops of insolent bailiffs, and ejecting attorneys, and the omnipresent police ; and they did set them at nought. Every vote they give at an election might cost them house and home, land and life. They were naturally ardent, impulsive, and impatient ; but their attitude was now calm and steadfast. They were an essentially military people ; but the great ‘Liberator’ told them that ‘no political amelioration was worth one drop of human blood.’

“They did not believe the formula, and in assenting to it often winked their eyes ; yet steadily and trustfully this one good time, they sought to liberate their country peacefully, legally, under the advice of counsel. They loyally obeyed that man, and would obey no other. And when he walked in triumph out of his prison, at

one word from his mouth they would have marched upon Dublin from all the five ends of Ireland, and made short work with police and military barracks.

"But O'Connell was now old, approaching seventy; and the fatal disease of which he was then really dying, had eagerly begun to work upon his iron energies. After his release he did not propose to hold the Clontarf meeting, as many hoped. He said nothing more about the 'Council of Three Hundred,' which the extreme section of nationalists were very desirous to see carried into effect; and the more desirous because it would be illegal, according to what passes for law in Ireland. Yet the Association all this time was becoming more powerful for good than ever. O'Brien had instituted a 'Parliamentary Committee,' and worked on it continually himself; which, at all events, furnished the nation with careful and authentic memoirs on all Irish questions and interests, filled with accurate statistical details. Many Protestant gentlemen, also, of high rank joined the Association in 1844 and 1845—being evidently unconscious how certainly and speedily that body was going to destruction.

"In short, the history of Ireland must henceforth be sought for elsewhere than in the Repeal Association."

Davis, who had set the Irish on fire by his poetry; Mangan, who helped him; other men, now settled down into sober citizens, and some of them in high places—Gavan Duffy, in the *Nation*, and John Mitchel, who never minced words—all these, and many more, were eager for something more than words. They knew nothing of the horrors of civil war or rebellion, successful or otherwise, except by tradition. The race of men were gone, or fast going, that suffered themselves, or rather had seen the death throes of others, as they expired in the horrible agonies of torture,

or left their life-blood on green Erin's fields. These young men, brave, chivalrous, loving their country to a fault, because it is always a fault to plunge recklessly into war, were weary of O'Connell's peaceful agitation, and would fight with his leave, if they could get it, if not, without. Some of these men did attempt to fight later on, and we all know how it ended.

If O'Connell had been twenty years younger when he was released from Richmond Bridewell, he might have obtained Repeal by some ten years' continuous agitation ; as it was, he probably knew better than any man else that his days were numbered. His position was indeed a painful one ; he had no choice but to continue agitating to a certain degree, or to give up agitation altogether, and to retire from public life.

A Mr Porter came forward now with a plan for raising a national militia ; and then, when he did not meet with much attention, he went to Conciliation Hall, looked over the books, and tried to cast obloquy on O'Connell's management of pecuniary matters. O'Connell in vain implored "the charity of Irishmen," until he worked out his plan of federation. He said to Mr O'Neill Daunt one day, "I am quite well, that is to say, I am as well as a man can be who is opposed by one-half his friends, and who is deserted by the other half." The English comic papers attacked him also at the same time ; and he was sorely tried by a brief which came from Rome, and

which, though it did not actually forbid the clergy to join in the Repeal agitation, at least obliged them to refrain, to a certain degree, from public expressions of opinion.

The rescript was believed to have been procured by the English Government through an English Catholic. It was sorely felt throughout the length and breadth of Ireland; yet the Irish, like the Jesuits, have submitted, always most faithfully and scrupulously, to enactments which they believed to be procured by enemies of their own faith from the basest motives. The prudence and wisdom of the Holy See was pre-eminently shown in the moderate tone of the brief; but, while the people of Ireland believed that there had been English interference, they could not but feel it deeply. Their fidelity to the Holy See had never wavered; they had poured out their life's blood again and again for the true faith; they had supported and propagated their religion as no other people on earth have ever done, and they looked for sympathy rather than repression. They were jealous, and not for the first time, because it seemed to them that England was preferred, notwithstanding her apostasy, because she was prosperous and wealthy, that Ireland was slighted because she was poor and of no political esteem. Yet this most faithful people submitted, as they have ever done, to the chair of Peter.

The truth was, that Sir Robert Peel was in mortal terror of an Irish insurrection. He said so plainly. It was the same old story. It mattered little to him how the country

was made to suffer in silence; if silence could be procured and compelled, that was enough.

“There rises in the far western horizon a cloud [Oregon], small, indeed, but threatening future storms. It became my duty, on the part of the Government, on that day, in temperate but significant language, to depart so far from the caution which is usually observed by a Minister, as to declare publicly, that, while we were most anxious for the amicable adjustment of the differences—while we would leave nothing undone to effect that amicable adjustment—yet, if our rights were invaded, we were prepared and determined to maintain them. I own to you, that when I was called upon to make that declaration, I did recollect with satisfaction and consolation, that the day before I had sent a message of peace to Ireland.”—*Speech in Parliament on the 2d April 1844.*

It was no doubt very satisfactory to Sir Robert Peel, but it would have been a good deal more satisfactory to the people of Ireland, if “messages of peace” were not always sent whenever England is apprehensive of war.

The Landlord and Tenant Commission, better known as the Devon Commission, was set to work. It might have done some good, had it not been entirely managed by landlords; the tenants, the principal parties concerned, were left out.

The following letters conclude the series written to Dr MacHale:—

(Strictly Confidential.)

“MERRION SQUARE, 19th Feb. 1845.

“MY REVERED LORD,—I am exceedingly alarmed at the coming prospect. I am truly afraid that the Ministerial plans are about to throw more power into the hands of the supporters of the Bequests

Bill. A fatal liberalism is but too prevalent, and these pseudo-liberals are exceedingly anxious to have an opportunity of assailing the party of the sincere and practical Catholics as being supporters of narrow and bigoted doctrines. I should not take the liberty of troubling your Grace with a letter, if I were not deeply alarmed lest the friends of truly Catholic education should be out-manceuvred by their enemies. What those enemies most desire is, that a premature movement should be made on our part. They say—and I fear the public would, and perhaps ought to, go with them—that to attack Peel's plan before that plan was announced and developed, would be to show a disposition inimical to education, and a determination not to be satisfied with any concession. I do not wish to give our enemies any pretext for avoiding the real question that may, and perhaps *must*, arise by any by-battle as to the time of commencing our attack—that is to say, if we shall find it necessary to attack at all. I say this, because however strongly I believe that we shall have occasion to attack, yet that occasion cannot arise legitimately until the plan is known in all its details. It is possible, though not very probable, that the appointment of professors to instruct the Catholic youth may be given to the Catholic prelates; and in that case, though the principle of exclusive Catholic education may not apply, yet I should think there could be no objection to Protestants attending the classes, if all the professors were nominated by the canonical authorities of the Catholic Church.

“Besides, by waiting until the plan is out, and known in its details, we shall have an opportunity of attacking its defects without leaving any room for a charge of hostility to education generally. I do, therefore, most respectfully and with perfect humility suggest to your Grace, whether it be not the wisest course not to make any attack upon academical institutions until we know what those institutions are to be. I need not inform your Grace that my own opinion is decidedly favourable to the education of Catholics being exclusively committed to Catholic authority.

“I hope and trust your Grace will have the goodness to excuse this intrusion upon you. What I am anxious about is to prevent

our antagonists from having any advantage as to the *period* of the discussion, or to any collateral circumstance extrinsic of the real merits.

"I have the honour to be, revered Lord, of your Grace the most faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"The Archbishop of Tuam."

(*Private.*)

"LONDON, 21st June 1845.

"MY EVER-REVERED LORD,—My heart is heaving and my fears are great, lest seduction should accomplish what force and fraud have failed to achieve. But my confidence is unshaken in the wisdom and virtue of our prelates. Why, then, do I write? Because I wish to disburthen myself of *two facts*. THE FIRST, that Sir Francis Graham's *amendments* make the bill worse, simply by increasing and extending the power and dominion of the Government, or of persons appointed by and also removable *at will* by that Government, over a wider space, and over more important and more delicate matters, including perhaps *all* religious details. The SECOND FACT is, that if the prelates take and continue in a high, firm, and unanimous tone, the *Ministry will yield*. Believe me that they are ready to yield. You have everything in *your own power*. By *your*, of course, I mean the prelates, or the majority of them.

"You will have from the Ministry abundance of words, sweet words and solemn promises. If however, then, by just caution on the part of the prelates, THEY CAN DICTATE THEIR OWN TERMS, the danger is that the prelates, judging of others by themselves, will disbelieve in designed deceit, and so yield to empty promises, that which could ensure, if withheld for a while, substantial performance.

"My object is that your Grace should know to a certainty that the game is in *our* hands if the prelates stand firm—as I most respectfully believe they will—to all the Church sanctions relative to Catholic education.

"I mark this letter '*private*,' merely because I do not wish to

have it appear in the newspapers. If the facts I mention are of use, you can use them.

"Pray pardon my intrusion.

"I have the honour to be, with the most profound veneration, my revered Lord, of your Grace the most devoted humble servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Tuam."

"DARRYNANE ABBEY, 12th August 1845.

"MY REVERED AND LOVED LORD,—Many and many hearty thanks for your kind letter and the suggestions it contains. I am preparing my answer to the Most Rev. Dr Murray. It ought to be considerate and most courteous, without betraying any want of proper firmness. I do not know whether I shall succeed in writing such a letter, and I anxiously hope that, at all events, you will not be displeased with what I shall write. It would be to me a cruel punishment to merit your disapprobation.

"I have the honour to be, with profound veneration and esteem, revered Lord, your most respectful attached servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Most Rev. the Archbishop of Tuam."

"KILLARNEY, 7th October 1845.

"MY REVERED LORD,—I had the honour to receive an invitation from your Grace for Saturday, and have the greatest pleasure in accepting. I will, I trust, wait on your Grace by four in the afternoon of Saturday. It will, I know, be necessary to leave Tuam very early on Sunday. I can offer your Grace *two* seats in my carriage to Castlebar.

"We have had a glorious meeting here. Meeting and banquet were gloriously and most usefully carried out.

"I have the honour to be, with profound respect, of your Grace the most faithful, humble servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"The Archbishop of Tuam."

"BRITISH HOTEL, JERMYN STREET, LONDON,
Friday, 27th February 1846.

"MY REVERED LORD,—I have only time to acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's letter, and to enclose you a cheque for £250.⁴ Any one you give it to will get money for it at the Tuam Bank. Will you be so good as to answer this letter, acknowledging receipt with its contents, without further specification.

"I have the honour to be, with profound respect, of your Grace the most faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"To His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, Ireland."

"30 MERRION SQUARE, DUBLIN, 15th April 1846.

"MY EVER-REVERED LORD,—Excuse me for giving you the trouble of procuring the enclosed £50 to be distributed among the wretched tenants of Ballynglass.

"I received the money in London in an anonymous letter, written to me to be applied to those evicted tenants—I mean the Ballynglass tenants, 207 in number; a very small sum for each; but my mission will be fulfilled when I procure the distribution.

"I know not how to do so, unless your Grace assist me. It strikes me that your secretary can easily discover the parish priest, and procure him to take charge of the distribution.

"In respect to the Mayo election, nothing can be more satisfactory than your Grace's letter; nothing but the strictest economy could keep down the expenses to the sum which your Grace mentions. It was indeed a great triumph, at very little comparative cost. It was a bold undertaking, and would have been fatal if unsuccessful. Your Grace's energy, and all-commanding influence, aided by the patriotic clergy, have achieved the most valuable triumph for Ireland since the Clare election.

"There will be some little delay in the payment of the balance; but it will be as short as possible.

⁴ Mr O'Connell—£250 Election Fund.

"As your Grace is coming to town in a week, I will leave with my daughter, Mrs Ffrench, a cheque for your Grace for £128. It will be in a sealed letter, and if you will take the trouble of sending to P. V. Fitzpatrick to procure for you a letter left by me with Mrs Ffrench, he will take care to hand your Grace the letter; but, as it is no affair of his, he need not know anything more about it than merely getting the letter and handing it to your Lordship.

"With respect to the balance, you may rely upon its being paid in three weeks. I hope the short delay will not prove inconvenient.

"I have the honour to be, with profound respect, my revered Lord, of your Grace the most faithful servant, DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Tuam."

"MERRION SQUARE, 24th December 1846.

"MY EVER-REVERED LORD,—I have not as yet had any reply from Mr Redington. I write, however, to say, that as far as my opinion goes, I should much approve of the idea your Grace has thrown out, of writing yourself to that gentleman. It would be the mode most likely to contribute to success.

"I have the honour to be, with profound veneration, of your Grace the devoted servant, DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"The Lord Archbishop of Tuam."

"MERRION SQUARE, DUBLIN, 26th December 1846.

"MY REVERED LORD,—I have this moment received the enclosed private note from the Lord-Lieutenant. I know that no secrecy is violated in allowing you to read it; besides, I wish that you should have the satisfaction of knowing how promptly his Excellency has taken up your complaint. I have but one moment to write, and, therefore, only request of your Grace to return me the enclosed as soon as you have read it.

"I have the honour to be, with profound respect, of your Grace the devoted servant, DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam."

Davis died in 1845, and O'Connell mourned for him deeply, though they had been so opposed. In writing of this event, he seemed to anticipate his own speedy end, and even then, though he knew it not, the softening of the brain, of which he died, had already commenced.⁵

In September 1845, O'Connell visited Cashel, where he received an extraordinary ovation, at which it was estimated a hundred thousand persons assisted. Fifteen thousand men were mustered in one place alone, on horseback.

The famine blight fell on Ireland at the close of this year. O'Connell at once saw what should be done, not, indeed, to avert the calamity, it could not be averted, but to meet it. At the very moment when the Irish were starving by thousands, Irish grain was being imported to England. Plans were made and unmade, suggestions were made and objected to. As O'Connell said, and said truly—

“So we have got scientific men from England! It appears that they would not answer unless they came from England!—just as if we had not men of science in abundance in Ireland, ay, of a higher order and more fitted for the duties than any Saxon they could send over. There must be something English mixed up in the thing; even in an inquiry, involving perhaps the life and death of millions, anti-national prejudices must be indulged in and the mixing-stick of English rule introduced. Well, they have given us two reports—these scientific men have; and what is the value of them? Of

⁵ “I, of course,” he wrote, “in the few years, if years they be, still left to me, cannot expect to look upon his like again, or to see the place he has left vacant adequately filled up.”

what practical use will they be to the people? I read them over and over again in the hope of finding something suggestive of a remedy, and, so help me Heaven!—I don't mean to swear—if I could find anything in the reports by these scientific men, unless that they knew not what to say! They suggest a thing, and then show a difficulty; again, a suggestion is made which comes invested with another difficulty; and then they are 'your very humble servants!' Oh! my Lord Mayor, one single peck of oats—one bushel of wheat—ay, one boiled potato—would be better than all their reports."

Terrible and horrible as the details of that famine are, they would have been yet more terrible, yet more horrible, but for the generosity and the good common sense of some few private individuals, and, above all, of the members of the Society of Friends. While Government talked about plans, and sent out commissions, they acted; and if they could not stay the famine plague, they alleviated it in some little measure. The *Times'* commissioner, overlooking the utter destitution of other parts of Ireland which ought to have been prospering, attacked O'Connell for not making his tenants prosperous. Hatred of O'Connell, and the utter incompetence of such individuals to understand the country, however much they may "interview" the people, proved the fertile source of misrepresentation. O'Connell had done much for his ancestral property; to say that he might have done more, was to forget that his public occupations were such as had rarely fallen to the lot of any other man. Undoubtedly, no amount of public occupation is an excuse for the neglect of home duties, but it may be pleaded as an extenuating circumstance.

An article was written in the *Nation* at the close of 1845, which was also the cause of much pain to the aged Liberator. He was accused of being the author by those who were probably well aware that he had never written a line of it, or seen a line of it, until it was given to the public. For this article Gavan Duffy was tried and acquitted; yet excited by the wicked and cruel suggestion of the Duke of Cambridge, O'Connell spoke boldly himself at the Repeal Association, in his last speech in Ireland.

“ ‘Ireland,’ said the Duke, ‘is not in so bad a state as has been represented. . . . I understand,’ continued his Highness, ‘that rotten potatoes and sea-weed, or even grass, properly mixed, afford a very wholesome and nutritious food. We all know that Irishmen can live upon anything, and there is plenty of grass in the fields even if the potato crop should fail!’— ‘There,’ said O'Connell, ‘is the son of a king!—the brother of a king!—the uncle of a monarch!—there is his description of Ireland for you! Oh, why does he think thus of the Irish people? Perhaps he has been reading Spenser, who wrote at a time when Ireland was not put down by the strong arm of force or defeated in battle—because she never was defeated—but when the plan was laid down to starve the Irish nation. For three years every portion of the crop was trampled down by the hoofs of the horses of mounted soldiery; for three years the crops were destroyed, and human creatures were found lying behind ditches, with their mouths green by eating sorrel and the grass of the field! The Duke of Cambridge, I suppose, wishes that we should have such scenes again enacted in this country. And is it possible that in the presence of some of the most illustrious nobility of England, that royal personage should be found to utter horrors of this description? I will go over to England to see what they intend to do for the Irish—whether they are of opinion that the Irish are to feed on

grass or eat mangel-wurzel. If that should be attempted—and may God avert the possibility of the occurrence—I do not hesitate to say it would be the duty of every man to die with arms in his hands.’”

As one man the vast assembly rose and cheered the suggestion to the echo.

O’Connell looked his last look at the Irish shore on the 26th of January 1846. By a most curious coincidence he was accompanied by a parish priest and a Protestant clergyman from the south of Ireland, who were going over together to collect or rather to obtain food for their starving people. These two devoted men worked together and lived together in London for some days, and by their united exertions obtained the despatch of several shiploads of food for their dying parishioners. The priest was a near relative of the Liberator, but the circumstance of the sailing in the same ship was accidental. It was indeed a fitting conclusion to O’Connell’s noble life, to his life spent in promoting peace, in trying to unite the Irish people, in trying to persuade them to bury their religious differences in oblivion.

In all his sufferings O’Connell still worked for Ireland; but he was terribly distressed by the news which came from his unhappy country. Death and disease were doing their awful work, and mowing down thousands and thousands of the brave and true men, of the pure and good women, who had loved O’Connell as a hero, and honoured him as a

saint. The Young Ireland party had openly separated from O'Connell's followers. Mr John O'Connell made a fruitless effort to reconcile these differences, nevertheless Smith O'Brien and his party marched out of Conciliation Hall, and left him weeping bitterly.

The last blow which crushed O'Connell was the rejection of Lord George Bentinck's bill to empower Government to lend sixteen millions to the Irish railway companies. This would at once have given employment to the starving people, and would have paved the way for the future development of the industrial resources of Ireland. Two days after the rejection of the bill, it was rumoured that O'Connell was dead. He was not dead, but he was seriously ill, and what was still more painful, he was terribly dejected. Probably, the oppression on his brain, which had already commenced, added its share to the other causes which bowed down the giant intellect, and depressed the once vigorous and hopeful mind.

It was proposed, at first, that O'Connell should return to Ireland, but a warmer climate was suggested by his physicians, and he was himself most anxious to take a pilgrimage to Rome, probably with the hope of ending his life in the sacred city.

"His days," writes an intimate friend, "were evidently drawing to a close. His voice was broken, hollow, and occasionally quite inaudible; his person was debilitated; the vigour of his eloquence was gone, and his appearance was that of one who, destined soon to

descend into the grave, makes the last feeble rally of his fainting powers in performance of a duty to his country.

“His indisposition now daily increased. If his mind could have been soothed by the attentions of the great, he possessed that species of consolation ; nobles and ministers of State made daily inquiry at his hotel. Nay, even royalty once or twice paid him a similar compliment.

“His physicians advised him to try a milder climate.

“Prior to quitting England for the Continent, he sojourned for several days at Hastings. While he stayed there he was visited by three of the most distinguished of the Oxford converts. Those gentlemen stated ‘that their visit was not made for the mere purpose of compliment or condolence ; but, in order that they might have the pleasure of personally assuring him that the religious change which they, and numerous others, had made, was ascribable, under God, to *his* political labours, which had in the first instance attracted their attention to the momentous questions at issue between Protestants and Catholics. The inquiry that originated thus, ended in a conviction of the truth of Catholicity.’ He was pleased at this intelligence ; his spirits rallied, and he conversed with his new friends for nearly an hour with the point and vivacity that had characterised him in the days of his vigour.”

On Monday, the 21st of March 1847, O’Connell took a final farewell of his old and tried friends ; and embarked for Boulogne, escorted to the pier by gazing crowds, whose countenances were expressive of a mixture of curiosity and sympathy. The passage to Boulogne was short, and the distinguished invalid on his arrival was greeted with marks of public courtesy similar to those which had attended his departure from England. When he arrived at the Hôtel de Bains, many persons left their cards ; and a polite in-

visitation to an entertainment, which was given on that evening by the British residents in Boulogne, was forwarded to Mr O'Connell and his friends, but the state of the Liberator's health rendered his acceptance of the compliment impossible. On taking his departure the following morning, the court-yard of the hotel contained many spectators, both French and English, who all uncovered their heads as he passed to the carriage. There was something very touching in this mute homage.

At Paris he consulted Professor Chomel and Dr Oliffe, who considered that his weakness arose from slow congestion of the brain. From Paris to Lyons, the journey occupied twelve days, as the invalid was obliged to stop at Nevers, Moulins, and Lapalisse. When at Lyons, he called in Professor Bonnet, who also expressed his opinion that congestion of the brain had set in. Nevertheless, the professor pronounced "*that his patient's understanding was perfectly clear;*" it was, however, "little active, and the mind was a continual prey to sad reflections." M. Bonnet's description of O'Connell's appearance and condition at this period, as given by Dr Lacour, is full of melancholy interest:—

"His weakness was so great, that he believed it incompatible with life, and he constantly had the presentiment of approaching death. The arms were slow in their movements; the right trembled continually, and the right hand was cold, and could be warmed with difficulty, although

he wore very thick gloves. The left foot was habitually colder than the right. He walked without difficulty, but his step was slow and faltering. His face had grown thin, and his look proclaimed an inexpressible sadness; the head hung upon the breast, and the entire person of the invalid, formerly so imposing, was greatly weighed down. He said to M. Bonnet, who regarded him with visible emotion, 'I am but the shadow of what I was, and I can scarcely recognise myself.' "

M. Bonnet recommended that the sorrowful ideas which pre-occupied the mind of the invalid should be removed by every possible means—a recommendation, alas! more easily given than realised.

The severity of the weather at Lyons confined O'Connell to the house, thereby depriving him of whatever relief might have been afforded by outdoor exercise.

During the journey O'Connell had hitherto evinced great listlessness and mental abstraction. Crowds followed him everywhere, testifying their reverence for his genius and his services, and their sympathetic sorrow for his sufferings. He passed along, heedless of their demonstrations, and scarcely conscious of their presence. Distinguished personages presented complimentary addresses, which at another period would have gratified him; but he now received them with apathy, and almost in total silence; his thoughts, apparently, far away from all such topics—pre-occupied, doubtless, by the rapid approach of his own

dissolution. To a gentleman who tried to cheer him by expressing a hope of his recovery, he answered, "Do not deceive yourself; I may not live three days."

On the 22d of April O'Connell left Lyons at noon, and reached Valence at five in the evening. The comparative mildness of the temperature afforded him some transient relief. On the 24th he left Valence for Avignon, where his friends were led to form fallacious hopes of his recovery by the rapid improvement which took place. "The invalid," says Dr Lacour, "took an active part in all our conversations." On the 3d of May, at Marseilles, "he conversed in the evening with a vigour and gaiety that he had not displayed since his departure from England." A delusive flash, alas! to be speedily followed by death.

On the 6th the illustrious traveller arrived at Genoa, where, for the first two days, his health still presented an improved appearance. On the third day he complained of a violent pain in the head. Other symptoms of a very alarming nature dispelled the hopes his friends had begun to cherish. His physicians were embarrassed by his positive refusal to swallow any medicine, "even the most simple."

O'Connell was accompanied and attended by a faithful servant, who, strange to say, died eventually as porter in a workhouse. His narrative of O'Connell's last days⁶ cannot

⁶ The writer is indebted to the Rev. John O'Hanlon, a Catholic priest, and a most accomplished writer, for this copy of Duggan's narrative.

fail to be read with singular interest, and has never been published before :—

“[Title on outside of manuscript] ‘John Duggan’s Notes relating to the last illness of Daniel O’Connell, Esq., M.P., A.D. 1847. PHYSICIANS’ PRESCRIPTIONS.’

“[Page 1 has the heading] ‘John Duggan, Arles, 1st May 1847’ [in his own hand, then follows by the Rev. J. O’Hanlon].

“Daniel O’Connell’s ‘faithful Duggan,’ at present porter in the South Dublin Union Workhouse, presented me with the following interesting Notes, compiled by him during the last days of the illustrious Liberator. He told me he had a number of other notices of O’Connell’s sayings and doings taken at the time of their occurrence; but that the latter, loose memoranda, are now lost or destroyed. He has various *keepsakes*, objects formerly belonging to the greatest Irishman our country ever produced. Duggan made me a present also of the *pencil* used by O’Connell in taking notes on the last occasion he ever sat in the British House of Commons, and the steel pen and holder used by the great Tribune in London before his last departure for the Continent.

“JOHN O’HANLON, C.C.

“DUBLIN, S.S. MICHAEL AND JOHN’S, March 14, 1862.”

“[Then follows in Duggan’s writing] :—

“MARCH 1847.

“Monday 22.—Sailed in *Prince Ernest* steamer, from Folkestone for Boulogne, at 11.48 A.M.; twenty-nine miles, two and a

The original is now placed in the archives of the Royal Irish Academy. The copy, as given above, was made for this work by the Rev. Maxwell Close, a Protestant clergyman, and member of the Royal Irish Academy, to whom we are under many obligations. There is no alteration either in the spelling or the mode of expression. The observations in brackets are by the Rev. M. Close, as it is matter of interest to have such a MS. given to the public literally.

half hours. One hour and a half in the Customhouse. Hôtel des Baines, four o'clock. Fares, 8s. and 6s.

"Tuesday 23.—Started at 12.15 A.M. Samer, Cormont, Montrueil; fifteen, nine, thirteen = thirty-seven kilometres. Dinner.

"Wednesday 24.—Left at 11.15 A.M. Namport, fourteen; Bernay, nine; Nouvion, seven; Abbeville, thirteen = forty-three kilometres. Arrived at three o'clock.

"Thursday 25.—Left by railway for Amiens. Forty-five kilometres in two hours.

"Friday 26.—Left Amiens by rail for Paris at 11.30 o'clock. Seventy-eight miles in three and a half hours. Arrived at the Hotel Windsor at four o'clock. The luggage was not searched, through compliment to Mr O'Connell.

"Saturday 27.—Thomas Hall called on Mr [O'Connell evidently omitted; on second thoughts, *Mr* may be *me*].

"Sunday 28.—Paris. Seen the two Miss Conyngham's in the street.

"Monday 29.—Paris. Mrs Conyngham, at her own request, was introduced by me to Mr O'Connell, as also Miss Conyngham. Mrs Conyngham said I was the best nurse-tender in the world, and that I had nurse-tended her father for years. Drs Comel and Ollive are the physicians attending Mr O'Connell, and Mr Stephens, Rue Neuve, Luxembourg, the dentist.

"Left Paris for Orleans, by rail, after dinner, at 4 o'clock P.M.

"Tuesday 30.—To Port aux Moines, 13; Chateau Neuf, 13; Auyoer [?], twenty-three. Gien; slept.

"Wednesday 31.—Left Gien at 1.30 P.M. Briare, eighteen; Newvy, 14. Slept, &c.

"APRIL.

"Thursday 1.—Three stages to-day. Cosne, fourteen; Pouilly, fifteen; La Charité, thirteen—slept.

"To Pognes, thirteen; Nevers, twelve kilometres.

"Saturday 3.—Nevers. Snow the last three nights.

"East. 4.—Nevers. Mass in the hotel.

"Monday 5.—Left for Magney, eleven; St Pierre, 8; St Imbert, ten; Valleneuve, twelve; Moulins, fifteen—slept. The peasantry have the most extraordinary bonnets I ever saw.

"Tuesday 6.—Bessay, fifteen; Varennes, fifteen—slept.

"Wednesday 7.—To Gerand le Puy, eleven; La Palisse, ten.

"Thursday 8.—La Palisse [one].

"Friday 9.—Started for Droituriere, eight; St Martin, seven; La Pacandiere, eight; St Germain, twelve; Roanne, twelve—slept. Last year a great part of this town was destroyed by the overflowing of the Loire, bridges and houses being swept away.

"Saturday 10.—Left for St Symphorien, seventeen; Pain Bouchain, fifteen; Tarare, twelve—slept.

"Sunday 11.—Went to seven o'clock mass. You are accommodated with a chair for five cents. Started for Arnas, eleven; Salvagny, nineteen; Lyons, fourteen. The road yesterday winding through a mountainous district, the highest pass being 3000 feet above the sea, being cultivated to the highest summit, vines and fruit-trees. They are most careful of the water, stopping it in every hollow for irrigating the grass lands.

"Lyons, Hotel de l'Univers, kept by Messrs Glover and Vuffray. They have been servants. Dr Viricel and Surgeon Bonny, Mr O'Connell's medical attendants. Frost and snow for several days.

"19 [No day of week].—Mr O'Connell made a promise to me that, should he ever recover, he would mark his gratitude to me in a way I little thought of or expected, and that I should be for ever independent of servitude. He interrupted Dr Miley, in conversation with Dr Viricel, to repeat over again to him the same promise a second time, and binding himself thereto. The above came entirely from himself, without a single observation from me. Such promise signifies but little, for I have signed the will and codicils which, of course, exclude me in participation of any benefit arising from them.

"21.—Give, as my decided opinion, Mr O'Connell had passed the

crisis, and that he would be gaining ground every day, although slowly he would still be gaining.

"Thursday 22.—After a stay of eleven days, left Lyons at 10.11 A.M. by the Rhone to Valence, in five hours. Dr Lacour came as Mr O'Connell's medical doctor attendant.

"Friday 23.—Remained at Valence.

"Saturday 24.—Left for Avignon by the steamboat—arrived in six hours.

"25.—Mass in the house. Hôtel de l'Europe good. Nt. from Lyons, 135 miles, eleven hours in two days. [thus]

"29.—After remaining five days at the city of the Popes, left by the steamer for Arles; three hours steaming, but detained for six hours unloading and taking in merchandise.

"Friday 30.—Remain at Arles, the ancient Rome of Gaul. I seen the Roman amphitheatre to-day, which remains very perfect, considering the length of time since its foundation, and the soft stone it is constructed off, and which is cut with hatchets and saws. Also the remains of a splendid theatre, the pit and seats for the audience being quite perfect. And the Necropolis with some hundreds of stone coffins disinterred, with covers quite perfect. They seem to be raising others, where they are piled in, thick as paving-stones. Seen a great number of lizards amongst the stone coffins that are remaining in their original position.

"MAY.

"Saturday 1.—Arles. The wind too high to sail by the steamer.

"Sunday 2.—Left Arles at 9.30 A.M. by steamer for Marseilles—5 hours; went to the Hôtel de l'Orient.

"Wednesday 5.—Sailed at five o'clock P.M. in the *Lombard*, for Genoa, in 21.30 hours on Thursday.

"6.—Went to the Hôtel Feder. Snow on the mountains along the Bay of Genoa; remained 7th and 8th. Mr O'Connell went out in the carriage.

"Sunday 9.—Mass in the hotel. Mr O'Connell had a bad night

from the effects of an injection administered by Dr Lacour last night.

"Monday 10.—No better. Leeches applied ; eat nothing to-day nor yesterday.

"Tuesday 11.—Worse to-day. No food.

"Wednesday 12.—No better. No food. Leeches to back of his ears.

"Thursday 13.—Same. Same last—his voice almost gone—delirious.

"Friday 14.—Blister to back of his head, 10.30 A.M. Delirious, his voice scarcely audible. Bled in the arm, eight o'clock P.M.

"Saturday 15.—Extreme unction, three A.M. Cataplasms on his thighs and back, 9.30 A.M. Leeches on the temples at four o'clock P.M.

[“On some letter paper inserted into the book Duggan’s handwriting.]

"Sunday, May 9.—Repeatedly said he could not live after the effects of the enema ; to be sure not to forget the message for Mr Morgan ; the Cyclopædia Britannica ; and the teeth for Mr Brophy, &c. Had a bad night, and restless all the day.

"Monday 10.—Duggan, you are the only person I can depend on, do not let me be buried until after I am dead ; has taken a dislike to the French doctor ; would not see the Italian ; quite soothed in conversation with Dr Duff. Leeches. No food to-day nor yesterday.

"Tuesday 11.—At twelve o'clock asked me had Mr Wise brought forward his motion, and who seconded it. That Wise was mad, and to call him should there be a division. No food ; worse to-day.

"Wednesday 12.—Not better. Not to let the Frenchman come near him, for that he gave him something that burned his mouth and throat. Leeches to back of the ears. No food.

"Thursday 13.—Voice scarcely audible. Took my hands and bade me farewell several times ; do not let them bury me til after I am dead. Incoherent. No sustenance.

"Friday 14.—Worse. Blister back of the head. Bled.

"Saturday 15.—Voice almost gone; called me by name several times in course of the morning. The cataplasms made him uncomfortable; he said I should take them off. [End of inserted paper—the book proceeds.]

"Saturday 15.—Died without a struggle at 9.30 P.M. He took no food since Saturday last. I said nothing to Dr Miley of the promises made to me, should Mr O'Connell return home.

"Sunday 16.—Mr O'Connell's body taken to the hospital at 9.30 o'clock P.M.

"Monday 17.—Left my measure for mourning; posted a letter for Eliza, and one for J. Conlon—paid 2s. 8d.

"Tuesday 18.—Inactive—blue devils all day.

"Wednesday 19.—The body laid out in the church, and High Mass at twelve o'clock. Dr Miley, Mr Dean, and I attended. [I believe what I read as Mr *Dean* is Mr *Dan*—see below.]

"Saturday 22.—Sailed from Genoa in *Lombard* at eight o'clock P.M.; arrived at Leghorn in eight hours. Went on shore by seven o'clock. Dr Miley said mass at one of the churches. Returned to breakfast to the Hotel du Nord at nine o'clock; started by the eleven o'clock train for Pisa.

"Sunday 23.—Seen the Cathedral, Cemetery, Tower, and Baptistery. Returned by the one o'clock train. Dined, and sailed at six o'clock by the *Lombard*. Arrived at Civita Vecchia in ten hours.

"Monday 24.—Breakfasted; mass in the church. Started for Rome at a quarter to eleven A.M. Stopped two hours for dinner and to refresh the horses. Seen a great many fire-flies for the first time. Arrived at the Hotel Melouni at a quarter to eleven P.M. [Melouni thus spelled here.]

"Tuesday 25.—Walked out for a short turn, but the heat being so intense, was obliged to return. Mr Meloni took me in his carriage to St Peter's at six o'clock.

"Wednesday 26.—Walked out after dinner; two o'clock found out the amphitheatre, the Forum, and the Pantheon, without asking

a question. Went to an amphitheatre at six o'clock. Drama in the open air in the same circular form as the Coliseum.

"JUNE 28—ROME.

"Grand Requiem Mass at St Andrews' for Mr O'Connell's repose with an oration by the Padre Ventura.

"30.—A second mass, with the continuation of the oration.

"JULY.

"1.—Left Rome at six o'clock P.M.—travelled all night.

"2.—Mr Dan, bilious attack at Rodificani. I slept in his room.

"3.—Able to go on at two P.M. Slept a [at ?] Sienne.

"Sunday 4.—Started from Sienne at twelve o'clock; in Florence at seven P.M.

"6.—I left in the *Diligence* for Leghorn at seven A.M.—arrived at one P.M.

"7.—No boat for Genoa yesterday. Started at six o'clock by the *Nuova Columba* (a dirty boat and a robbing crew); arrived at five A.M. [End of Duggan's writing.]

["Written by Rev. J. O'H.] Duggan heard O'Connell state to a gentleman on a certain occasion, that within O'Connell's memory, whilst living at Darrynane, the sea-weeds thrown on the shore differed in character and species at different periods. This was attributed by O'Connell to a change in the direction of the gulf stream in the Atlantic.

J. O'H.

["Six prescriptions are pasted in the end of the book."]

O'Connell was accompanied on this last journey by two of his sons and by his chaplain Dr Miley. During his short stay in Paris he was presented with an address by the Count de Montalembert, from which it is evident that he learned to appreciate O'Connell more as years advanced. He said:

"Your glory is not only Irish, it is Catholic. Wherever Catholics begin anew to practise civic virtues and devote themselves to the conquest of their civic rights, it is your work. Wherever religion tends to emancipate itself from the thralldom in which several generations of sophists and logicians have placed it, to you, after God, is religion indebted. May that thought fortify you—revive you in your infirmities, and console you in the afflictions with which your patriotic heart is now overwhelmed. The wishes of Catholic France will accompany you in your pilgrimage to Rome. The day of your meeting with Pius IX.—when the greatest and most illustrious Christian of our age shall kneel at the feet of a Pontiff who recalls to our recollections the most brilliant period of Church history—a truly momentous event in the history of our time will take place. If, in that instant of supreme emotion, your heart should entertain a thought not absorbed by Ireland and Rome, remember us; the homage of the affection, respect, and devotion of the Catholics of France for the chief of the Church, could not be better placed than on the lips of the Catholic Liberator of Ireland."

O'Connell's reply was necessarily brief:

"'Gentlemen,' he said, 'sickness and emotion close my lips. I should require the eloquence of your president (Montalembert) to express to you all my gratitude. But it is impossible for me to utter all I feel. Know, simply, that I regard this demonstration on your part as one of the most significant events of my life.'"

Thousands of persons called at his hotel, but he was quite unable to receive visitors. Mr Berryer was one of the favoured few. At Lyons public services were made in all the churches for his recovery. On the 15th of May, Dr Miley wrote from Genoa—

"The Liberator is not better; he is worse—ill as ill can be. At two o'clock this morning I found it necessary to send for the Viaticum and the holy oil. Though it was the dead of night, the Car-

dinal Archbishop (he is eighty-eight years old), attended by his clerics and several of the faithful, carried the adorable Viaticum with the solemnities customary in Catholic countries, and reposed it in the tabernacle which we had prepared in the chamber of the illustrious sufferer. Though prostrate to the last degree, he was perfectly in possession of his mind whilst receiving the last rites. The adorable name of Jesus, which he had been in the habit of invoking, was constantly on his lips with trembling fervour. His thoughts have been entirely absorbed by religion since his illness commenced. For the last forty hours he will not open his lips to speak of anything else. The doctors still say they have hope. I have none. All Genoa is praying for him. I have written to Rome. Be not surprised if I am totally silent as to our own feelings. It is poor Daniel who is to be pitied more than all."

The *Times*' correspondent said in a letter, dated Genoa, May 18:—Towards three P.M. on Sunday, Mr O'Connell called his own man, and taking him warmly by both hands, to acknowledge the rare fidelity with which he had served him, he said, "As yet I am—I am, not dying;" but two mornings later, he called for Dr Miley, and said, "I am dying, my dear friend." His fear of being buried alive was singular and painful. More than once he earnestly entreated those around him to beware lest such a fearful catastrophe should occur. His serenity and patience in agonising pain was remarked by all who had the sad privilege of attending him. The holy name of Jesus, the *Memento-rare* and verses from the Psalms, were constantly on his lips. He had well known, and loved, and practised his religion during life; it was now his consolation in death. "St Liguori's Preparation for Death," was found after his

decease with marks of long and constant use. He was, indeed, too wise a man not to prepare himself well for his emancipation from the death of human life to the birth of unending existence. He who had been the instrument in the hands of God to obtain the liberation of millions of God's children from the chains which held them from the free exercise of their religion, as far as human chains could hold, he surely of all men could say with confidence—*Liberavi animam meam.*

His death was peace. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Since he passed from the stormy life in which it had been his duty to live and to work, with the holy name of the Saviour upon his lips, and invoking, in that month dedicated to the Mother of God, her protecting care.

But the Catholic Church does not leave her children even when they cease to breathe on earth. She passes with them through the dark portals of the grave; she waits by them in those regions of pain where all human dross is purged and refined so as by fire, where the awful justice of God lays its hand upon the soul, not in anger, but in mercy, to purify it for the Divine presence.

By night and by day the faithful watched by the dead man's bier, some crying out, in the bitterness of their hearts, because the light of their life was quenched—

“Heu mihi, quia incolutus meus prolongatus est;”

and others saying for him, and for their own poor souls, in

anticipation of that dread summons which must come to them also—

“*Domine, secundum actum meum, noli me judicare; nihil dignum in conspectu tuo egi: ideo deprecor magistratam tuam: ut tu Deus deleas iniquitatem meam.*

“*Libera me, Domine, de morte æterna, in die illa tremenda, quando cœli movendi sunt et terra, dum veneris judicare sæculum per ignem. Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo dum discussio venerit atque ventura ira, quando cœli movendi sunt et terra,—dies illa, dies iræ, calamitas et miseræ, dies magna et amara valde, dum veneris judicare sæculum per ignem.*⁷

Friar, and monk, and nun, surrounded him, and prayed still for his eternal repose. Then they took him to the Church of Our Lady Delle Vigne, for she whom he had so honoured in life would have him still in her keeping after death; and they offered for him that adorable Sacrifice at which in life he assisted so fervently and so frequently; and they sang that grand old chaunt the *Dies Iræ*, the wail of souls beseeching their God to remember that He had died for them, and to pity and pardon them even while He punished and purified.⁸

The body had been embalmed previously, and the causes of disease were verified by the physicians. The heart was

⁷ Office for the Dead at Matins.

⁸ “*Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæculum in favilla;
Teste David cum Sybilla.*

Recordare Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,

deposited in an urn, as O'Connell had directed in his will, with this inscription :—

“Daniel O'Connell, natus Kerry, obiit Genuæ die 15 Maii 1847, ætatissuæ anno 72”—(Daniel O'Connell, born in Kerry, died on the 15th May 1847, in Genoa, in the 72d year of his age).

It was bequeathed to Rome—a touching memento of his life-long devotion to the See of Peter. This treasure was conveyed to its destination by Dr Miley and Mr D. O'Connell. When they arrived in Rome, they were presented to His Holiness Pius. IX. by Monsignore Cullen. “Since I had not the happiness of embracing the hero of Christianity,” exclaimed the Holy Father, “let me at least embrace his son. I have read,” he continued, “with extreme interest the accounts of his last moments: his death was indeed blessed.”

O'Connell's funeral obsequies were celebrated in Rome with the greatest pomp and magnificence. Artisans, sculptors, painters, and architects, were employed for a week in making preparation for the funeral ceremonies.

The students of the Irish College, with their venerated President, occupied the foremost place, and at the altar the mass was said for the repose of his soul. It was computed that from fourteen to fifteen thousand persons visited the

Ne me perdas illa die,
Quærens me sedisti lassus :
Redimisti, crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.”

basilica during the two days. The walls were emblazoned with texts of Scripture, which were an evidence of the honour in which O'Connell's memory was held by the Holy See, as well as of her appreciation of his life. These texts were indeed remarkably appropriate.⁹

Well might Father Miley say when writing to Ireland:—

"You can have no notion of the spirit with which the Roman people, properly so called, have combined to render this magnificent compliment to the Liberator of Catholic Ireland all that it should be. Nor is it alone that the mere echoes of his renown have told on the ears of this posterity of kings and martyrs; they have become indoctrinated with the great principles of our unequalled chief. If I may so express myself, they have become thoroughly Irish. They *now* know our position—the perils over which we have triumphed, the perils still more menacing which we have yet to overcome."

Thus, even in death, did O'Connell serve the land he loved so well.

⁹ "The cry of the children of Israel is come up unto me, and I have seen their afflictions wherewith they are oppressed by the Egyptians. But come and I will send thee, that thou mayest bring forth thy people" (Exod. iii. 9-11). "And God gave him wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart" (3 Kings iv. 29). "I was clad with justice, and I clothed myself with judgment as with a robe and a diadem. I was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame" (Job xxix. 14, 15). "He was directed by God unto the repentance of the nation, and he took away the abominations of wickedness; and he directed his heart towards the Lord, and in the days of sinners he strengthened godliness" (Eccles. xlix. 3, 4). "Where there is no governor the people shall fall" (Prov. ix. 14). "In his life he propped up the house, and in his days he fortified the temple" (Eccles. i. 1). "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John xv. 13).

His funeral sermon was preached by Father Ventura, who occupied four hours in delivering it. He has been called the Bossuet of Italy, and certainly for this only he has merited the name.

"Never yet," he said, in his grand and sonorous accents, "felt a sovereign towards his people, or a general towards his army, or ruler for his subjects, or pastor for his flock, nay, or father for his children, more deeply solicitous, more tender, or more generous, than O'Connell for his beloved countrymen. He loved but them. For them only he lived ; for them only he breathed."

And then, with a singular knowledge of Ireland, he added—

"Who is this, who, alternately blushing and trembling, advances with a hesitating step to the electoral booth? He is an unfortunate tenant and the father of a family, who being incarcerated for debt has, with a most cruel compassion, been promised his liberty by his creditor, the landlord, on condition that he should vote against O'Connell ; and now, affection for his desolate family overcoming his feeling of duty towards his country and its Liberator, he is ready to vote as he is required. But what feminine voice is that he hears? 'Unhappy man! what are you about doing? Remember your soul and liberty!' O woman! It was the voice of his wife—of that wife who preferred the victory of O'Connell to the liberation of her husband, or the comfort of her own children! Its accents recalled the unfortunate man to himself, and forgetting that he was both husband and father, he remembered only that he was a citizen. He recorded his vote for the Liberator, and tranquilly returned to his prison. Rapidly was the sublime exclamation of his magnanimous wife repeated from one end to the other of the Island of Saints. It was engraven on bronze, and inscribed on the banners of the then existing National Association. And well it deserved to be ; for it compendiously relates the whole history of this heroic

people, and expresses the feelings of the genuine Irish heart which, during three centuries, has sacrificed all to God and to its country—to religion and liberty.

“Imagine, therefore, if such a people could consent that their Liberator and the father of his country, who had sacrificed to Ireland all his private resources, his professional emoluments, and his repose, should not be supported by his country. Although the most Catholic, the most moral, courageous, and noble people in existence, they are also the poorest and most destitute; and if, by the most laborious toil, they can procure a bare sufficiency of potatoes for the support of life, they are more than satisfied—they are happy. Yet, nevertheless, O generous people! how willingly have you deprived yourselves of your last mouthful to add your mite to the tribute of your Liberator—a tribute thus swollen annually to the sum even of one hundred thousand crowns!

“By reason of this voluntary national tribute, Protestant insolence had assigned to him the title of ‘king of the beggars.’—Poor, miserable, and most pitiful fatuity, which, while intending to mock, actually did him honour. For what sovereignty is more beautiful than that whose tribute is not wrung from unwilling fear, but that is a voluntary, love-inspired offering? What sovereignty is more glorious than that whose sword is the pen, and whose single artillery the tongue; whose only courtiers are the poor, and its sole body-guard the affections of the people? What sovereignty more beneficial than that which, far from causing tears to flow, dries them; which, far from shedding blood, staunches it; which, far from immolating life, preserves it; which, far from pressing down upon the people, elevates them; which, far from forging chains, breaks them; and which always maintains order, harmony, and peace without ever inflicting the slightest aggression on liberty? Where is the monarch who would not esteem himself happy in reigning thus? Of such a sovereignty we may with truth say that which was said of Solomon’s—that none can equal its grandeur, its splendour, its glory, and its magnificence: *Rex pacificus magnificatus est super omnes reges terræ!* (3 Reg. x. 23).”

He concluded :—

“It was in pronouncing the most sweet names of Jesus and of Mary that at last was stilled and lost those powerful accents which had moved and shaken the universe—and then flew to heaven that grand and glorious spirit which had excited the admiration of the world. It was not permitted to him personally to appear at Rome. He came here, however, in spirit, and by his affectionate attachment, here too he died ; for his last dispositions were : ‘ My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, my soul to heaven ! ’ What bequests, what legacies are these ! What can be imagined at the same time more sublime and more pious than such a testament as this ? Ireland is his country, Rome is his Church, heaven is his God. God, the Church, and his country ; or, in other words, the glory of God, the liberty of the Church, the happiness of his country, such are the great ends of all his actions, such the noble objects, the only objects of his charity ! He loves his country, and therefore he leaves to it his body ; he loves still more the Church, and hence he bequeaths to it his heart ; and still more than the Church he loves God, and therefore confides to Him his soul.”

O’Connell’s remains were not removed to Ireland until August. Wherever they rested on the mournful journey special respect was paid to them. They arrived in Dublin in the *Duchess of Kent* steamer, and were received with almost royal honours. A sea-chapel had been erected on the deck, where prayers were offered during the voyage. The following words were engraved on the coffin-plate :—

“ DANIEL O’CONNELL,
Hiberniæ Liberator,
ad limina Apostolorum pergens
Die XV. Maii, anno MDCCCXLVII.
Genua obdormiit in Domino :
Vixit annos LXXI. menses IX. dies IX.
R. I. P.”

And so they bore him to his well-earned rest. What was it to him, then, that he was followed to his grave by thousands, that five prelates assisted at his obsequies in the cathedral church in Marlborough Street, Dublin, and that afterwards a magnificent monument was erected by a grateful people to his memory? The deeds that he did in life were of more importance to him now than all the honour that could be paid to him; and though it was fitting that a tower should be erected to his memory in Ireland, and rarely carved marble should commemorate him in Rome, he has a better monument, and one infinitely more durable, in the hearts of the people for whom he lived, for whom he died, and to whom he was truly the Liberator.

THE DEAD TRIBUNE.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY, ESQ.

“While the tree
Of freedom’s withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be,
The forum’s champion and the people’s chief.”

—BYRON.

THE awful shadow of a great man’s death
Falls on this land, so sad and dark before,—
Dark with the famine and the fever breath,
And mad dissensions gnawing at its core.
Oh ! let us hush foul discord’s maniac roar,
And make a mournful truce, however brief,
Like hostile armies when the day is o’er !—
And thus devote the night-time of our grief
To tears and prayers for him, the great departed chief.

In 'Genoa the superb' O'Connell dies—
That city of Columbus by the sea,
Beneath the canopy of azure skies,
As high and cloudless as his fame must be.
Is it mere chance or higher destiny
That brings these names together?—One the bold
Wanderer in ways that none had trod but he—
The other, too, exploring paths untold,—
One a new land would seek, and one would save the old!

With child-like incredulity we cry—
It cannot be that great career is run;
It cannot be but in the eastern sky
Again will blaze that mighty world-watched sun!
Ah! fond deceit! The east is dark and dun,
Death's black impervious cloud is in the skies;—
Toll the deep bell, and fire the evening gun,
Let honest sorrow moisten manly eyes:—
A glorious sun has set that never more shall-rise.

Brothers, who struggle yet in freedom's van,
Where'er your forces o'er the world are spread,
The last great champion of the rights of man—
The last great Tribune of the world is dead!
Join in our grief, and let our tears be shed
Without reserve or coldness on his bier:—
Look on his life as on a map outspread—
His fight for freedom—freedom far and near;
And if a speck should rise, oh! hide it with a tear!

To speak his praises little need have we—
To tell the wonders wrought within those waves;
Enough, so well he taught us to be free,
That even to him we could not kneel as slaves.

Oh ! let our tears be fast-destroying graves,
Where doubt and difference may for ever lie,
Buried and hid as in sepulchral caves :—
And let love's fond and reverential eye
Alone behold the star new risen in the sky !

But can it be that well-known form is stark ?
Can it be true that burning heart is chill ?
Oh ! can it be that twinkling eye is dark,
And that great thunder-voice is hushed and still ?
Never again upon the famous hill *
Will he preside as monarch of the land,
With myriad myriads subject to his will,—
Never again shall raise that powerful hand,
To rouse, to warm, to check, to kindle, and command !

The twinkling eye, so full of changeful light,
Is dimmed and darkened in a dread eclipse ;
The withering scowl—the smile so sunny bright,
Alike have faded from his voiceless lips ;
The words of power, the mirthful merry quips,
The mighty onslaught, and the quick reply,
The biting taunts that cut like stinging whips,
The homely truth, the lessons grave and high,
All—all are with the past, but cannot, shall not die !

* The Hill of Tara, where the greatest of "the monster meetings" were held.

APPENDIX.

NOTES TO PEDIGREE.

By Inquisition, taken at Tralee, 13th April 1613, Murrough O'Connell held Ballycarbery under Sir Valentine Browne.

(a), By Inquisition, held at Killarney, 27th September 1637, John O'Falvey, of Ballynehaw, is stated to have enfeoffed to Morris Fitz-Geoffry O'Connell, the lands of Ballynehaw and Towrure, barony of Iveragh, county Kerry, containing two carrucates of land. Maurice O'Connell, of Castlebornagh, was transplanted into Clare, where he received grants of land in the neighbourhood of Mount Callan, and in the barony of Burren. He also acquired lands by leases, made in trust for him, to his brother, John of Ashtown,* who was law-agent to the Marquis of Ormonde. In deeds in Registers of Deeds Office, he is described as of Culesegane, county Clare. At Ennis, before John Gore, J.P., on the 21st December 1666. Examination of Murtha O'Gripha, of Roosca, parish of Dyshart, barony Inchiquin, county Clare, friar of the Order of St Francis that he and his associates did erect a house at Roosca aforesaid, in Brantry, in said county, for officiating. Saith Flan Brody is the guardian and head of their convent, and that the place was given them by one Morice O'Connel, gent., for that use; and further, that said Flan went thence this morning to Morice O'Connel, knows not his business more than that he was to go thence to Lord Clare's; that they have lived at Roosca, and have their convent there for three years past, and are of the convent of Inish Clowrode. This convent was seized by Lord Carbery in 1666, as stated in a letter of his to the Duke of Ormonde.

(b), John O'Connell, of Ashtown, by deed of 27th and 28th May 1667, granted part of Ashtown to King Charles II. He is mentioned in the "Letters of the Earl of Orrery," vol. i. p. 141.

(c), 1690—Lieutenant-Colonel O'Connell's regiment, the King's Guards, held out in Munster for James II. after the battle of the Boyne. 1691—Lieutenant-Colonel O'Connell caused Tyrconnell to leave the camp at Athlone for trying to prevent the French from sending troops, and for trying to dispose the Irish to treat. Besides Colonel Maurice O'Connell, the following members of the family were officers in the army of King James II.:—John, Maurice's brother, slain at Derry (Lieutenant, King's Own Infantry); John, of Darrynane; Maurice, of Denmaniheen; Jeffrey, ensign; Morgan, captain; Teigue, ensign; —, quartermaster; Charles, lieutenant-colonel.

(d), So-called in his petition and case, but his name most probably was Rickard.

(e), John, Rickard, and John, heirs in remainder of John of Ashtown.

* Erroneously called Ashtower, in the petition of his great-grandson Richard.

(f), Of Rooskagh, county Clare. He and his mother (Katherine, widow of Geoffry, of Ballynehaw, and in deeds in Registry of Deeds Office, Dublin, called of Tarmons) are parties to several deeds of mortgage, &c. Rickard, who was known as "Lame Rick," having got through his ancestral estates in Kerry and Clare, died unmarried in London in 1739. On his death the Darrynane became the eldest branch of the O'Connells. He was not born till after the death of John of Ashtown.

(f), John O'Connell, of Darrynane, married Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher Conway, of Cloghane, county Kerry, seventh son of Christopher Conway, of Cloghane, and his wife Joan Roche, of Dundine, county Cork, which last Christopher was the second son of James Conway, and Elizabeth, daughter of Edmund Roe, of Cloghane, by his wife Alice, daughter of Jenkin Conway, of Killoaglin, by Mary, daughter of Sir William Herbert, of Colebrooke. James Conway was the son of Christopher Conway, by a daughter of Sir James Ware, said Christopher being the son of Sir Fulke Conway, by Amy, daughter of Sir James Crofts, Lord Deputy of Ireland. Sir Fulke and his eldest brother, Viscount Conway, were the sons of Sir John Conway, of Ragley, Worcestershire, by Elinor, daughter of Sir Fulke Greville, of Beauchamp Court, Warwickshire, and described on his monument in Warwick Cathedral, in his own words, as "the servant of Queen Elizabeth, and the friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

(g), Count O'Connell entered the French service in 1759. He became colonel of the regiment of Salm-Salm, was present at the capture of Portmahon in 1779, and severely wounded at Gibraltar in 1782. He was a general in the French army, and at his death the eldest colonel in the English service. He died in 18— at his chateau, near Clois.

(h), Last heir in remainder to John of Ashtown and Colonel Maurice. See his claim.

(i), Geoffry, called Shera-no-moe-mor (Geoffry of the vast herds), was killed by a fall from his horse at Drung Hill. He was buried at Cahirciveen, where the following legible portion of the inscription on his tomb was, some years since, to be seen:—Here lyeth the body of Geoffry O'Connell . . . who had honour, wit, and virtue. . . . He died . . . 1722, aged 68, probably 58 years." His wife was a daughter of Christopher Conway, of the Cloghane branch of that family, a son or nephew probably of Christopher, the father-in-law of John O'Connell, of Darrynane.

(j), Maurice, of Imlaghmore, married, in 1731, Jane, daughter of Thomas Blennerhassett, of Tralee, and his wife, Jane Darby, of Wales, which Thomas was the second son of Robert Blennerhassett and Avice or Alice, daughter and co-heir of Jenkin Conway, said Robert being second son of Robert Blennerhassett, and Elizabeth, daughter of Captain Jenkin Conway, and Mary, daughter of Sir William Herbert, of Colebrooke, which Robert was the son of Thomas Blennerhassett, the first settler of the name in Kerry.

(k), The second recorded union between the families of O'Connell and O'Connor-Kerry—the first having been the marriage, in 1393, of Geoffry O'Connell, with Catherine, daughter of Mahon O'Connor-Kerry. Baron Daniel O'Connell O'Connor-Kerry, colonel in the Austrian service, is the eldest surviving son of James O'Connor-Kerry, and Elizabeth O'Connell, the Liberator's

cousin and sister-in-law. The Baron is mentioned in the notes to the "Annals of the Four Masters," as a chief representative of this once royal house. The Chevalier O'Gorman's pedigree is said to have been compiled by him for Count O'Connell, the Liberator's uncle, and was given by Sir William Betham, Ulster King, to the Rev. Charles James O'Connor-Kerry, uncle to the compiler.

It would appear that the original name of the townland on which Darrynane House stands was Aghavore, or Aghagower, and that Darrynane applied probably only to the Abbey, or Abbey Island.

The mother of the Liberator's wife was a Miss Fitzmaurice, of Lixnaw, of the same family as the Marquis of Lansdowne.

COPY OF THE PETITION OF RICHARD CONNELL

(See Pedigree No. 16.)

TO THE HONBLE. THE KNIGHTS, CITIZENS, AND BURGESSES IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED,—

The Humble Petition of ANNE HARDPENNY, widow, in the behalf of RICHARD CONNELL, an orphan,

Showeth,

That the said Richard is grandson to Jeffrey Connell, Esqr., and sonn of Coll Maurice Connell, late of Ivragagh, in the county of Kerry, in the kingdom of Ireland, who was slain in the battle of Aughrim, in the year 1690. That the said Coll Connell was possessed of an estate near the city of Dublin, called Ashtower,¹ which was left unto the said Coll Maurice Connell by his uncle J^{no} Connell, Counsell^r-att-law, by will, for and during his naturall life, and to y^e heirs male of his body, and, for want of such heirs, to others specified in the said will; but the said estate became forfeited by the Coll being in the rebellion in Ireland: That the said Richard is the only surviving son of the said Coll Maurice Connell by Catherine his wife, daughter of Sir Edward Langton, of the West of England, and has been bred up a Protestant by y^r petr who had the care of him from his infancy: That the said

¹ Properly *Ashtown* or *Astonstown*, property of the Hospital of St John of Jerusalem, without Dublin, devised, 22d Elizabeth to Edward Browne.—Erck. p. 132. Ashtown is close to the Phoenix Park.

entailed estate, by the late act of presumppcon, is vested in trustees for forfeited estates in Ireland, and the said Richard rightfully entitled thereunto by virtue of the said will : That the said Richard is left a destitute orphan, wth support or ffriend, and his relations, who are all Roman Catholicks of good estate in the aforesd kingdom, do neglect him as being educated in the Protestant religion, so that he is left in a very deplorable condition : Therefore yr Petr doth humbly pray this Honble. House will be pleased to take his case into consideracon, by granting a clause or provision for the said orphan, according to the nature of his case, in such bill as shall be thought fit to be brought into this Honble. House for the relief of those Protestant sufferers who were to take in their address the last session, or otherwise to ord^a the same as to your great wisdom shall seem meet. And your petitionr shall ever pray, &c.

ANNE HARDPENNY.

Endorsed—"Mrs Hardpenny, No. 62."

That yr Petr, Mrs Hardpenny, hath affirmed to us that y^e contents of y^e petⁿ are true. We find that Maurice Connell, who stands outlawed as sett forth in the petⁿ, never owned his marriage publickly, but was kept secret from his friends.

(*Carte Papers*, v. 113, p. 67, 67a.)

No. 2.

CASE OF RICHARD CONNELL, an orphan. (British Museum.)

That the said Richard is grandson of Jeffrey Connell, Esq., and the legitimate son of Colonel Maurice Connell, late of Ivragagh, in the county of Kerry, in the kingdom of Ireland, who was slain at the battle of Aughrim, in the year 1690 (1).

That the said Colonel Connell was possessed of an estate of £600 per annum, near the city of Dublin, called Ashtower, being a free gift unto the said Colonel Maurice Connell by his uncle John Connell, Councillor-at-law, by will (a copy whereof is ready to be produced), for and during the term of his natural life, and to the heirs male of his body, and, for want of such heirs, to others specified in said will. But the said estate became forfeited to his Majesty by the said Colonel, who was outlawed *post-mortem*.

That the said Richard is the only surviving son of the said Colonel Maurice Connell by Catherine his wife, the daughter of Sir Edward Langton, and has been bred up a Protestant by Mrs Hardpenny, who hath had the care of him from his infancy. The truth of all which appears by affidavit.

That the said estate, by the late Act of Parliament, is vested in the trustees for forfeited estates in Ireland, and the said Richard lawfully entitled thereto by the said will.

That the said Richard is left a destitute orphan, without support or friends, his relations, who are Roman Catholics of good estate in the aforesaid kingdom, neglecting him as being educated in the Protestant religion.

That the last sessions of Parliament the said Anne Hardpenny petitioned in behalf of the said Richard, and was referred to the trustees for forfeited estates, who reported the allegations of the petition to be true, whereupon the said petition and the report, amongst others, was further referred to a committee of this Honourable House, who, after due examination, ordered the same to be considered in order to a settlement on the said orphan.

Therefore, it is humbly prayed that this Honourable House will be pleased to take his case into consideration, by granting a clause or provision for the said orphan, according to the nature and singularity of his case, in such bill as shall be thought fit to be brought into this Honourable House for the relief of those petitioners whose cases were resolved to be redressed here the last session.

No. 3.

INQUISITION ON THE ATTAINDER OF COLONEL MAURICE
CONNELL. (Public Record Office, Dublin.)

By inquisition, taken at Tralce on the 1st August 1696, on the attainder of Maurice Connell of Ballynehaw, he was found to have been possessed in fee of the lands of Keenagh (1260 acres), Bally McZorin (340 acres), Skylalrig and Bralrig (240 acres), Drumikeare (389 acres), Kanburn, Ballynaglerig (3 carrucates), Ballynehaw (1014 acres), Caherlearing, all in the Barony of Iveragh.

No. 4.

EPITOME OF WILL OF JOHN CONNELL of Ashtown. (Public Record Office.)

My nephew Jeffrey Connell shall hold Ballynehaw during his natural life, said land to go at his death to my heir hereinafter named. My brother Charles shall hold all lands now in his possession during his natural life, same after to his wife for her life, and after their deaths, Ballynagleragh and Canburren, to my said heir, being his ancient patrimony. I make Maurice, son to Jeffrey Connell, my sole heir, and for want of heirs to him, John his second brother, and for want of heirs to him, my nephew Richard and his heirs, and for want of heirs to him, my nephew John, brother to said Richard, and his heirs, and for want of heirs to him, my nephew Maurice, and for want of heirs to him, my right heir. Dated 17th January 1680.

Recites that, by deed of 23d December 1680, he conveyed all his estates, real and personal, to Sir Valentine Browne and Stephen Rice, upon the trusts of his will.

Probate to Sir Val. Browne, Maurice the heir being under age.

No. 5.

EPITOME OF CLAIM OF MAURICE CONNELL of Denmanihan, Co. Kerry.

Recites will of John of Ashtown. States that he (Maurice) is heir in remainder to said John, by the name of his nephew; that Jeffrey Connell died in August last; Charles, brother of John, is still alive; that Maurice, son of Jeffrey, entered into possession of the lands, and conveyed away Ashtown and Irishtown; and that he and his brother John died before the Articles of Limerick, without issue; and so did Richard about 1693. John, the brother of Richard, alive, and has no issue. Claimant is adjudged within the Articles of Limerick that Maurice, the son of Jeffrey, and his brother John, were attainted of high treason.

This claim was referred to a commission, consisting of Messrs Denny, Bateman, Blennerhassett, Chute, and White, who sat at Tralee and decided that it was untenable. John, the third son of Geoffrey of Ballynehaw or Larnons, also preferred a claim under the same will.

The Court of Claims sat from 1693 to 1703 at Chichester House, Dublin.

O'CONNELL'S DUEL WITH D'ESTERRE.

My uncle, the late Maurice Leyne, barrister-at-law, was present at the duel. He was then a student of Trinity College, Dublin. He told me that when it became necessary for O'Connell to leave the field, his friends proceeded to the high road to seek a vehicle, and that, seeing none, they called upon a gentleman, who rode up at the moment, to give them his horse, which he did. He turned out to be the late Mr Henry M'Can of Tralce, who was on his way from that town to Dublin. He was, of course, most glad to render a service to the Liberator, who mounted the horse and rode off. Mr M'Can was the father of the late lamented secretary to the Grand Jury, and himself held that post for some years.

The following refers to the duel between John O'Connell of Grena and Richard Blennerhassett, which took place on the 19th January 1813. It is taken from a note-book of my grandfather, Maurice Leyne, M.D. "Attended John O'Connell of Grena from the 19th January 1813, when he received a desperate wound in a duel which he fought with Richard Blennerhassett at Crotto, to the 12th March 1813. *May 5.*—Saw him at Grena, when an abscess was formed in his neck very near the incision made by Surgeon Crumpe on Friday, March 5th, for the purpose of extracting the ball, which he succeeded in doing. The ball was very large, jagged, angular, and in one part lengthened and pointed like a spear. It lay deep at the left side of the wind-pipe, and in contact with the trunk of the left carotid artery."

O'CONNELL'S LAST VISIT TO DARRYNANE.

I was one of those who accompanied the Liberator in September 1846 in his last visit to Darrynane. I met him in Limerick, where he was entertained at a public dinner. A lady who came with me—a relative most lovingly attached to him—was sadly moved by the alteration she perceived in his appearance since the last time she saw him in 1843. I also noticed the change. He stooped, though not much, and the old and remarkable elasticity of step gone, he almost shuffled along the passage as he hurried to greet my companion.

The party started next morning for Darrynane, *via* Killarney. Tom

Steele accompanied us as far as Newcastle, where we stopped for a considerable time, the Liberator calling on the Very Rev. Dean Coll, the parish priest. Tom Steele and I went with him. After we had been in the Dean's drawing-room for a short time, Tom whispered to me, "My young friend, it is more than possible that the august Liberator desires to discuss with my venerable and sainted friend, Dean Coll, matters of the most sublime importance; and I think you and I should therefore take leave of the Very Reverend Dean, and leave him and O'Connell to discuss the affairs of Ireland." So Tom and I returned to the hotel, where we awaited the Liberator. Shortly after leaving Killarney the next morning, the Liberator said to me (he and I were the only occupants of the back part of the Repeal coach), "Tell me, my dear, when it is twelve o'clock." When that hour arrived, I informed him of it. He took off his travelling cap, while he blessed himself reverently, and then repeated to himself what I knew to be the *Angelus*. He talked a great deal, and told me numberless stories about the localities through which we passed, and the inhabitants, rich and poor, and expressed unbounded admiration of the lovely view from the "police barrack road." When we were between West Cove and Darrynane, a very serious incident occurred. The district doctor met us in his gig in a narrow part of the road, and, while hat in hand he greeted the Liberator with a cheer, forgot to guide his horse, who, wandering into the middle of the way, forced the postillions of the coach into the side of the road, where the ground was so very soft, that the wheels in a moment sank over the axles into the earth. The coach toppled over so as nearly to be overturned, and the Liberator uttered a cry. I at once jumped from the roof to the ground, and seizing a ladder, placed it against the coach, so that he could descend, which he did. When all was right, and we were again on our way to Darrynane House, he thanked me for what I had done, and complimented me on my promptness and activity. I was greatly moved by the sense of the peril though which I believe he passed, for if the coach had been overturned, I am sure that, considering his then condition of health, the consequences to him might have been very disastrous.

In Munster the O'Connells gave their name to the extensive district of Hy-Conal-Garva, comprising nearly the whole barony of Connelloe,

while in Scotland they are traced in the branches and achievements of the MacConnells, Lords of the isles.

A.D. 355.—Conal of the Swift Horses was King of Munster.

432.—Conal was one of the first princes baptized by St Patrick.

Soon after the arrival of the English, the ancestors of the Earl of Desmond acquired large possessions in Limerick, Cork, and Kerry ; among others Connelloe, stated to contain upwards of 100,000 acres, and to have been ceded by the sept of O'Connell in consideration of grants in Kerry and Clare.

1453.—A survey was made, entitled the Rentyll de O'Connell, compiled to show the extent and services of the ancient seignory of the O'Connell family, such as acres of mines then wrought there.

1646.—Richard O'Connell, Bishop of Ardfert.

1650.—John O'Connell, Bishop of Ardfert, author of "The Dirge of Ireland."

1667.—John O'Connell, styled by Lord Orrery a "notorious rogue and Tory," taken by his orders in the county Limerick. Being led by a rope, he jumped down a high bank and got away. Lord Orrery had him taken afterwards in Kerry, "after mass was done." In the records after the rebellion of 1641, there are various documents relating to the rights and properties of the O'Connell families and others, that evidence their attachment to the Stuarts in the year 1688.—(John Dalton in *Hibernian Magazine*.)

The progenitor of the O'Connells was Conaire II., King of Ireland at the commencement of the first century, through Carbríe Riada (called Reuda by Venerable Bede), Prince of West Munster, and son of that monarch by his wife, daughter of Coer of the Hundred Battles.

The O'Connells were part proprietors, with the O'Falveys and others, of the territory of Corca Dhubue. Shortly anterior to the English invasion, they possessed the barony of Magouiby ; but about the eleventh century the Ui Donchadha (O'Donoghues) settled in Magouiby, and drove the O'Connells into Iveragh, where they were seated at Bally-carleery, near Cahirciveen.—("Book of Rights," note.)

The O'Connells were High Chiefs of Magle O'g-Couchiun (Magouiby). —("Battle of Magh-Lena," note.)

LANDS HELD BY THE O'CONNELLS ABOUT THE
YEAR 1632. (Sir William Petty.)

Parish of Cahir.

Maurice of Calherlearnagh, Peter, and John.—Cohanebanachane; Claghan M'Quin (now Castlequin); Keanlewoun, 1570 acres; Cahirciveen, 100 acres; Garrane, West, and Broome.

Parish of Valentia.

Peter O'Connell and Murragh MacOwen.—Enery; Cnoile.

Parish of Killcuilagh.

Maurice O'Connell.—Ballynaglerig; Ballynehaw; Killonagha; Juisto; Tfearglinalias; Puffin Island; Kilkeoeragh; Pattikeane.
Daniel M'Geoffrey and Maurice O'Connell.—Aghort, 132 acres.

Parish of Killerane.

Maurice O'Connell of Caherlearnagh.—Ballynehaw, 640 acres; 265 acres; 103 acres.

Parish of Dromod.

Maurice and Murragh O'Connell.—Kuiagh, 620 acres
John O'Connell of Dublin.—Dromeragh; Killinactoine and Malin; Skylaluff; Bryalugg; Kanigg.

Maurice O'Connell.—Ilaneboy, 1168 acres; Caherlearnagh, 300 acres; Murisk, 1130 acres; Spunkane, 560 acres.

Charles O'Connell, Shily ni Dermod, and John O'Connell.—Ilaneboy, 1060 acres (part of).

John O'Connell of Dublin.—Barkeenagh, 2415 acres.

Maurice O'Connell.—Inneshluskmulty; Drumlaghort.

THOMAS MOORE ON O'CONNELL.

"Feb. 1831.—In leaving Bangor, where we dined, were joined by a gentleman and his wife; proved to be Staunton, editor of the *Dublin Morning Register*. Gave me the first intelligence, which he had himself just received, of the arrangement between O'Connell and the Government on the subject of the pending trials; seemed to think it very

much of a giving-in on the part of his brother agitators, and was evidently not a little pleased at it. Said they had been driving the machine too fast, and had come to a point where it was necessary, for their own and the country's safety, to pull up. He had himself been obliged to come to Wales out of the way of the law, and was now returning, as he told me, to avail himself of the amnesty he seemed to anticipate for all agitators. . . . Same conversation with old Peter Burrowes. Agreed with me in opinion that O'Connell had done more harm to the cause of liberty in Ireland than its real friends could repair within the next half century, and mentioned what Grattan had said of him, that 'he was a bad subject and a worse rebel.' This is admirable, true to the life, and in Grattan's happiest manner. The lurking appreciation of a good rebel which it implies is full of humour. . . . When O'Connell, in his last speech on Sunday, said, 'I am open to conviction,' some one in the crowd said, 'And to judgment, I hope,' (in allusion to the trials he had slipped himself out of). . . . Called upon Mr —, the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. . . . Talked of the Repeal question. . . . Told him frankly, and at some length, my opinion of the injury that has been done to the cause of Irish liberty by this premature and most ill-managed effort of O'Connell's. Time, and the spirit rising in England, as well as all over Europe, is fast ripening that general feeling of independence, of which Ireland, at her own time, may take advantage. The same principle is also in full progress towards removing, without any effort of hers, some of the worst grievances that weigh her down. The Church, for instance, which would be just now fought for against any such attack as O'Connell's, with the whole Protestant force of the Empire, would, if left to the natural opposition of the revolution principle, be put aside in due time without any difficulty, England herself leading the way by getting rid of, or at least lowering, her own Establishment. This was the great struggle for which the energies of Ireland ought to have been reserved. In assailing the enormous abuses of the Irish Establishment, Catholics would have been joined by Dissenters, and in the pursuit of this common object, that amalgamation would have taken place between them, that nationalised feeling, without which (as O'Connell's failure has shown) it is in vain to think of making head against England. . . . To the castle at seven. Lord Anglesey leaned upon me in to dinner. . . . Abundance of conversation between us about the state of Ireland, O'Connell . . . &c. &c."

"Sept. 1830.—Cassidy showed me a letter to him from O'Connell on the proposed system of agitation, which he had just answered, telling O'Connell that he thought the Repeal of the Union ought not yet to be brought forward . . . that if the question of Repeal was to be urged, he (O'Connell) would do it more harm than good by putting himself at the head of it."

"18th May 1829.—Went to the House of Commons early. . . . An immense crowd in the lobby, Irish agitators, &c. The House enormously full. O'Connell's speech good and judicious.

"19th.—Called upon O'Connell to wish him joy of the success of his speech ; told him how much Lord Lansdowne was delighted with it."

"Feb. 1829.—Thence to call on O'Connell at Batt's. The waiter told me that there came about forty or fifty poor devils of Irish there every day with petitions to the great Dan. Found O'Connell, Mr Bellew, Sir T. Esmonde, O'Gorman, and a priest. O'Connell, showing me a packet just arrived from Charleston with contributions, said, 'It is these things have done it.' . . . He then proceeded to say that the case reminded him of his youthful days, when he was a great visitor of the theatre, and when, being always of an aspiring disposition, he used to choose the loftiest situation in the house ; that there he used to observe that the gratuitous part of the audience were the most clamorous and applauding ; and accordingly came to the conclusion, that 'if free admissions were not allowed, not only would the theatre be proportionately thinner, but (what would be a serious grievance) bad acting would go without applause.'—*Memoirs &c., by Lord John Russell.*

JOHN BURKE.

In the *Kerry Magazine* for September 1656, there is a short memoir of John Burke, who was born in Tralee about the year 1744. He went to Sorbonne for his education, but on his return to Ireland became a classical teacher. He succeeded admirably, but a jealous rival threatened to ruin him by enforcing the Act of Parliament which forbade the Irish either to teach or to be taught. Such was the miserable state of Ireland. Burke was then engaged by Mr Morgan O'Connell of Iveragh, privately, to educate his sons as far as he dare. The remote locality in which he lived favoured concealment, and Mr Burke taught the young

O'Connell and his brothers for several years before they went to St Omer.

Burke was eventually appointed hearth collector, and died on the 12th October 1799, at Liscarroll, in the county Cork.

The information contained in this note was not received in time for the earlier part of this work. We are indebted to Mr Hugh Burke, of the Custom House, Dublin, for this information. This gentleman is a grand-nephew of the Mr Burke to whom O'Connell was indebted for his earliest education.



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